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Plautus: Casina. The casket comedy. Curculio. ...

Titus Maccius Plautus
PLAUTUS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
PAUL NIXON
PROFESSOR OF LATIN, BOWDOIN COLLEGE, MAINE

IN FIVE VOLUMES
II

CASINA
THE CASKET COMEDY
CURCULIO
EPIDICUS
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
MCMXVII
878
58
n. 2
THE GREEK ORIGINALS AND DATES OF THE PLAYS IN THE SECOND VOLUME

The *Casina* is an adaptation of the Κληρούμενον of Diphilus. There is no evidence as to when Diphilus produced this comedy. As in the cases of the *Curculio, Epidicus, and Menaechmi*, the date of Plautus's presentation of the *Casina* is unknown.

One of the fragments of Menander is closely rendered in the *Cistellaria*: the *Cistellaria*, therefore, may well be an adaptation of the play from which this fragment comes. The date of the Greek play cannot be determined, but the date of the adaptation is one of the few Plautine dates which are very definitely established. Auxilium's admonition "ut vobis victi Poeni poenas sufferant" shows that the *Cistellaria* was produced at the close of the second Punic war, 202 B.C.

The only hint as to the authorship of the original of the *Curculio* is Leaena's declaration that wine is her *telinum*. Pliny the Elder, speaking of *telinum*, says: "Hoc multo erat celeberrimum Menandri poetae comici aetate." We may choose to imagine that he found the word *τῆλινον* in Menander and that the *Curculio*, the only play in which the word

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THE GREEK ORIGINALS AND DATES OF

Telinum is used, is an adaptation of a comedy of Menander's. The date of the Greek original depends upon the date of the siege of Sicyon referred to by Curculio and upon the date of the campaigns in which Therapontigonus is said to have participated. There was a siege of Sicyon in 313 B.C. and during the years 316–312 there were eastern campaigns which make many of the tales of the Captain's battles sound geographically plausible. The original of the Curculio, therefore, may very well date from the period shortly after the establishment of peace between Antigonus, Seleucus, Ptolemy, and Cassander (311 B.C.) when soldiers of fortune were returning from the east laden with booty and braggadocio.

The original of the Epidicus is unknown, but the date of that original may be reasonably well established by the fact that the plot hinges on an Athenian campaign against Thebes, seemingly that of 293 or of 290 B.C. The Greek play was probably produced, then, in 292 or 289 B.C.

Athenaeus states that only in the comedies of Poseidippus does one find slave cooks. Cylindrus, in the Menaechmi, is a slave cook. Furthermore, we know that Poseidippus wrote a play called "Oµωτι. These facts are our sole data as to the authorship of the original of the Menaechmi. As to the date of the Greek play, the chief clue is Erotium's list of

1 Curc. 394–395.  2 Curc. 442 seq.  3 Athenaeus, xiv. 658.
THE PLAYS IN THE SECOND VOLUME
the rulers of Sicily\(^1\) where "Hiero nunc est." This list was almost certainly in the original, for it is next to impossible\(^2\) that the *Menaechmi* was presented in Rome previous to the death of Hiero in 215 B.C. Inasmuch as a list of Hiero's supposed predecessors would be most appropriate if Hiero had just come into power, it is likely that the Greek original was produced about 275 or 270 B.C.

\(^1\) *Men*. 409 seq.
SOME ANNOTATED EDITIONS OF PLAYS IN THE SECOND VOLUME

_Epidicus_, Gray; Cambridge, University Press, 1893.


_Menaechmi_, Fowler; Boston, Sanborn, 1890.

_Menaechmi_, Wagner; Cambridge, Deighton, Bell & Co.; London, G. Bell & Sons, 1878.
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CASÍNA
ARGUMENTVM

Conservam uxorem duo conservi expetunt.
Alium senex allegat, alium filius.
Senem adiuvat sors, verum decipitur dolis,
Ita ei subicitur pro puella servolus
Nequam, qui dominum mulcat atque vilicum.
Adulescens ducit civem Casinam cognitam.

PERSONAE

OLYMPIO } SERVI
CHALINVS
CLEOSTRATA MATRONA
PARDALISCA ANCILLA
MYRRHINA MATRONA
LYSIDAMVS } SENES
ALCESIMVS
COCVS
ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Two slaves are bent on marrying a slave girl in the same family as themselves. One is egged on by his old master, the other by his master's son. An appeal to the lots favours the old man, but he is tricked out of his triumph. He has palmed off upon him, in place of the girl, a graceless rogue of a slave who gives the head of the household a drubbing, and his bailiff, too. Casina proves to be a freeborn Athenian and becomes the young man's wife.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

OLYMPIO, a slave, bailiff of Lysidamus.
CHALINUS, slave of Lysidamus, orderly to his son.
CLEOSTRATA, wife of Lysidamus.
PARDALISCA, her maid.
MYRRHINA, wife of Alcesimus.
LYSIDAMUS, an old gentleman of Athens.
ALCESIMUS, his friend.
A COOK.
PROLOGVS

Salvere iubeo spectatores optumos, fidem qui facitis maxumi, et vos Fides. si verum dixi, signum clarum date mihi, ut vos mi esse aequos iam inde a principio sciam.

Qui utuntur vino vetere sapientis puto et qui libenter veteres spectant fabulas; atque antiqua opera et verba cum vobis placent, aequom est placere ante alias veteres fabulas; nam nunc novae quae prodeunt comoediae multo sunt nequiores quam nummi novi.

Nos postquam populi rumore intelleximus studiose expetere vos Plautinas fabulas, antiquam eius edimus comoediam, quam vos probastis qui estis in senioribus. nam iuniorum qui sunt non norunt, scio; verum ut cognoscant dabimus operam sedulo. haec cum primum acta est, vicit omnis fabulas. ea tempestate flos poetarum fuit, qui nunc abierunt hinc in communem locum. sed tamen absentes prosunt pro praesentibus.

Vos omnes opere magno esse oratos volo, benigne ut operam detis ad nostrum gregem. eicite ex animo curam atque alienum aes,\(^1\) ne quis formidet flagitatorem suum. ludi sunt, ludus datus est argentariis;

\(^1\) Leo notes a lacuna of two syllables here: \textit{ex animo curam atque alienum aes eicite} Schoell.
Scene:—Athens. A street, in which are the houses of Lysidamus and Alcesimus.

PROLOGUE

Greetings, ye worthiest of spectators, who hold good faith in the highest honour, and, Good Faith, you. If I have told the truth, give me a clear sign of it, so that I may know from the very outset that you are fair-minded toward me. (waits hopefully for applause)

Those be wise men, in my opinion, who take old wine and those who love to see old plays. Yes, liking as you do the works and words of ancient days, you should like old plays better than all others; for, really, the new comedies that are produced nowadays are much more worthless than our new coins.

We actors, having learned from popular rumour that it is the plays of Plautus you keenly desire, present an ancient comedy of his which has already been approved by you older men. To the younger, I am sure, it is unfamiliar; but it shall be our earnest endeavour to make them familiar with it. This play, when it was first presented, surpassed all others. In that era lived the garland of poets who have now departed to the common bourne. Yet absent though they be, they profit us as though present.

Now let me earnestly entreat you all to accord our company your kind attention. Away with care and thought of debts; let no man dread a dun! The games are on; a game is on (chuckling)

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

tranquillum est, Acedonia sunt circum forum.
ratione utuntur, ludis poscunt neminem,
secundum ludos reddunt autem nemini.
aures vocivae si sunt, animum advortite;
comoediai nomen dare vobis volo.
Clerumenoe vocatur haec comoedia
graece, latine Sortientes. Deiphilus
hanc graece scripsit, post id rursum denuo
latine Plautus cum latranti nomine.

Senex hic maritus habitat; ei est filius,
is una cum patre in illisce habitat aedibus.
est ei quidam servos, qui in morbo cubat,
immo hercle vero in lecto, ne quid mentiar;
is servos, sed abhinc annos factum est sedecim,
quom conspicatust primulo crepusculo
puellam exponi. adit extemplo ad mulierem
quae illam exponebat, orat ut eam det sibi;
exorat, aedificat recta domum,
dat erae suae, orat ut eam curet, educet.
era fecit, educavit magna industria,
quasi si esset ex se nata, non multo secus.

Postquam ea adolevit ad eam aetatem, ut viris
placere posset, eam puellam hic senex
amat efflictim, et item contra filius.
nunc sibi uterque contra legiones parat,
paterque filiusque, clam alter alterum.
for the bankers, too; all is tranquil, the forum sunk in halcyon repose. The bankers are calculating fellows—when they press a man it is no (chuckling again) game; after the games, however, they repay no man. If your ears be empty, turn your attention hither; I wish to give you the name of our comedy. Its Greek title is CLERUMENOE, in Latin, SORTIENTES. Diphilus wrote the play in Greek, and later Plautus, he of the barking name, gave us a fresh version of it in Latin.

An old gentleman, married, lives here; he has a son, and this son lives in that house there (pointing to Lysidamus's house), together with his father. The old gentleman has a certain slave, who is lying in sickness—no, no, heavens, no! lying in bed, to be quite precise. This slave—it was sixteen years ago, though, when just at break of day he caught sight of a baby girl being abandoned. Up he goes at once to the woman who was abandoning the child and begs her to let him have it; he prevails upon her and takes it off. He carried it straight home, gave it to his mistress, and begged her to care for it, to bring it up. She did so, brought it up with great pains, pretty much the same as if it were her own daughter.

After this foundling had arrived at such an age as to make her attractive to men, the old man here (pointing to Lysidamus's house) fell madly in love with her, and, on the other hand, so did his son. And now the pair of them, father and son, are mustering their opposing legions, each without

1 According to Paulus, dogs with broad, flapping ears were called *plauti*. 

7
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

pater adlegavit vilicum, qui posceret
sibi istanc uxorem; is sperat, si ei sit data,
sibi fore paratas clam uxorem excubias foris.
filius is autem armigerum adlegavit suom,
qui sibi eam uxorem poscat; scit, si id impetret,
futurum quod amat intra praesepis suas.
senis uxor sensit virum amori operam dare,
propterea una consentit cum filio.
ille autem postquam filium sensit suom

eandem illam amare et esse impedimento sibi,
hinc adulescentem peregre ablegavit pater;
sciens ei mater dat operam absenti tamen.
is, ne exspectetis, Hodie in hac comoedia
in urbe non redibit. Plautus noluit,
ponterum interrupit, qui erat ei in itinere.

Sunt hic, inter se quos nunc credo dicere:
"quaeso hercle, quid istuc est? serviles nuptiae?
ervin uxorem ducent aut poscent sibi?
nowom attulerunt, quod fit nusquam gentium."
at ego aio id fieri in Graecia et Carthagini,
et hic in nostra terra in Apulia;
maioque opere ibi serviles nuptiae
quam liberales etiam curari solent.
id ni fit, mecum pignus si quis volt dato
in urnam mulsi, Poenus dum iudex siet
vel Graecus adeo, vel mea causa Apulus.

Revortar ad illam puellam expositiciam:
quam servi summa vi sibi uxorem expetunt,

1 Corrupt (Leo): in terra Apulia Lindsay.
the other's knowledge. The father has commissioned his bailiff to ask the girl in marriage; he hopes that if the bailiff does get her, he himself will have waiting for him, unbeknown to his wife, a night watchman's berth away from home. The son, for his part, has commissioned his orderly to ask her in marriage; he knows that if the orderly should obtain her, he himself will have the object of his affections inside his own stall. The old man's spouse has discovered that her husband is engaged in a love affair, and therefore espouses her son's cause. The father, however, discovering his son to be in love with that same girl and in his way, has sent the young fellow abroad; but absent though he is, he still has the support of his canny mother. He will not return to the city today—do not expect him—during the course of this comedy. Plautus would not have it so—he broke down a bridge that lay on the youth's route.

There are some here who, I suppose, are now saying to each other: "What is all this, for the love of heaven? A slave wedding? Slaves to take wives or propose marriage? Something new, this—something that happens nowhere on earth!"

But I say it does happen in Greece and at Carthage, and here in our own country in Apulia; it is the regular thing there to make more of slaves' weddings than even of citizens'. If this is not so, let someone bet me a bowl of wine and honey if he likes—provided the referee be a Carthaginian, yes, or a Greek, or an Apulian, for all I care. (pauses) Well now? No takers? I understand: no one is thirsty.

To return to that foundlingess: this girl whom the slaves are making every effort to marry will
ea invenietur et pudica et libera,
ingentua Atheniensis, neque quicquam stupri
faciet profecto in hac quidem comedia.
mox hercle vero, post transactam fabulam,
argentum si quis dederit, ut ego suspicor,
ultro ibit nuptum, non manebit auspices.

Tantum est. valete, bene rem gerite et vincite
virtute vera, quod fecistis antidhac.
CASINA

prove to be both chaste and freeborn, the daughter of an Athenian citizen, and not a bit of immodesty will she be guilty of—I mean, of course, not in this comedy. But later, though, after the play is done, good Lord! let someone give her money, and I have a suspicion she will plunge into matrimony without waiting for witnesses. (about to go)

Enough. Fare ye well, and prosper and win the victory, through very valour, as heretofore.
ACTVS I

Ol. Non mihi licere meam rem me solum, ut volo, loqui atque cogitare, sine ted arbitro? quid tu, malum, me sequere?

Chal. Quia certum est mihi, quasi umbra, quoquo tu ibis, te semper sequi; quin edepol etiam si in crucem vis pergere, sequi decretumst. dehinc conicito ceterum, possisne necne clam me sutelis tuis praeripere Casinam uxorem, proinde ut postulas.

Ol. Quid tibi negotist mecum?

Chal. Quid ais, impudens? quid in urbe reptas, vilice haud magni preti?

Ol. Lubet.

Chal. Quin ruri es in praefectura tua? quin potius quod legatum est tibi negotium, id curas atque urbanis rebus te apstines? huc mihi venisti sponsam praereptum meam. abi rus, abi dierectus tuam in provinciam.

Ol. Chaline, non sum oblitus officium meum; praefeci ruri recte qui curet tamen.
ACT I

ENTER Olympio FROM Lysidamus’s HOUSE, FOLLOWED
BY Chalinus.

Ol. (striding angrily back and forth, Chalinus always at
his heels) Can’t I be allowed to talk and think
over my own affairs by myself, as I want, without
you spying on me? What the devil are you
following me for?

Chal. (cheerfully) Because I have made up my mind to
follow you, follow you always, the same as your
shadow, wherever you go. Why, by Jove, even
if you want to go on to the gallows-tree, I’m
resolved to follow you! So you figure it out for
yourself, then, whether or not you can play your
sly tricks on me and capture Casina as your wife,
as you count on doing.

Ol. What business have you got with me?

Chal. (growing warm) What’s that, you cheeky rascal?
And what are you slinking around in the city for,
you trumpery bailiff?

Ol. (coolly) Because I choose to.

Chal. (losing control of himself) Why aren’t you at the
farm, in your own dominion? Why don’t you
choose to tend to the business you’re in charge of
and leave city concerns alone? You’ve come here
to make off with my bride-to-be. Back to the
farm, back to your own province, and be damned
to you!

Ol. (now master of the situation) I have not forgotten
my duties, Chalinus; I left a manager at the farm
who will attend to its affairs properly, despite my
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ego huc quod veni in urbem si impetravero,
uxorem ut istam ducam, quam tu deperis,
bellam et tenellam Casinam, conservam tuam,
quando ego eam mecum rus uxorem abduxero,
ruri incubabo usque in praefectura mea.

Chal. Tun illam ducas? hercle me suspendio,
quam tu eius potior fias, satiust mortuom.

Ol. Mea praedast illa; proin tu te in laqueum induas.

Chal. Ex sterculino effosse, tua illaec praeda sit?

Ol. Scies hoc ita esse.

Chal. Vae tibi.

Ol. Quot te modis,
si vivo, habebo in nuptiis miserum meis.

Chal. Quid tu mihi facies?

Ol. Egone quid faciam tibi?

primum omnium huic lucebis novae nuptae facem;
postilla, ut semper, improbus nihilique eris;
post id locorum quando ad villam veneris,
dabitur tibi amphora una et una semita,
fons unus, unum ahenum et octo dolia:
quae nisi erunt semper plena, ego te implebo flagris,
ita te aggerunda curvom aqua faciam probe,
ut postilena possit ex te fieri.
post autem ervi nisi tu acervom ederis
aut quasi lumbricus terram, quod te postules
gustare quicquam, numquam edepol ieiunium
ieiunumst aequo atque ego te ruri reddibo.
post id, quom lassus fueris et famelicus,
octu ut condigne te cubes curabitur.
CASINA

absence. As for me, once I get what I came here to the city for and marry that girl you dote on—(fondly) that sweet, soft little Casina that works here with you—when I’ve taken her off to the farm with me as my wife, I’ll stick like a sitting hen to that farm, (grinning maliciously) in my own dominion.

Chal. You marry her—you? Good Lord! I’d rather hang myself than let you get her!

Ol. She’s my prize, mine; you might as well fit the noose to your neck, my man.

Chal. You—dug from the dung heap! She’s your prize, is she?

Ol. So you will see.

Chal. Curse you!

Ol. (chuckling) Oh, the ways I’ll torment you—as sure as I’m alive—at my wedding!

Chal. You? What’ll you do to me?

Ol. What’ll I do to you? First of all, I’ll make you torch-bearer to this bride of mine. After that you’ll be the same worthless good-for-nothing as always; and subsequently when you come to the villa you shall be provided with just one pitcher and one path, one spring, one kettle, and—eight big casks: and unless those casks are always full, I’ll give you your fill—of welts. I’ll make you carry water till you have such a beautiful crook in your back that they can use you for a horse’s crupper. Yes, and furthermore, when it comes to your wanting a bit of food, you shall either feed on the fodder-stack, or on dirt like a worm, or, by the Lord, I’ll starve you thinner than Starvation’s self at that farm! And then at night, when you’re all fagged out and famishing, we’ll see you’re supplied with the sleeping quarters you deserve.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Chal. Quid facies?
Ol. Concludere in fenestram firmiter, unde auscultare possis quom ego illum ausculer.
quom mi illa dicet "mi animule, mi Olympia, mea vita, mea mellilla, mea festivitas,
sine tuos ocellos deosculer, voluptas mea,
sine amabo ted amari, meus festus dies,
meus pullus passer, mea columba, mi lepus,"
quom mi haec dicentur dicta, tum tu, furcifer,
 quasi mus, in medio pariete versabere. 140
nunc ne tu te mihi respondere postules,
abeo intro. taedet tui sermonis.

Chal. Te sequor.
hic quidem pol certo nil ages sine med arbitro.

ACTVS II

Cleost. Obsignate cellas, referte anulum ad me.
egeo hoc transeo in proxumum ad meam vicinam.
vir si quid volet me, facite hinc accersatis.
Par. Prandium iussusat
senex sibi parari.
Cleost. St, tace atque abi; neque paro
neque hodie coquetur,
quando is mi et filio
advorsatur suo
animi amorisque causa sui,
flagitium illud hominis. ego illum fame, ego illum
siti,
maledictis, malefactis amatorem ulciscar,
CASINA

Chal. What'll you do?
Ol. You shall be fastened tight in the window-frame where you can listen while I'm kissing my Casina. And when she says to me: (in languishing accents) "Oh you little darling, Olympio dearie, my life, my little honey boy, joy of my soul, let me kiss and kiss those sweet eyes of yours, precious! Do, do let me love you, my day of delight, my little sparrow, my dove, my rabbit!"—when she is saying these soft things to me, then you'll wriggle, you hangdog, you, wriggle like a mouse, in the middle of the wall there. (turning away) Now you needn't reckon on making any reply; I'm going inside. I'm sick of talking with you.

Chal. I'll follow you. By Jupiter, you shan't do anything here, anyway, that's sure, without my spying you! [exeunt into house.

ACT II

ENTER Cleistrata and Pardalisca from house.

Cleost. (to servants within) Seal up the pantries, and bring me back the ring.¹ I am going over here next door to my neighbour's. If my husband wants me for anything, you are to come over here for me.

Par. Master said to have lunch ready for him, ma'am.
Cleost. (sharply) Hush! Hold your tongue and go away. [exit Pardalisca into house. I will not get things ready, and not a thing shall be cooked this day, either, seeing he sets himself against me and his own son to gratify his own amorous appetite, the scandal of a man! I'll punish him, the gallant,—with hunger, thirst, ¹ With which they have sealed the pantry.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ego pol illum probe incommodis dictis angam, 153–155
faciam uti proinde ut est dignus vitam colat,
Acheruntis pabulum,
flagiti persequentem,¹
stabulum nequitiae.
nunc huc meas fortunas eo questum ad vicinam. 160
sed foris concrepuit, atque eapse eccam egreditur
foras.
non pol per tempus
iter huc mi incepi.

II. 2.

Myrr. Sequimini, comites, in proxumum me huc. heus vos,
ecquis haec quae loquor audit? 163–165
ego hic ero, vir si aut quispiam quaeeret.
nam ubi domi sola sum, sopor manus calvitur.
iussin colum ferri mihi?

Cleost. Myrrhina, salve. 168–170

Myrr. Salve mecator. sed quid tu es
tristis, amabo?

Cleost. Ita solent omnes
quae sunt male nuptae; 172–175
domi et foris aegre quod siet, satis semper est.
nam ego ibam ad te.

Myrr. Et pol
ego istuc ad te.
sed quid est quod tuo nunc animo aegrest?
nam quod tibi est aegre,

idem mi est dividiae. 179, 180

Cleost. Credo ecasator, nam vicinam neminem amo merito
magis quam te
nec² qua in plura sint mihi quae ego velim.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): persequentem (viam) Schoell.
² Corrupt (Leo): nec qua in plura sunt mihi quae ego velim Lindsay.
hard words, hard treatment,—oh, I’ll punish him! Good gracious, won’t I make him writhe with the tongue-lashing I give him! I’ll see he leads the life he deserves, the old carrion, the debauchee, the sink of iniquity! I’ll go over here to my neighbour’s this minute and tell her how unhappy I am. (listens) Ah! her door creaked! Yes, and there she is herself coming out. Dear, dear! I’ve set out on my visit here at a bad time. (steps back into her doorway)

Scene 2. ENTER Myrrhina from her house.

Myrr. (to maids within) Come, girls, come over next door here with me. (irritably, as no one appears) Now, now, you! Is anybody listening to what I say? [ENTER MAIDS HURRIEDLY INTO DOORWAY] I shall be here (pointing to Clestrata’s house) if my husband or anyone asks for me. For when I’m at home alone I get so drowsy my work drops out of my hands. Didn’t I tell you to bring me my distaff?

[EXEUNT MAIDS.

Cleost. (stepping up) Good morning, Myrrhina.

Myrr. Oh! Good morning. (scanning her face) But do tell me, what makes you so doleful?

Cleost. (with a sigh) It’s the normal state of all women who are unhappily married; indoors and out there’s always enough to trouble them. Why, I was just going over to your house.

Myrr. Well, well, and I over there to yours. But what is it makes you feel troubled now? For anything that troubles you hurts me, too.

Cleost. (embracing her) Ah yes, I do believe it does! For there’s not a neighbour I love more than you—and with good reason—or one I can take more comfort in.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

**Myrr.** Amo te, atque istuc expeto scire quid sit. 183–185

**Cleost.** Pessimis me modis despicatur domi.

**Myrr.** Hem, quid est? dic idem—nam pol hau satis meo
corde accepi querellas tuas—opsecro.

**Cleost.** Vir me habet pessimis despicatam modis,
nec mihi ius meum optinendi optio est. 190

**Myrr.** Mira sunt, vera si praedicas, nam viri
ius suum ad mulieres optinere haud queunt.

**Cleost.** Quin mihi ancillulam ingratiiis postulat,
quae mea est, quae meo educta sumptu siet,
vilico suo se dare,

sed ipsus eam amat.

**Myrr.** Obsecro

tace.

**Cleost.** Nam hic nunc licet dicere;
nos sumus.

**Myrr.** Ita est. unde ea tibi est?
nam peculi probam nil habere addect
clam virum, et quae habet, partum ei haud
commode est,

quin viro aut subtrahat aut stupro invenerit.
hoc viri censeo esse omne, quidquid tuum est.

**Cleost.** Tu quidem adavorsum tuam amicam omnia loqueris.

**Myrr.** Tace sis, stulta, et mi ausculta.

noli sis tu illi advorsari, 204, 205
sine amet, sine quod libet id faciat, quando tibi nil
domi delicuom est.

**Cleost.** Satin sana es? nam tu quidem advorsus tuam
istaec rem loquere.

20
CASINA

Myrr. And I do love you; yes, and I'm so anxious to
know what the matter is.

Cleost. It's perfectly outrageous the way I'm flouted at
home!

Myrr. My, my! What's that? Do say that again, please,
for really I haven't got it clear in my head what
you're complaining about.

Cleost. My husband—it's perfectly outrageous the way he
has been flouting me, and as for getting my
rights, I have no chance!

Myrr. (smiling) That's strange, if you're telling the truth,
for generally the men can't get their rights from
the women.

Cleost. But look, I have a little maid of my own, one I
brought up at my own expense, and here he is
trying to marry her, against my will, to his bailiff
—the fact being that he is in love with her
himself.

Myrr. (nervous) Hush, hush, for mercy's sake!

Cleost. Oh, I can say what I please here now; we're alone.

Myrr. (looking about) So we are. (severely) Where did
you get this maid? For a modest wife oughtn't
to have any private property unbeknown to her
husband, and a wife that does hasn't come by it
properly—without robbing him or wronging him,
one or the other. In my opinion all that's yours
is your husband's.

Cleost. (offended) There you are, speaking against your
friend in every word you say!

Myrr. Do please keep still, silly, and listen to me! Now
please don't set yourself against your husband—
let him have his love affairs, let him do what suits
him, so long as you lack for nothing at home.

Cleost. Really, are you in your senses? Why, there you
are, speaking against your own interests!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Myrr. Insipiens,
    semper tu huic verbo vitato abs tuo viro.

Cleost. Cui verbo?
    Ei foras, mulier.

Myrr.

Cleost. St, tace,
    Quid est?

Myrr. Quis est, quem vides?

Cleost. Em.

Myrr.

Cleost. Eccum it; intro abi, adproperia, age amabo.

Myrr. Impetras, abeo.

Cleost. Mox magis cum otium mi et tibi erit, igitur 214, 215
tecum loquar. nunc vale.

Myrr. Valeas.

II. 3.

Lys. Omnibus rebus ego amorem credo et nitoribus
    nitidis antevenire,
    nec potis quicquam commemorari quod plus salis
    plusque leporis hodie
    habeat; cocos equidem nimis demiror, tot qui
    utuntur condimentis,
    eos eo condimento uno non utier, omnibus quod
    praestat.
    nam ubi amor condimentum inerit, cuvis placit-
    turam escam credo;
    neque salsum neque suave esse potest quicquam,
    ubi amor non admiscetur:
    fel quod amarumst, id mel faciet, hominem ex
    tristi lepidum et lenem.
    hanc ego de me coniecturam domi facio magis
    quam ex auditis;
    qui quom amo Casinam, magis niteo, munditiis
    munditiam antideo,

22
CASINA

Myrr. (sagely) Stupid! There's one thing you should always beware of your husband's saying to you.

Cleost. What?

Myrr. "Woman, leave my house."¹

Cleost. (looking down the street) Sh-h! Keep still!

Myrr. What's the matter?

Cleost. (pointing) There!

Myrr. Who is it you see?

Cleost. Look! My husband's coming! Go inside, hurry!

(Myrr. bustling her off) Now, now, there's a dear!

Myrr. (stopping in her doorway) Yes, yes, I'm going.

Cleost. (hurriedly) Later on when we're both more at leisure I want a talk with you. For the present, good-bye!

Myrr. Good-bye.

[EXIT Myrrha; Cleostrata withdraws into her doorway.]

Scene 3.

ENTER Lysidamus, very blithe.

Lys. Ah, yes, yes, there's nothing in the world like love, no bloom like its bloom; not a thing can you mention that has more flavour and more savour. Upon my soul, it's most surprising that cooks, with all their use of spices, don't use this one spice that excels them all. Why, when you spice a dish with love it'll tickle every palate, I do believe. Not a thing can be either salt or sweet without a dash of love: it will turn gall, bitter though it be, to honey—an old curmudgeon to a (self-consciously) pleasing and polished gentleman. It is more from my own case than from hearsay I draw this conclusion. Now that I'm in love with Casina, how I have bloomed out! I'm more natty than nattiness itself. I keep all the perfumers on

¹ The first step in divorce.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

myropolas omnes sollicito, ubicumque est lepidum
unguentum, unguor,
ut illi placeam; et placeo, ut videor. sed uxor
me excruciat, quia vivit.
tristem astare aspicio. blande haec mihi mala res
appellanda est.
uxor mea meaque amoenitas, quid tu agis?

*Cleost.* Abi atque abstine manum.
*Lys.* Heia, mea Iuno, non decet esse te tam tristem
tuo Iovi.
quo nunc abis?

*Cleost.* Mitte me.
*Lys.* Mane.
*Cleost.* Non maneo.
*Lys.* At pol ego te sequar.

*Cleost.* Obsebro, sanum est?
*Lys.* Sanus quom ted amo.
*Cleost.* Nolo ames.
*Lys.* Non potes impetrare.
*Cleost.* Enecas.
*Lys.* Vera dicas velim.
*Cleost.* Credo ego istuc tibi.
*Lys.* Respice, o mi lepos.
*Cleost.* Nempe ita ut tu mihi es.
unde hic, amabo, unguenta olent?
*Lys.* Oh perii, manufestō miser
teneor. cesso caput
pallio detergere?
ut te bonus Mercurius perdat, myropola, quia haec
mihi dedisti.

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the jump; wherever there’s a nice scent to be had, I get scented, so as to please her. (*preening himself*) And it seems to me I do please her. (*pauses*) But my wife does torment me by—living! (*glancing toward his house*) I see her, standing there with a sour look. Well, I must greet this bad bargain of mine with some smooth talk. (*hurries up to Cleostrata and embraces her fondly*) And how goes it with my dear and my delight?

Cleost. (*snappishly, as she tries to free herself*) Get away, and keep your arm away!

Lys. (*playfully*) Oh, now, now, Juno mine, it’s not nice for you to be so cross with your Jove! Whither away now?

Cleost. Let me go! (*escapes*)

Lys. Wait!

Cleost. I won’t wait!

Lys. Gad, then, I’ll follow you! (*catches her again*)

Cleost. For mercy’s sake, is the man sane?

Lys. (*leering*) Sane I am, in loving you.

Cleost. I don’t want your love.

Lys. You can’t help having it. (*kisses her despite her struggles*)

Cleost. You’ll be the death of me!

Lys. (*in low tone*) Would you were telling the truth!

Cleost. (*overhearing*) I believe you in that! (*escapes again*)

Lys. (*plaintively*) Do give me one look, my sweet!

Cleost. (*stopping*) Your sweet? Yes, in the way you are mine! (*sniffing*) Where does this smell of perfumery come from, my dear sir?

Lys. (*aside*) Oh, my Lord! Caught in the act! Dear, dear! I must hurry and wipe it off my head with my cloak. (*tries to do so furtively*) Oh, good Mercury ¹ curse you, perfumer, for giving me the stuff!

¹ The god of trade.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Cleost. Eho tu nihil, cana culex, vix teneor quin quae
decent te dicam,
senecta aetate unguentatus per vias, ignave,
incedes? 240

Lys. Pol ego amico dedi cuidam operam, dum emit
unguenta.

Cleost. Vt cito commentust.
ecquid te pudet?

Lys. Omnia quae tu vis.

Cleost. Vbi in lustra iacuisti?

Lys. Egone in lustra?

Cleost. Scio plus quam tu me arbitrare.

Lys. Quid id est? quid scis?

Cleost. Te sene omnium senem neminem esse ignavi-
orem.
unde is, nihil? ubi fuisti? ubi lustratu’s? ubi
bibisti?
mades mecastor. vide, palliolum ut rugat.

Lys. Di me et te infelicent,
si ego in os meum hodie vini guttam indidi.

Cleost. Immo age, ut lubet,
bibe, es, disperde rem.

Lys. Ohe, iam satis, uxor, com-
prime te, nimum tinnis,
relinque aliquantum orationis, cras quod mecum
litiges.

sed quid ais? iam domuisti animum, potius ut
quad vir velit
fieri, id facias, quam adversere contra?

Cleost. Qua de re?

Lys. Rogas?
super ancilla Casina, ut detur nuptum nostro vilico,

1 Corrupt (Leo): sen(um equid)em Leo.

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CASINA

Cleost. Oh-h-h, you good-for-nothing, you hoary headed gnat! It's all I can do to keep from telling you some home truths! A creature of your time of life promenading the streets all perfumed, you useless thing!

Lys. (hastily) I swear I was only accompanying a friend, a certain friend of mine, while he bought some perfumery.

Cleost. (with mock admiration) What a ready romancer he is! (savagely) Are you ashamed of nothing?

Lys. (humbly) Of everything you wish.

Cleost. What vile resort have you been lolling in?

Lys. I in a vile resort—I?

Cleost. (meaningly) I know more than you think I do.

Lys. (worried) What's that? What do you know?

Cleost. That of all old men on earth there's none more useless than your useless self. Where are you coming from, good-for-nothing? Where have you been? Where have you been wallowing? Where have you been drinking? Good gracious! you're drunk! Look there—the wrinkles in that cloak of yours!

Lys. Heaven confound me—(aside) and you, too—if I've put a drop of wine in my mouth to-day!

Cleost. Never mind, go on, do as you please—drink, eat, consume your substance!

Lys. (gaining courage) Oh, I say, my dear, that's enough now! Get yourself in hand! You're rattling on too far. Save some of your speech-making for your quarrel with me to-morrow. (pauses) But see here; have you got your temper enough under control now to do what your husband wants, instead of opposing him?

Cleost. (sicily) In regard to what?

Lys. You ask? In regard to the maid, Casina. Is she
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

servo frugi atque ubi illi bene sit ligno, aqua
calida, cibo,
vestimentis, ubique educat pueros quos pariat\(^1\)
potius
quam illi servo nequam des, armigero nili atque
improbo,
cui homini hodie peculi nummus non est plumbeus

Cleost. Mirum ecator, te senecta aetate officium tuum
non meminisse.

Lys. Quid iam?
Cleost. Quia, si facias recte aut
commode,
me sinas curare ancillas, quae mea est curatio.

Lys. Qui, malum, homini scutigerulo dare lubet?
Cleost. Quia enim filio
nos oportet opitulari unico.

Lys. At quamquam unicast,
nihilo magis ille unicast mihi filius quam ego illi
pater:
illum mi aequivust quam me illi quae volo concedere.

Cleost. Tu ecator tibi, homo, malam rem quaeris.
Lys. Subolet, sentio.

Cleost. Tu. nam quid friguttis? quid istuc tam
cupide cupis?

Lys. Vt enim frugi servo detur potius quam servo
improbo.

Cleost. Quid si ego impetro atque exoro a vilico, causa mea
ut eam illi permettat?

Lys. Quid si ego autem ab armigero impetro,

ut eam illi permettat? atque hoc credo impetrassere.

Cleost. Convenit. vin tuis Chalinum huc evocem verbis
foras?
tu eum orato, ego autem orabo vilicum.

\(^1\) Corrupt (Leo): pariat (sibi) Schoell.
CASINA

to be married to our bailiff—a worthy servant!—yes, and live where she'll be well off for wood, warm water, food, clothes, and where she can bring up her youngsters, instead of your giving her to that worthless slave, that good-for-nothing rascal of an orderly that hasn't saved up as much as a lead shilling?

Cleost. Goodness me, sir, it is odd you should forget your place at your time of life!

Lys. Eh? How's that?

Cleost. Well, if you acted rightly or reasonably, you would let me take care of the maids myself—they are my proper care.

Lys. But, dash it! how can you want to give her to that shield-porter fellow?

Cleost. Why, because both of us ought to assist our son, our only son.

Lys. Well, no matter if he is our only son, he's no more my only son than I am his only father. It's more fitting he should yield to my wishes than I to his.

Cleost. Oho, my dear sir! You are looking for something bad!

Lys. (aside) She smells a rat, I see that. (aloud, nervously) I?

Cleost. You. Now, why are you stammering? Why are you so awfully anxious for this match?

Lys. (guilelessly) Why, so that a worthy servant may get the girl, rather than a rascally one.

Cleost. What if I prevail upon the bailiff and persuade him to oblige me by giving her up to the orderly?

Lys. But what if I prevail upon the orderly to give her up to the bailiff? Yes, and I believe I can.

Cleost. Very well. Do you wish me to call Chalinus out here for you? You plead with him, while I plead with the bailiff.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Sane volo.

Cleost. Iam hic erit. nunc experiemur, nostrum uter sit blandior.

Lys. Hercules dique istam perdant, quod nunc liceat dicere.

ego discrucior miser amore, illa autem quasi ob industrium

mi adversatur. subolet hoc iam uxori quod ego machinor;

propter eam rem magis armigero dat operam de industria.

II. 4.

qui illum di omnes deaeque perdant.

Chal. Te uxor aiebat tua me vocare.

Lys. Ego enim vocari iussi.

Chal. Eloquere quid velis. 280

Lys. Primum ego te porrectiore fronte volo mecum loqui;

stultitia est ei te esse tristem, cuius potestas plus potest.

probum te et frugi hominem iam pridem esse arbitror.

Chal. Intellego.

quin, si ita arbitrare, emittis me manu?

Lys. Quin id volo. 284, 285

sed nihil est, me cupere factum, nisi tu factis adiuvas.

Chal. Quid velis modo id velim me scire.

Lys. Ausculta, ego eloquar.

Casinam ego uxorem promisi vilico nostro dare.

Chal. At tua uxor filiusque promiserunt mihi.

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CASINA

Lys. By all means.
Cleost. (turning towards the door) He will be here directly. Now we shall see which of us has the smoother tongue. [EXIT.

Lys. (making sure she is gone; then, feelingly) The powers above confound the woman! I hope I may say it now. Here I am in the torments of love, hang it! while here she is seeming to make a point of opposing me! She's got wind of my plot already; that's why she makes a point of helping the orderly all the more.

Scene 4. ENTER Chalinus, unseen, into the doorway.

May all the powers of heaven confound him!

Chal. (loudly) You (languidly) called me, so your wife said.

Lys. (swallowing his wrath) Yes, I asked to have you called.

Chal. (gruffly) What do you want? Speak out.

Lys. (trying to be pleasant) In the first place, I want to see less of a scowl on your face while you talk with me; it's absurd for you to be sulky with one who's your superior in point of power. (pauses; then heartily) For a long time now I have regarded you as an honest, worthy fellow.

Chal. (derisively) I see. Well, that being so, why don't you set me free?

Lys. Well, that's what I want. But my desire to do so doesn't signify, if you don't help by what you do yourself.

Chal. All I should like to know is what you'd like.

Lys. Listen here; I will speak out. I promised to marry Casina to our bailiff.

Chal. Yes, but your wife and son promised her to me.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. sed utrum nunc tu caelibem te esse mavis liberum an maritum servom aetatem degere et gnatos tuos? optio haec tua est: utram harum vis condicionem accipe.

Chal. Liber si sim, meo periculo vivam; nunc vivo tuo. de Casina certum est concedere homini nato nemini.

Lys. Intro abi atque actutum uxorem huc evoca ante aedis cito, et sitellam huc tecum efferto cum aqua, et sortis.

Chal. Satis placet.

Lys. Ego pol istam iam aliquovorsum tragulam decidero. nam si sic nihil impetrare potero, saltem sortiar. ibi ego te et suffragatores tuos ulciscar.

Chal. Attamen mi obtinget sors.

Lys. Vt quidem pol pereas cruciatu malo. Mi illa nubet, machinare quid lubet quo vis modo.

Lys. Abin hinc ab oculis?

Chal. Invitus me vides, vivam tamen.

Lys. Sumne ego miser homo? satin omnes res sunt advorsae mihi? iam metuo, ne Olympionem mea uxor exoraverit ne Casinam ducat. si id factum est, ecce me nullum senem. si non impetravit, etiam specula in sortist mihi.

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CASINA

Lys. I know. But which do you prefer now—to stay single and be set free, or to marry and pass your life in slavery, you and your children, too? This is your choice: take either alternative you like.

Chal. If I were free, I should have to live at my own costs; as it is, I live at yours. About Casina my mind's made up—I won't yield her to a single soul on earth.

Lys. (angrily) In with you and call my wife out here in front of the house at once. Quick! And bring an urn of water out here with you, and the lots.¹

Chal. That suits me well enough.

Lys. By the Lord, I'll soon spoil that shot of yours one way or another! I tell you what, if I can't carry my point by persuasion, I'll leave it to the lots, anyhow. There's where I'll get square with you and your partisans.

Chal. (airily) Only the lot will fall to me.

Lys. (grimly) Yes, by gad!—the lot of death by torture dire.

Chal. I'm the man she'll marry, plot as you like in any way you want.

Lys. Leave my sight, will you!

Chal. (grinning) I seem to be an eyesore to you. Oh well, that won't kill me. [EXIT INTO HOUSE.

Lys: If I'm not a miserable man? Oh, isn't everything against me? What I'm afraid of now is that my wife has prevailed on Olympio not to marry Casina. If she has, here's a poor old fellow done for! If she hasn't succeeded, there's still a ray of hope for me in the lots. But if the lot oozes

¹ The settlement of disputes by drawing lots from an urn of water was common.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

si sors autem decolassit, gladium faciam culcitam
eumque incumbam. sed prograditur optume eccum
Olympio.

II. 5.

O. Vna edepol opera in furnum calidum condito
atque ibi torreto me pro pane rubido,
era, qua istuc opera a me impetres quod postulas.

L. Salvos sum, salva spes est, ut verba audio.

O. Quid tu me tua, era, libertate territas?
qui si tu nolis filiusque etiam tuos,
vobis invitis atque arboreo ingratiis
una libella liber possum fieri.

L. Quid istuc est? quicum litigas, Olympio?

O. Cum eadem qua tu semper.

L. Cum uxore mea?

O. Quam tu mi uxorem? quasi venator tu quidem es:
dies atque noctes cum cane aetatem exigis.

L. Quid agit, quid loquitur tecum?

O. Orat, obsecrat,
ne Casinam uxorem ducam.

L. Quid tu postea?

O. Negavi enim ipsi me concessurum Iovi,
si is mecum oraret.

L. Di te servassint mihi.

O. Nunc in fermento totast, ita turget mihi.

L. Ego edepol illam medium diruptam velim.

O. Credo edepol esse, siquidem tu frugi bonae es.
verum edepol tua mihi odiosa est amatio;

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away, I'll take my sword for a pillow and lay me down upon it. (the door opens) Look, though! There comes Olympio! Good, good!

Scene 5. ENTER Olympio INTO DOORWAY.

O. (to Cleostrata within) By heaven, ma'am, you can just as soon shut me up in a hot oven and bake me brown as a biscuit as get me to give in to what you want.

Lys. (aside) Saved! I and my hopes are saved, from what I hear!

O. What are you trying to scare me for, ma'am, with your talk about my freedom? Like it or not, you and your son too, despite you, for all the pair of you can do, I can get freed for a farthing.

Lys. (as Olympio closes the door) What's all this? Whom are you wrangling with, Olympio?

O. The same lady you're always at it with.

Lys. With my wife?

O. (snorting) Wife, eh? Wife, is it? You lead a regular huntsman's life—pass your days and nights with a dog.

Lys. What has she been at? What's she been saying to you?

O. She's been begging and beseeching me not to marry Casina.

Lys. And you?

O. Why, I said I wouldn't give her up to Jupiter himself, not if he begged me to.

Lys. Heaven preserve you for me!

O. Now she's all in a ferment, just swelling with rage at me.

Lys. By gad, I wish she had burst in the middle!

O. By gad, she has, I fancy, if you're good for anything. But, by gad, sir, I'm sick of your love affair;
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

inimica est tua uxor mihi, inimicus filius, inimici familiares.

Lys. Quid id refert tua? unus tibi hic dum propitius sit Iuppiter, tu istos minatos cave deos flocci feceris.

Ol. Nugae sunt istae magnae. quasi tu nescias, repente ut emoriantur humani Ioves. responde: si tu Iuppiter sis mortuos, cum ad deos minoris redierit regnum tuom, quis mihi subveniet tergo aut capiti aut cruribus?

Lys. Opinione melius res tibi habeat tua, si hoc impetramus, ut ego cum Casina cubem.

Ol. Non hercle opinor posse, ita uxor acriter tua instat, ne mihi detur.

Lys. At ego sic agam:
coniciam sortis in sitellam et sortiar tibi et Chalino. ita rem natam intellego:
ecessum est vorsis gladiis depugnarier.

Ol. Quid si sors aliter quam voles evenerit?

Lys. Bene dice. dis sum fretus, deos sperabimus.

Ol. Non ego istud verbum empsim tittibilicio; nam omnes mortales dis sunt freti, sed tamen vidi ego dis fretos saepe multos decipi.

Lys. St, tace parumper.

Ol. Quid vis?

Lys. Eccum exit foras Chalinus intus cum sitella et sortibus. nunc nos conlatis signis depugnabimus.

II. 6.

Cleost. Face, Chaline, certiorem me, quid meus vir me velit.

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your wife hates me, your son hates me, your whole household hates me!

Lys. Well, what of that? So long as Jupiter alone here (tapping his chest consequentially) is propitious to you, don’t you care a straw about those petty deities.

Ol. That’s all rubbish. As if you didn’t know how suddenly those human Jupiters die off. Answer me this: if your Jupiter of a self should die, and your kingdom falls to those lesser deities, who’ll save my back or head or shanks for me?

Lys. (reassuringly) You’d be better off than you imagine, if we gain our point and I get Casina.

Ol. Good Lord, but I don’t think you can—with your wife dead set against my having her!

Lys. But here’s what I’m going to do: I’ll throw the lots into the urn and draw for you and Chalinus. I see things have come to the point where we must use our swords in earnest and fight it out.

Ol. What if the lots settle it the way you don’t want?

Lys. (courageously) No ominous remarks! I trust to Heaven; we’ll put our hopes in Heaven.

Ol. (disgusted) I wouldn’t give a stiver for talk like that. Why, every living soul trusts to Heaven, but just the same I’ve seen plenty of your trust-to-Heaven folks fooled times enough.

Lys. (listening) Sh-h! Keep still a minute!

Ol. What do you want?

Lys. (pointing to door) Look! There’s Chalinus coming out with the urn and lots. Now we’ll close with them and fight it out.

ENTER Chalinus with urn and lots: Cleostrata stops in doorway.

Cleost. Chalinus, tell me what my husband wants of me.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Chal. Ille edepol videre ardentem te extra portam mortuam.

Cleost. Credo ecastor velle.

Chal. At pol ego hau credo, sed certo scio.

Lys. Plus artificum est mihi quam rebar; hariolum hunc habeo domi.

quid si propius attollamus signa eamusque obviam? sequere. quid vos agitis?

Chal. Adsunt quae imperavisti omnia: uxor, sortes, situla atque egomet.

Ol. Te uno adest plus quam ego volo.

Chal. Tibi quidem edepol ita videtur; stimulus ego nunc sum tibi, fodico corculum; adsudascis iam ex metu, mastigia.

Lys. Tace, Chaline.

Chal. Comprime istum.

Ol. Immo istunc, qui didicit dare.

Lys. Adpone hic sitellam, sortis cedo mihi. animum advortite.

atque ego censuiaps te posse hoc me impetrare, uxor mea,
Casina ut uxor mihi daretur; et nunc etiam censeo.

Cleost. Tibi daretur illa?

Lys. Mihi enim—ah, non id volui dicere.
dum mihi volui, huic dixi, atque adeo mihi dum cupio—perperam
iam dudum hercle fabulor.

Cleost. Pol tu quidem, atque etiam facis.
CASINA

Chal. To see you blazing on your bier out beyond the city gate—that's what he wants, by gad.

Cleost. Goodness me, I do believe he does!

Chal. Well, I don't believe it—I know it for certain.

Lys. (to Olympio, dryly) I own more professional men than I thought; this one here is my private clairvoyant. (pauses, then with a martial air) Well? Up with our standards and charge? Follow me! (leads the way to the other pair) What are you two doing?

Chal. Everything you ordered is here—wife, lots, urn, yes, and I myself.

Ol. It's you yourself that makes one more than I want here.

Chal. Gad yes, it does seem that way to you. I'm a thorn in the flesh to you now, digging into your dear little heart. You're sweating for fear already, you whipping-post.

Lys. Silence, Chalinus!

Chal. Get your arms about that fellow. (pointing to Olympio)

Ol. No, sir! About that fellow, that's learned to like it.

Lys. (to Chalinus) Set the urn here; give me the lots. (taking them) Attention, both of you. (to Cleostrata, pleadingly) However, my dear, I did think I could prevail upon you to let me marry Casina; and I think so now, too.

Cleost. Let you marry her?

Lys. Yes, let me—oh-h-h! I didn't mean to say that! I . . . meant "me" when I . . . said "him" . . . and . . . you see . . . in my . . . anxiety for myself—(in distress) oh, good Lord! the absurd way I've been jabbering all this time!

Cleost. (dryly) Goodness me, yes, and are still, too.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Huic—immo hercle mihi—vah, tandem redii vix veram in viam.

Cleost. Per pol saepe peccas.

Lys. Ita fit, ubi quid tanto opere expetas. sed te uterque tuo pro iure, ego atque hic, oramus. Quid est?

Cleost. Dicam enim, mea mulsa: de istac Casina huic nostro vilico gratiam facias.

Cleost. At pol ego neque facio neque censeo.

Lys. Tum igitur ego sortis utrimque iam diribeam. 

Cleost. Quis votat?

Lys. Optimum atque aequissimum istud esse iure iudico. postremo, si illuc quod volumus eveniet, gaude-bimus;

sin secus, patiemur animis aequis. tene sortem tibi. vide quid scriptum est.

Ol. Vnum. Iniquom est, quia isti prius quam mihi dedit.

Lys. Accipe hanc sis.

Chal. Cedo. mane, unum venit in mentem modo: vide ne quae illic insit alia sortis sub aqua.

Lys. men te censes esse?

Cleost. Nulla est. habe quietum animum modo.

Chal. Quod bonum atque fortunatum sit mihi—

Ol. Magnum malum tibi quidem edepol credo eveniet; novi pietatem tuam.

\[1 \text{iam (diribeam) Schoell,}\]
CASINA

Lys. Let him—good Lord, no, let me—(stopping to collect himself) ah, at last I've managed to get back to the right road!

Cleost. Mercy on us! You get off it rather often.
Lys. Oh, that's quite usual, when you're awfully eager for something. But we both—Olympio and I—recognizing your rights, appeal to you.

Cleost. What do you mean?
Lys. Why, this, honey dear: do oblige our bailiff here in regard to your Casina.

Cleost. Goodness me, sir, I'll neither oblige him nor agree to his being obliged.

Lys. Well then, I favour passing out lots to the two of them at once.

Cleost. (curtly) Who hinders you?
Lys. (trying to seem unconcerned) That is the best and fairest method in my unbiased judgment. And then if the result satisfies us, we'll rejoice; if it doesn't, we'll put up with it patiently. (to Olympio) Here is a lot for you. (Olympio takes it) See what is written on it.

Ol. (looking) The number one.

Chal. It's not fair that he should have his lot first!

Lys. (selecting another for Chalinus) You kindly take this one.

Chal. Give it here. (grabs it) Hold on! I've just thought of something. (to Cleostrata, excitedly) See that there's no other lot under the water there.

Lys. You scoundrel! Do you take me for yourself?

Cleost. (to Chalinus, having examined the urn) There isn't. Come now, calm yourself.

Chal. (preparing to drop his lot into the urn) Heaven be with me and bring me luck——

Ol. A good sound hiding is what you'll get, by gad, I'm thinking; I know your pious ways. Hold on,
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed mane dum; num ista aut populna sors aut abiegnast tua?

Chal. Quid tu id curas?

Ol. Quia enim metuo, ne in aqua summa natet.

Lys. Eugae!¹ cave. conicite sortes nunciam ambo huc eccere.
    uxor, aequa.

Ol. Noli uxor credere.

Lys. Habe animum bonum.

Ol. Credo hercle, hodie devotabit sortis si attigerit.

Lys. Tace.

Ol. Taceo. deos quaeso—

Chal. Vt quidem tu hodie canem et furcam feras.

Ol. Mihi ut sortito eveniat—

Chal. Vt quidem hercle pedibus pendeas. 390

Ol. At tu ut oculos emungare ex capite per nasum tuos.

Chal. Quid times? paratum oportet esse iam laqueum tibi.

Ol. Periisti.

Lys. Animum advoltite ambo.

Ol. Taceo.

Lys. Nunc tu, Cleostrata, ne a me memores malitioso de hac re factum aut suspices, tibi permitto—tute sorti.

Ol. Perdis me.

Chal. Lucrum facit.

Cleost. Bene facis.

¹ eugae Lindsay : augc MSS. generally.
CASI Например, что это за телепатия? Неужели я не могу устоять перед тем, что вы хотите мне сказать?

Chal. Чей это? Такое-то
Ol. Зачем вы это делаете? Я боюсь, что ваше тело может пропасть в воде. (исследует Chalinus's lot)
Lys. Чья это? Посмотрите! (стояла впереди колонны) Теперь вы оба можете бросить свои лоты здесь. (они это делают) Тут мы и находимся! Жена, посмотрите, как все будет правильно.

Ol. (нервно) Не верьте жене!
Lys. (смотря на Cleostrata, тщательно, как она входит в колонну) Держитесь, сохраните мужество.
Ol. О, Господи! Я верю, что она пошлет вам эзотерическую магию на их лоты, когда они будут касаться их.
Lys. Будьте тихи!
Ol. Я понимаю. (Cleostrata stirs the lots about) Я надеюсь на небеса——
Chal. Вы будете нести цепь и узду, верно?
Ol. —что шанс будет дать мне удачу——
Chal. Нет, вы будете нести цепь и узду, верно?
Ol. —-что шанс будет дать мне удачу——
Chal. Так у вас что же будет? Вы должны сделать это прямо сейчас—— что мне так мало значения вашей удачи.
Ol. (слабо) Все это кончено с вами!
Lys. Внимание! Оба вы.
Ol. Я не говорю ничего.
Lys. Теперь, Cleostrata, чтобы защитить вас от того, что я мошенничал в этом деле, или что я волшебничаю, я оставлю это дело вам—— вы сделаете это сами.

Ol. (к Lysidamus, панически) О, вы меня убиваете!
Chal. (смеясь) Он сделает деньги от этого.
Cleost. (к Lysidamus, скептично) Как вам это больше.

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Chal. Deos quaeso—ut tua sors ex sitella effugerit.

Ol. Ain tu? quia tute es fugitivos, omnes te imitari cupis?

utinam tua quidem, sicut factum esse Herculeis praedicant

quondam prognatis, in sortiendo sors deliquerit.

Chal. Tu ut liquescas ipse, actutum virgis calefactabere. 400

Lys. Hoc age sis, Olympio.

Ol. Si hic litteratus me sinat.

Lys. Quod bonum atque fortunatum mihi sit.

Ol. Ita vero, et mihi.

Chal. Non.

Ol. Immo hercle.

Chal. Immo mihi hercle.

Cleost. Hic vincet, tu vives miser.

Lys. Percide os tu illi 1 hodie. age, ecquid fit? ne obiexis manum.

Ol. Compressan palma an porrecta ferio?

Lys. Age ut vis.

Ol. Em tibi.

Cleost. Quid tibi istunc tactio est?

Ol. Quia Juppiter iussit meus.

Cleost. Feri malam, ut ille, rursum.

Ol. Perii, pugnis caedor, Juppiter.

Lys. Quid tibi tactio hunc fuit?

1 Corrupt (Leo): odio Seyffert.
CASINA

Chal. (to Olympio, mockingly) I hope to heaven—your lot slips out of the urn.

Ol. So? Being a slippery one yourself, you long to have imitators everywhere, eh? Oh, if that lot of yours would only melt away in the drawing, like the one in that old story of Hercules's descendants!

Chal. You'll melt, yourself, you'll be so warmed up with a whip shortly.

Lys. Olympio, kindly attend to business.

Ol. If this man of letters (pointing to the brand on Chalinus's forehead) would only let me.

Lys. (in a flutter, as Cleostrata prepares to draw) Heaven be with me and bring me luck!

Ol. Yes, yes, and me!

Chal. No.

Ol. Oh Lord, yes, yes!

Chal. Oh Lord, no, no! Me!

Cleost. (to Olympio) He (indicating Chalinus) is going to win, and you are going to suffer, sir.

Lys. (to Olympio) Smash that fellow's jaw this minute!

(Olympio hesitates) Come, come! Do you hear me?

(to Chalinus) Don't raise your hand.

Ol. (now valorous) Shall I punch or slap, sir?

Lys. Suit yourself.

Ol. (punching Chalinus, then jumping away) Take that!

Cleost. (angry) What do you mean by touching that man?

Ol. Well, I was obeying my Jupiter.

Cleost. (to Chalinus) You strike him back on the face the same way. (Chalinus does so with enthusiasm)

Ol. Oh-h-h! He's pounding me to death, Jupiter!

Lys. (pulling Chalinus away) What do you mean by touching this man?

1 The crafty Cresphontes's lot was made of terracotta, his brother's of sun-baked earth which dissolved.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Chal. Quia iussit haec Iuno mea.

Lys. Patiundum est, siquidem me vivo mea uxor imperium exhibet.

Cleost. Tam huic loqui licere oportet quam isti.

Ol. Cur omen mihi 410

vituperat?

Lys. Malo, Chaline, tibi cavendum censeo.

Chal. Temperi, postquam oppugnatum est os.

Lys. Age, uxor, nunciam sorti. vos advoltite animum. prae metu ubi sim nescio.

perii, cor lienosum, opinor, habeo, iam dudum salit, de labore pectus tundit.

Cleost. Teneo sortem.

Lys. Ecfer foras.

Chal. Iamne mortuo's?

Ol. Ostende. mea haec est.

Chal. Mala crux east quidem.

Cleost. Victus es, Chaline.

Lys. Cum nos di iuvere, Olympio, gaudeo.

Ol. Pietate factum est mea atque maiorum meum.

Lys. Intro, abi, uxor, atque adorna nuptias.

Cleost. Faciam ut iubes.

Lys. Sein tu rus hinc esse ad villam longe quo ducat?

Cleost. Seio. 420

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CASINA

Chal. Well, I was obeying my Juno here.

Lys. (bitterly) We must submit—my wife being the
head of the household—and I alive!

Cleost. Chalinus should have just as much right to talk
as that fellow.

Ol. What did he spoil my omen for?

Lys. (dangerously) Chalinus, I advise you to look out for
trouble.

Chal. Nice time to warn me, after my jaw’s been
hammered!

Lys. Come, wife! Now then, draw! (to servants)
Attention, you two! (aside) I’m so nervous I don’t
know where I am! Oh, dear, dear, I’ve got a
splenetic heart, I do believe; it’s jumping up and
down all this time, working so hard that it thumps
my chest!

Cleost. (her hand in the urn) I’ve got one.

Lys. (tremulously) Pull it out!

Chal. (to the breathless Olympio) Dead already, are
you?

Ol. (as Cleostrata draws) Let’s see it! (Cleostrata holds
it up) It’s mine, it’s mine!

Chal. (sourly) It’s the devil, that’s what it is!

Cleost. (apparently resigned) You have lost, Chalinus.

Lys. (dancing about in ecstasy) The gods are with us,
Olympio! Splendid!

Ol. (grinning at Chalinus) It all comes of the pious
ways of me and my forbears.

Lys. Go inside, wife, and get things ready for the
wedding.

Cleost. (meditative) To be sure.

Lys. (impatient) Do you realize that it’s a long way to
the country, to the farmhouse where he’s to take
her?

Cleost. I do.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Intro abi et, quamquam hoc tibi aegre est, tamen fac accures.

Cleost. Licet.

Lys. Eamus nos quoque intro, hortemur ut properent.

Ol. Numquid moror?—

Lys. Nam praesente hoc plura verba fieri non desidero.

II. 7.

Chal. Si nunc me suspendam, meam operam luserim et praeter operam restim sumpti fecerim et meis inimicis voluptatem creaverim. quid opus est, qui sic mortuos? equidem tamen sorti sum victus, Casina nubet vilico. atque id non tam aegrest iam, vicisse vilicum, quam id expetivisse opere tam magno senem, ne ea mihi daretur atque ut illi nuberet. ut ille trepidabat, ut festinabat miser; ut sussultabat, postquam vicit vilicus. attat, concedam huc, audio aperiri foris, mei benevolentes atque amici prodeunt. hinc ex insidiis hisce ego insidias dabo.

II. 8.

Ol. Sine modo rus veniat; ego remittam ad te virum cum furca in urbem tamquam carbonarium.

Lys. Ita fieri oportet.

Ol. Factum et curatum dabo.
CASINA

**Lys.** Go inside, and no matter if this does annoy you, see that you look after things just the same.

**Cleost.** (still meditative) Very well. [exit.

**Lys.** (to Olympio) Let's go inside ourselves, too, and urge them to hurry up.

**Ol.** I'm not delaying you, am I?

**Lys.** (in low tone) You see, I don't care for any more talk in (glancing at Chalinus) this fellow's presence.

[exeunt Lysidamus and Olympio smiling cheerfully upon the gloomy Chalinus.

**Scene 7.**

**Chal.** If I were to hang myself now, it would be labour lost, and, besides the labour, I should be put to the expense of buying a rope and be gratifying my enemies. And what's the use, when I am (with an amorous sigh) dead already? Ah yes, the lots were against me, after all; Casina will marry the bailiff. But what grates on me now isn't so much the bailiff's winning as the old man's having been so awfully eager for me to lose her and for that chap to marry her. What a stew and flurry he was in, the poor fool! How he capered about after the bailiff won! (listening) Hm-m! I'll step back here; (withdraws) I hear the door opening. Those kind, affectionate friends of mine are coming out. I'll stay in ambush here and ambush them.

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**Scene 8.**

ENTER Olympio and Lysidamus.

**Ol.** Only let him come to the farm! I'll send the fine fellow back to town to you, under a yoke like a charcoal peddler.

**Lys.** And so you should.

**Ol.** I'll see it's so, I'll take care of that.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Volui Chalinum, si domi esset, mittere tecum obsonatum, ut etiam in maerore insuper inimico nostro miseriam hanc adiungerem.

Chal. Recessim cedam ad parietem, imitabor nequam; captandust horum clanculum sermon mihi. nam illorum me alter cruciat, alter macerat. at candidatus cedit hic mastigia, stimulorum loculi. protollo mortem mihi; certum est, hunc Acherontem praemittam prius.

Ol. Vt tibi ego inventus sum obsequens. quod maxime cupiebas, eius copiam feci tibi. erit hodie tecum quod amas clam uxorem.

Lys. Tace.
ita me di bene ament, ut ego vix reprimio labra ob istanc rem quin te deosculer, voluptas mea.

Chal. Quid, deosculere? quae res? quae voluptas tua? ecfodere hercle hic volt, credo, vesicam vilico.¹

Ol. Ecquid amas nunc me?

Lys. Immo edepol me quam te minus. licetne amplexi te?

Chal. Quid, amplexi?

Ol. Licet.

Lys. Vt, quia te tango, mel mihi videor lingere.

Ol. Vltro te, amator, apage te a dorso meo.

Chal. Illuc est, illuc, quod hic hunc fecit vilicum.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): credo hercle ecfodere hic volt Bothe.

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CASINA

Lys. If Chalinus was about, I intended to send him with you to (tittering) buy provisions, so as to give our troubled rival still another throe.

Chal. (flattening himself against the house) I'll back up against the wall, and imitate a crab. I must lie low and overhear what they're saying. Why, one's racking me, and the other's wringing me! (glaring at Olympio) See him strut about, all in white,¹ the whipping post, the club case! My suicide is postponed; it's him I'll send ahead to Hades first, that's settled.

Ol. Ah, but haven't I shown myself an obliging fellow! Here I've helped you to what you long for most! You'll soon be with your ladylove, and your wife none the wiser.

Lys. (with a nervous glance toward the door) Sh-h! (wriggling in ecstasy) Lord love me, it's all I can do to keep my lips away from you and not give you a good kiss for it, you darling!

Chal. (aside) Eh? "A good kiss?" What's all this? "Your darling?" How's that? (as Lysidamus prances up to Olympio, manifesting a strong desire to embrace him) My word! I do believe he wants to dig the bailiff's inwards out!

Ol. You love me a little now, do you?

Lys. A little? Oh heavens! more than my own self! Will you let me hug you?

Chal. (aside) What? Hug him?

Ol. (modestly) Yes.

Lys. (embracing him rapturously) Oh, it's like lapping honey, getting my lips on you!

Ol. (pushing him away) Avast there, my gallant! Get off my back!

Chal. (aside) That's it! That's why he made the fellow

¹ The bridegroom's dress.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

eidem me pridem, cum ei adversum veneram,
facere atriensem voluerat sub ianua.

Ol. Vt tibi morigerus hodie, ut voluptati fui.
Lys. Vt tibi, dum vivam, bene velim plus quam mihi.
Chal. Hodie hercle, opinor, hi conturbabunt pedes;
solet hic barbatis sane sectari senex.
Lys. Vt ego hodie Casinam deosculabor, ut mihi
bona multa faciam clam meam uxorem.

Chal. Attatae,
nunc pol ego demum in rectam redii semitam.
hic ipsus Casinam deperit. habeo viros.
Lys. Iam hercle amplexari, iam osculari gestio.
Ol. Sine prius deduci. quid, malum, properas?
Lys. Amo.
Ol. At non opinor fieri hoc posse Hodie.

Lys. Potest,
siquidem cras censes te posse emitti manu.

Chal. Enim vero huc aures magis sunt adhibendae mihi:
im ego uno in saltu lepide apros capiam duos.
Lys. Apud hunc sodalem meum atque vicinum mihi
locus est paratus. ei ego amorem omnem meum
concredui; is mihi se locum dixit dare.

Ol. Quid eius uxor? ubi erit?

Lys. Lepide repperi.

mea uxor vocabit huc eam ad se in nuptias,
his bailiff! Yes, and in my own case, one time
when I went to see him home, he was all for
making me his major-domo at his door sill.

Ol. Ah, how I’ve stood by you to-day, how I’ve
delighted you!

Lys. Ah, and the friend I’ll be to you, all my life—
more than to my own self!

Chal. (aside) Good Lord! I bet those two will be
making hot love to each other before long; the
old man here always did take to bearded faces,
for a fact.

Lys. Ah, won’t I kiss and kiss Casina to-day! Ah,
won’t I have a good time of it, unbeknown to my
wife!

Chal. (aside) Ohoho! Now I’m on the right road at
last, by Jove! He dotes on Casina himself! I’ve
got our gentlemen!

Lys. Oh Lord! I’m just aching to hug her this
moment, to kiss her this moment!

Ol. Let me take her home first. What’s your hurry,
curse it?

Lys. I’m in love.

Ol. Well, I don’t see how it can be done to-day.

Lys. It can be—that is, if you think you can be freed
to-morrow.

Chal. (aside) Well, well, I must stick my ears further
into this. Now for a neat job catching two wild
boars in one brake. (gets closer)

Lys. (complacently) There’s a place waiting for me at
my good friend’s and neighbour’s here. (indicating
house of Alcesimus) I’ve told him all about my
little affair, and he said he’d provide me with a
place.

Ol. How about his wife? Where will she be?

Lys. I’m a man of resources! My wife will invite her
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ut hic sit secum, se adiuvet, secum cubet;
ego iussi, et dixit se facturam uxor mea.
illa hic cubabit, vir aberit faxo domo.
tu rus uxorem duces; id rus hic erit
tantisper dum ego cum Casina faciam nuptias.
hinc tu ante lucem rus eras duces postea.
satin docte?

Ol. Astute.

Chal. Age modo, fabricamini,
malo hercle vestro tam vorsuti vivitis.

Lys. Scin quid nunc facias?

Ol. Loquere.

Lys. Tene marsuppium,
abi atque obsona, propera, sed lepide volo,
molliculas escas, ut ipsa mollicula est.

Ol. Licet.

Lys. Emito sepiolas, lepadas, lolligunculas,
hordeias.

Chal. Immo, triticeias, si sapis.

Lys. Soleas.

Chal. Qui quaeso potius quam sculponeas,
quibus battuatur tibi os, senex nequissime?

Ol. Vin lingulacas?

Lys. Quid opust, quando uxor domi est?
ea lingulaca est nobis, nam numquam tacet.

Ol. In re prae senti ex copia piscaria
consulere quid emam potero.

Lys. Aequom oras, abi.
argento parci nolo, obsonato ampliter.
nam mihi vicino hoc etiam convento est opus,
ut quod mandavi curet.

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CASINA

over to the wedding so as to keep her company, and help her, and spend the night with her. I told her to do that, and my wife said she would. Myrrhina will stop at our house, and I’ll guarantee her husband won’t be home. You’ll take your wife off to the farm; and that farm (chuckling) will be (pointing to Alicesimus’s house) here, so long as Casina and I are celebrating the marriage. Then before daylight to-morrow you’re to take her off to the farm. Rather clever, eh?

Ol. You’re a deep one, sir!
Chal. (aside) Just you go ahead and lay your schemes. By gad, you’ll pay for being such a smart pair.
Lys. D’ye know what you’re to do now!
Ol. Tell me.
Lys. Take this purse (giving it to him) and go buy some provisions. Quick! But something nice, mind—soft little dainties to match her soft little self.
Ol. All right.
Lys. Get some little sepias, and limpets, and little cuttles, and grainings.
Chal. (aside) Well, but make ’em grainings of wheat, if you’re wise.
Lys. And some soles.
Chal. (aside) I say, why not make them wooden soles, to beat your face with, you rank old sinner?
Ol. Want some little dogfish?
Lys. What for, when my wife’s at home? She’s “little dogfish” enough for us—why, she’s always barking.
Ol. Once I’m on the spot I can look over the fishmonger’s stock and decide what to buy.
Lys. Right you are; off with you. Don’t try to economize—get plenty, plenty. Well, I must see my neighbour again and make sure he manages his part of it.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ol. Iamne abeo?
Lys. Volo.
Chal. Tribus non conducit possum libertatis,
quin ego illis Hodie comparem magnum malum
quinque hanc omnem rem meae erae iam factam
palam.
manifesto teneo in noxia inimicos meos.
Sed si nunc facere volt era officium suum,
nostra omnis lis est. pulchre praevortar viros.
nostro omne it dies; iam victi victimus.

ibo intro, ut id quod alius condivit cocus,
ego nunc vicissim ut alio pacto condiam,
quo id quoi paratum est ut paratum ne siet
sitque ei paratum quod paratum non erat.

ACTVS III

Lys. Nunc amici anne inimici sis imago, Alcesime,
mihi sciam, nunc specimen specitum, nunc certamen
cernitur.
cur amem me castigare; id ponito ad compendium,
"cano capite" "aetate aliena" eo addito ad com-
pendium,
"cui sit uxor" id quoque illuc ponito ad compen-
dium.

Alc. Miseriorem ego ex amore quam te vidi neminem.
Lys. Fac vacant aedes.
Alc. Quin edepol servos, ancillas domo
certum est omnis mittere ad te.
CASINA

Ol. Shall I go now?
Lys. Yes. [Exeunt, Olympio to forum, Lysidamus into Alcesimus's house.
Chal. (elated) I couldn't be hired—for three freedoms—not to give those two a precious bad time of it to-day and not to go to mistress this minute with the whole story. I've got my enemies caught, caught in the act, redheaded. Only let mistress do her duty now, and the case is ours on every count. I'll forestall those fine fellows handsomely. The omens are for us this day! The losers win! I'll go in now so as to try my hand on a mess another cook has seasoned, and season it another way; and I'll see to it that the mess is not ready for the man it was ready for, but that a mess not ready for him is in readiness. [Exit.

ACT III

ENTER Lysidamus AND Alcesimus FROM THE LATTER'S HOUSE.

Lys. Now I shall learn whether you represent a friend or a foe, Alcesimus; now you'll show a sample of yourself, now is the time of test. As for lecturing me for being in love—cut that short. "With your hoary head," "at such an age"—cut that short, too. "A married man!" Yes, and cut that short.

Alc. (with amused contempt) A man more lovesick than you I never saw!

Lys. Be sure the house is empty.

Alc. Yes, good Lord, yes! it's settled that I am to send all the men and maidservants over to your place.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys.      Oh, nimium scite scitus es. sed facitodum merula\(^1\) per versus quod cantat tu colas:
        “cum cibo cum quiqui” facito ut veniant, quasi eant Sutrium.

Alc.      Meminero.

Lys.      Em, nunc enim te demum nullum scitum seitiust.
cura, ego ad forum modo ibo; iam hic ero.

Alc.      Bene ambula.

Lys.      Fac habeant linguam tuae aedes.

Alc.      Quid ita?

Lys.      Cum veniam, vocent.

Alc.      Attatae, caedundus tu homo es; nimias delicias facis.

Lys.      Quid me amare refert, nisi sim doctus ac dicaculus? sed tu cave in quaesitione mihi sis.

Alc.      Vsque adero domi. 530

III. 2.

Cleost.  Hoc erat ecastor quod me vir tanto opere orabat meus,
ut properarem arcessere hanc huc ad me vicinam meam,
liberae aedes ut sibi essent, Casinam quo deduc-
erent.
nunc adeo nequaquam arcessam, ne illis ignavis-
sumis liberi loci potestas sit, vetulis vervecibus.

\(^1\) per versus quod Festus: per versus quos BVE: cum
cibo cum quiqui MSS.: tu Lindsay.

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CASINA

Lys. (delightedly) Oh, you extraordinary, extraordinary man! But see that you follow what the blackbird sings in its stave: see that they come "with food, or no matter what," as if they were marching to Sutrium.¹

Alc. I'll remember.

Lys. (seizing his hand rapturously) There now, that's it! Never was ordinance better ordered than you! Look out for things; I'm going to the forum myself. I'll be back soon.

Alc. A pleasant walk to you.

Lys. (smiling fatuously) See that your house gets a tongue.

Alc. Why so?

Lys. I want it full of welcome, and nothing else, when I arrive.

Alc. (disgusted) Ugh-h! You ought to be kept under, man; you're altogether too buoyant.

Lys. What's the use of my being in love, if I'm not clever and canty? (about to go) But don't make me look for you, mind.

Alc. I shall be at home all the time. [Exeunt.

Scene 2. ENTER Cleostrata from the house.

(A couple of hours have elapsed.)

Cleost. Good gracious! This was the reason my husband was so insistent I should invite my neighbour over directly—so that there might be an empty house for them to take Casina to. Well now, I won't invite her, indeed I won't, and let those vile creatures have a place to do as they like in, the old wethers! [ENTER Alcesimus INTO HIS DOORWAY] Ah,

¹ A hurried march to Sutrium had been an event in a war with the Gauls.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed eccum egreditur, senati column, praesidium popli,
meus vicinus, meo viro qui liberum præhibet locum.
non ecastor vilis emptu est, modio qui venit salis.

_Alc._ Miror hue iam non arcessi in proxumum uxorem meam,
quaes iam dudum, si arcessatur, ornata exspectat domi.

_Cleost._ sed eccam, opinor arcessit. salve, Cleostrata.

_Ubi tua uxor?_ Et tu, Alcesime.

_Alc._ Intus illa te, si se arcessas, manet;
nam tuos vir me oravit, ut eam istuc ad te adiutum
mitterem.

_Vin vocem?_

_Cleost._ Sine eam\(^1\); nolo si occupata est.

_Alc._ Otium est.

_Cleost._ Nil moror, molesta ei esse nolo; post convenero.

_Alc._ Non ornatis istic apud vos nuptias?

_Cleost._ Orno et paro.

_Alc._ Non ergo opus est adiutrice?

_Cleost._ Satis domist. ubi nuptiae fuerint, tum istam convenibo. nunc vale, atque
istanc iube.

_Alc._ Quid ego nunc faciam? flagitium maxumum feci miser,
propter operam illius hirqui improbi, edentuli,
qui hoc mihi contraxit; operam uxoris polliceor foras,
quaest catillatum. flagitium hominis, qui dixit mihi
suam uxorem hanc arcessituram esse; ea se eam
negat morarier.

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\(^1\) Leo notes lacuna here: _eam te Goetz._
but there he is coming out—that pillar of the senate, that bulwark of the state, that neighbour of mine, who furnishes my husband with a place to disport himself in! Good heavens, that creature would be dear at the price of a peck of salt!

_Alc._ Strange my wife hasn’t been invited over next door here already; she’s been all dressed up and expecting the invitation for a long time. (aside, on seeing _Cleostrata_) Here we are, though! Coming to invite her, I suppose. (aloud) Good day to you, Cleostrata.

_Cleost._ And to you, Alcesimus. Where is your wife?

_Alc._ Inside, awaiting your invitation. Your husband, you know, begged me to send her over to help you. Shall I call her?

_Cleost._ (lightly) Oh, don’t disturb her; I don’t want her, if she’s busy.

_Alc._ (hurriedly) She isn’t.

_Cleost._ Never mind. I don’t want to bother her; I’ll come and see her later.

_Alc._ (innocently) Aren’t you arranging for a wedding over at your place?

_Cleost._ Yes, and I am getting things ready.

_Alc._ Well then, don’t you need an assistant?

_Cleost._ I have plenty at home. I’ll wait until the wedding is over, and then come and see her. (turning to go) Well, good-bye, and give my regards to your wife.

_[Exit into the doorway out of sight of Alcesimus._

_Alc._ (blankly) What shall I do now? (pauses) A nice position I’m in, hang it! thanks to that worthless, toothless old goat that drew me into it. I promise the services of my wife as a sort of platelicker in general! A nice fellow he is, saying his wife was going to invite her over; and now she...
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

atque edepol mirum ni subolet iam hoc huic vicinae meae.
verum autem altrovorum quom eam mecum rationem puto,
si quid eius esset, esset mecum postulatio.
ibo intro, ut subducam navim rsum in pulvinaria.

Cleost. Iam hic est lepide ludificatus. miser ut festinat senes.
nunc ego illum nihili decrepitum meum virum veniat velim,
ut eum ludificem vicissim, postquam hunc delusi alterum.
nam ego aliquid contrahere cupio litigi inter eos duos.
sed eccum incedit. at, quom aspicias tristem,
frugi censeas.

III. 3.

Lys. Stultitia magna est, mea quidem sententia,
hominem amatorem illum ad forum procedere,
in eum diem quoi quod amet in mundo siet;
sicut ego feci stultus. contrivi diem,
dum asto advocatus cuidam cognato meo;
 quem hercle ego litem adeo perdidisse gaudeo,
ne me nequiquam sibi hodie advocaverit.
nam meo quidem animo qui advocatos advocet
rogitare oportet prius et percontarier,
adsitne ei animus necne adsit, quem advocet;
si neget adesse, examinatum amittat domum.
sed uxorem ante aedis eccam. ei misero mihi,
metuo ne non sit surda atque haec audiverit.
CASINA

says she doesn’t want her! *(pauses; then, excitedly)*
Yes, by gad! It’s a wonder if my fair neighbour
here hasn’t got wind of the scheme already!
*(meditatively)* But then, on the other hand, when
I think it over, if it was anything like that, she’d
have had things to say to me. I’ll go in and haul
the ship back to her berth. [EXIT INTO HOUSE.

ENTER Cleostrata FROM DOORWAY.

Cleost. There! he’s finely fooled! What a flutter the
poor old wretches are in! Now if that useless,
played-out old husband of mine would only come
along, so that I may fool him in his turn after
making a fool of this other one! Oh, I just
yearn to get the two of them quarrelling. *(looking
down the street)* But there he comes marching up!
To look at that solemn face you’d think he
was a decent man. *(retires into doorway)*

Scene 3. ENTER Lysidamus, IREFUL.

Lys. It’s perfectly asinine—that’s what I call it—for
any man in love to set out for the forum the day
his sweetheart is all in trim for him! And that’s
what I did, ass that I am! I’ve wasted the day
acting as counsellor for a relative of mine. He
lost his case, and, by Jove, I’m glad of it, I
certainly am,—to keep him from calling on me
to-day for counsel to no purpose. I tell you
what, in my opinion, a man that calls counsellors
ought to question them first and inquire whether
or not his counsellor has got his mind with him;
if he says he hasn’t, then he ought to send him
home un-minded. *(starts, on seeing Cleostrata)* But
there’s my wife in front of the house! Oh dear me!
I’m afraid she’s not deaf and that she’s heard all
this.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Cleost. Audivi ecastor cum malo magno tuo.
Lys. Accedam proprius. quid agis, mea festivitas?
Cleost. Te ecastor praestolabar.
Lys. Iamne ornata res?
iamne hanc traduxti huc ad nos vicinam tuam,
quae te adiutaret?
Cleost. Arcessivi, ut iusseras. 580
verum hic sodalis tuos, amicus optumus,
nescio quid se sufflavit uxor suae;
negavit posse, quoniam accesso, mittere.
Lys. Vitium tibi istuc maxumum est, blanda es parum.
Cleost. Non matronarum officiumst, sed meretricium,
viris alienis, mi vir, subblandirier.
i tu atque arcesse illam; ego intus quod factost
opus
volo accurare, mi vir.
Lys. Propea ergo.
Cleost. Licet.
iam pol ego huic aliquem in pectus inicim metum;
miserrumum hodie ego hunc habebro amasium. 590

III. 4.

Alc. Viso huc, amator si a foro rediid domum,
qui me atque uxorem ludificatust, larua.
sed eccum ante aedis. ad te hercle ibam com-
modum.
Lys. Et hercle ego ad te. quid ais, vir minimi preti?
quid tibi mandavi? quid tecum oravi?
Alc. Quid est?
Lys. Vt bene vocivas aedis fecisti mihi,
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CASINA

Cleost. (aside) Indeed I did hear, and a high price you shall pay for it!

Lys. (aside) I'll step up to her. (aloud) What are you about, light of my life?

Cleost. Indeed, sir, it was you I was looking for.

Lys. Well, are things ready? Well, have you brought your neighbour over here to help you?

Cleost. I invited her over as you told me. But your crony here (pointing to house of Alcesimus), your particular friend here, has given his wife a blowing up of some sort; he said he could not send her over at my invitation.

Lys. (disturbed) That's your greatest fault: you aren't smooth-tongued enough.

Cleost. It is not a wife's business, but a strumpet's, my dear, to be smooth-tongued and wheedle other people's husbands. Go yourself and invite her; as for me, I must see to what needs to be done inside, my dear.

Lys. Do hurry up, then.

Cleost. All right. (aside) Oh, I'll give him a scare now! It's a very miserable man I'll make our lover this day!

[exit.

Scene 4. ENTER Alcesimus FROM HIS HOUSE.

Alc. I'll step out and see if our gallant has got back from the forum yet—making fools of me and my wife, the old spectre! Ah! there he is, in front of the house. (to Lysidamus, angrily) By Jove! sir, I was just this moment going to look you up.

Lys. (angrily) And I you, by Jove! See here, you farthingsworth of a man! What was it I left to you? What was it I begged you to do?

Alc. Well, what?

Lys. A nice way to empty your house for me! A nice
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ut traduxisti hoc ad nos uxorem tuam.
satin propter te pereo ego atque occasio?

_Alc._ Quin tu suspendis te? nempe tute dixeras,
tuam arcessituram esse uxorem uxorem meam.

_Lys._ Ergo arcessivisse ait sese, et dixisse te
eam non missurum.

_Alc._ Quin eapse ultro mihi
negavit eius operam se morarier.

_Lys._ Quin eapse me adlegavit, qui istam arcesserem.

_Alc._ Quin nihil facio.

_Lys._ Quin me perdis.

_Alc._ Quin benest,
quin etiam diu morabor, quin cupio tibi—

_Lys._ Quin—

_Alc._ Aliquid aegre facere.

_Lys._ Quin faciam lubens.
numquam tibi hodie "quin" erit plus quam mihi.

_Alc._ Quin hercle di te perdant postremo quidem.

_Lys._ Quid nunc? missurusne es ad me uxorem tuam?

_Alc._ Ducas, easque in maxumam malam crucem
cum hac cum istac, cumque amica etiam tua.
abi et aliud cura, ego iam per hortum iussero
meam istuc transire uxorem ad uxorem tuam.

_Lys._ Nunc tu mi amicus es in germanum modum.
qua ego hunc amorem mi esse avi dicam datum
aut quid ego umquam erga Venerem inique fecerim,
cui sic tot amanti mi obviam eveniant morae?
attat,
quid illuc clamoris, opsecro, in nostrast domo?
CASINA

way to take your wife over to my place! So you've put an end to me and my opportunity, have you?

_Alc._ Be hanged to you! You told me yourself that your wife was going to invite my wife over, you know you did.

_Lys._ Well, she says she did invite her over and you said you wouldn't let her go.

_Alc._ But she herself told me of her own accord that she didn't want her assistance.

_Lys._ But she herself commissioned me to invite her over.

_Alc._ But I don't give a curse for that.

_Lys._ But you're killing me!

_Alc._ But... that's a blessing. But... I'll keep you waiting a long while yet. But... I just yearn——

_Lys._ But——

_Alc._ —to make some trouble for you.

_Lys._ But... I'll do the same for you, and gladly. You shan't out-but me this day, never!

_Alc._ But... once and for all, by gad,—you be damned!

_Lys._ Well now, are you going to send your wife over to my house?

_Alc._ Take her, and go to the devil with her, and with your own, and with that girl of yours, too! (calming down) Off with you, and leave that to me. I'll tell my wife to go through the garden at once and join your wife.

_Lys._ (wringing his hand) Now you're a real friend to me! [EXIT _Alcesimus_ INTO HIS HOUSE.] I wonder what omen crossed me when I got into this amour, or what offence I've ever given Venus to have all these things happening to delay me when I'm so in love? (an uproar within his house) Eh? Eh? What's that hubbub in our house, for heaven's sake?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

III. 5.

Par. Nulla sum, nulla sum, tota, tota occidi, cor metu mortuomst, membra miserae tremunt, nescio unde auxili, praesidi, perfugi mi aut opis copiam comparrem aut expetam. tanta factu modo mira miris modis intus vidi, novam atque integram audaciam. cave tibi, Cleostrata, apscede ab ista, opsecro, ne quid in te mali faxit ira percita.

eripite isti gladium, quae suist impos animi.

Lys. Nam quid est quod haece hic timida atque examata exsiluit foras?

Pardalisca.

Par. Perii, unde meae usurpant aures sonitum?

Lys. Respice modo ad me.

Par. O ere mi —

Lys. Quid tibi est? quid timida es?

Par. Quid, periisti?

Lys. Perii, et tu periisti.

Par. Vae tibi.

Lys. Immo, vae tibi sit.

Par. Ne cadam, amabo, tene me.

Lys. Quidquid est, eloquere mihi cito.

Par. Contine pectus,

face ventum, amabo, pallio.

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CASINA

ENTER Pardalisca FROM THE HOUSE, APPARENTLY IN A PANIC.

Par. I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm dead, dead, absolutely dead! My heart's stopped beating for fear! Oh dear me, I'm all of a tremble! I don't know where to find help, shelter, safety; I don't know where to look for aid! Such amazing doings as I did see in there just now, perfectly amazing! Such strange, unheard of boldness! (calling at door) For heaven's sake, ma'am, look out for yourself, keep away from her, or she'll do you some injury in her fit of fury! Snatch the sword away from her! She's beside herself!

Lys. (aside) Why, what's wrong,—with her bouncing out here half dead with fright? (aloud) Pardalisca!

Par. (with a start) Oh-h-h! (tragically, with a sly grin at the audience) Whence comes that sound my ears do receive?

Lys. (peevishly) Look this way, will you?
Par. Oh, my dear master——
Lys. What ails you? What are you frightened about?
Par. I'm killed!
Lys. What? Killed?
Par. Killed! And you're killed, too!
Lys. Eh? I'm killed? How so?
Par. (pityingly) Alas for you!
Lys. No, no, make it alas for yourself.
Par. (tottering toward him) Hold me, oh do, or I'll drop!
Lys. (propping her up gingerly) Whatever it is, out with it, quick!
Par. (feebly) Put your arm around my . . . waist . . . fan me, oh do . . . with your cloak!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Timeo hoc negoti quid siet,
nisi haec meraco se uspiam percussit flore Liberi. 637-
Par. Optine auris, amabo. [640
Lys. I in malam a me crucem,
pectus, auris, caput teque di perduint,
nam nisi ex te scio, quidquid hoc est, cito, hoc
iam tibi istuc cerebrum dispercutiam, excetra tu,
ludibrio pessuma adhuc quae me habuisti.
Par. Ere mi —
Lys. Quid vis mea me ancilla?
Par. Nimium saevis.

sed hoc quidquid est eloquere, in pauca confer.
quid intus tumulti fuit?

Par. Scibis, audi,
malum pessumumque hic
modo intus apud nos 649, 650
tua ancilla hoc pacto exordiri coepit,
quod haud Atticam condeceet disciplinan.

Par. Quid est id?

Lys. Timor praepedit dicto linguae.

Par. Dicam.

tua ancilla, quam tu tuo vilico vis
dare uxorem, ea intus —

Lys. Quid intus? quid est?

Par. Imitatur malarum malam disciplinan,
viro quae suo interminetur; vitam —

Lys. Quid ergo?

Par. Ah —

Lys. Quid est?
CASINA

Lys. (aside, as he fans her) I’m worried about the meaning of this—unless she has overcome herself somewhere with too strong a sniff of the flower of Bacchus.

Par. Hold my... ears, sir, oh do!

Lys. (indignantly pushing her away) Get to the deuce away from me! Be damned to you—waist, ears, head, and all! Now if you don’t hurry up and tell me what the matter is, I’ll take this stick this moment and knock your brains out, you serpent—making a fool of me all this while, you slut!

Par. (protestingly) My dear master——

Lys. (hotly) What do you want, my dear maid?

Par. You’re too hard on me.

Lys. (lifting his cane significantly) You’re saying that too soon. But out with it, whatever it is. Make it short. What was the disturbance inside?

Par. You’ll learn, sir. Listen. It was awful, atrocious—when we were inside there just now—to see how your maidservant began to cut up, without any regard at all for Attic manners.

Lys. What’s all this?

Par. (swaying toward him) I’m so scared I can’t use my tongue properly.

Lys. (lifting his cane again) Can I learn from you what the matter is?

Par. I’ll tell you. Your maidservant that you want to marry to your bailiff, well, inside she——

Lys. What inside? What is it?

Par. She’s following the wicked manners of wicked women and threatening her own husband. It’s his life——

Lys. (alarmed) Well, what, what?

Par. Ah-h!

Lys. What is it?

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Par.        Interemere
           ait velle vitam,
Lys.       Hem.
Par.       Gladium —
Lys.       Quid eum gladium? 660
Par.       Habet.
Lys.       Ei misero mihi, cur eum habet?
Par.       Insectatur omnis
domi per aedis,
nec quemquam prope ad
se sinit adire;
ita omnes sub arcis, sub lectis latentes
metu mussitant.
Lys.       Occidi atque interii.
Par.       Insanit.
Lys.       Scælestissimum me esse credo.
Par.       Immo si scias dicta quae dixit hodie —
Lys.       Istuc expeto scire. quid dixit?
Par.       Audi.
           per omnis deos et deas deieravit,
occisurum eum hae nocte quicum cubaret.
Lys.       Men occidet?
Par.       An quippiam ad te attinet?
Vah.
Lys.       Quid cum ea negoti
Par.       tibist?
Lys.       Peccavi:
illuc dicere, vilicum, volebam.
Par.       Sciens de via in semitam degredere.
Lys.       Numquid mihi minatur?
Par.       Tibi infesta solist
           plus quam cuiquam
Lys.       Quam ob rem?
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CASINA

Par. —it's his life she wants to take, so she says. There she is, a sword——

Lys. Whew!

Par. —a sword——

Lys. What about this sword?

Par. —in her hand!

Lys. Lord preserve us! What has she got that for?

Par. She's chasing everyone through the house there, and won't let a soul come near her; they're hiding under chests and couches afraid to breathe a word.

Lys. (aside) Death and damnation! (aloud) What the deuce has got into her all of a sudden this way?

Par. She's gone crazy.

Lys. (aside) If I'm not the cursedest wretch alive!

Par. But oh, sir, if you only knew what she said this day——

Lys. That's what I'm anxious to know. What did she say?

Par. Listen, sir. She swore by all the powers above she would murder the man she spent this night with.

Lys. (jumping) Murder me?

Par. (guilelessly) It doesn't concern you at all, does it, sir?

Lys. (aside) Oh, dash it!

Par. What have you got to do with her, sir?

Lys. I made a mistake—the bailiff, I meant to say.

Par. (aside) You're leaving the highway for the by-path deliberately.

Lys. She's not threatening me, is she?

Par. You are the very one she's wild at, sir, you especially.

Lys. (very anxious) What for?
Quia se des uxorem Olympioni,
neque se tuam nec se suam neque viri vitam
sinere in
crastinum protolli. id huc
missa sum tibi ut dicerem, 679, 680
ab ea uti caveas tibi.

Perii hercle ego miser.

Dignus es.

Neque est neque fuit me senex quisquam
amator
adaeque miser.

Ludo ego hunc facete; 683–685
nam quae facta dixi omnia huic falsa dixi.
era atque haec dolum ex proxumo hunc
protulerunt,
ego hunc missa sum ludere.

Heus Pardalisca.

Quid est?

Est —

Quid?

Est quod volo exquirere ex te.

Moram offers mihi.

At tu mihi offers maerorem. 690
sed etiamne habet
nunc Casina gladium?

Habet, sed duos.

Quid duos?

Altero te
occisurum ait, altero vilicum hodie.

Occisissimus sum omnium qui vivont.
loricam induam mi optumum esse opinor.
quid uxor mea? non adiiit atque ademit?

Nemo audet prope accedere.

Exoret.
CASINA

Par. Seeing you want to marry her to Olympia, she vows she won't let you or herself or her husband live through the night. I was sent out here to tell you this, so that you may be on your guard against her.

Lys. Oh, merciful heavens! This is awful!

Par. ( aside ) Serves you right!

Lys. ( aside ) Of all unlucky old lovers living, or that ever lived!

Par. ( to audience ) How finely I'm fooling him! Why, this story of mine has been a lie from first to last. Mistress and her next door neighbour here hatched this trick, and I was sent out to play it on him.

Lys. I say, Pardalisca!

Par. What is it, sir?

Lys. There's—— ( hesitates )

Par. What?

Lys. There's something I want to ask of you.

Par. You're delaying me, sir?

Lys. Well, you're distressing me. But has Casina still got the ( shaking ) sword?

Par. Indeed she has—two of them.

Lys. Why two?

Par. She says she'll murder you with one and the bailiff with the other this very day.

Lys. ( trying to seem nonchalant ) I'm the most murdered man alive! The best thing I can do, I fancy, is to put on a breastplate. How about my wife? Didn't she go up and take them away?

Par. Not a soul dares get near her, sir.

Lys. She should try persuasion.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Par. Ora; negat ponere alio modoullo profecto, nisi se sciat vilico non datum iri.

Lys. Atque ingratiss, quia non volt, nubet Hodie. nam quor non ego id perpetrem quod coepi, ut nubat mihi? illud quidem volēbam, nostro vilico.

Par. Saepicule peccas.

Lys. Timor praepedit verba. verum, obscro te, dic med uxorem orare ut exore illam, gladium ut ponat et redire me intro ut liceat.

Par. Nuntiabo.

Lys. Et tu orato.

Par. Et ego orabo.

Lys. At blande orato, ut soles. sed audin? si effexis hoc, soleas tibi dabo, et anulum in digitum aureum et bona pluruma.

Par. Operam dabo.

Lys. Face ut imptres.

Par. Eo nunciam, nisi quippiam remorare me.

Lys. Abi et cura.

redit eccum tandem opsonatu meus adiutor, pom-pam ducit. 713–719

III. 6.

Ol. Vide, fur, ut sentis sub signis ducas.

Cit. Qui vero hi sunt sentis? 720

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CASINA

Par. So she does; but Casina swears she simply won't put them down without knowing she's not to be given to the bailiff.

Lys. (with great firmness) Well, willy nilly, just because she objects, she shall marry him to-day. For why shouldn't I carry out my plan and have her marry me? (hastily) That is, our bailiff, I meant to say.

Par. (guileless again) You make mistakes pretty often, sir.

Lys. (scanning her face sharply) I'm so scared I can't talk properly. But for heaven's sake tell my wife I beg her to induce the girl to put down the sword and let me go back inside.

Par. Yes, sir.

Lys. And you beg her, too.

Par. And I'll beg her, too.

Lys. Yes, but beg her in that coaxing way of yours. (Pardalisca moves toward the door) But listen to this, will you? If you succeed, I'll give you some sandals and... a gold ring for your finger and lots of nice things.

Par. I'll do what I can, sir.

Lys. See that you persuade her.

Par. I'll go this moment—unless you contrive to hinder me, sir.

Lys. Go along and see to it. [Exit Pardalisca.] (looking down the street) Ah! there comes my aide-de-camp at last with the provisions. Quite a train he leads!

ENTER Olympio, Citrio, and his assistants with edibles.

Ol. (to Citrio) See here, thief, march your briars (pointing to assistants) well under your banners.

Cit. Briars, indeed? How so?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ol. Quia quod tetigere, ilico rapiunt, si eas ereptum, ilico scindunt; ita quoquo adveniunt, ubiubi sunt, duplici damno dominos multant.

Cit. Heia.

Ol. Attat. cesso magnifice patricieque amicirier atque ita ero meo ire advorsum?

Lys. Bone vir, salve.

Ol. Fateor.

Lys. Quid fit?

Ol. Tu amas; ego esurio et sitio. 724–725

Lys. Lepide excuratus incessisti.

Ol. Aha, hodie¹

Lys. Mane vero, quamquam fastidis.

Ol. Fu fu, setet tuos mihi sermo.

Lys. Quae res?


Lys. Dabo tibi μέγα κακόν, ut ego opinor, nisi resistis.

Ol. Ω Ζεῦ, 730

potin a me abeas, nisi me vis vomere hodie?

Lys. Mane.

Ol. Quid est? quis hic est homo?

Lys. Erus sum.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: sum Sardanapallus Lindsay.

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CASINA

Ol. Because the moment they touch a thing they cling to it; the moment you go to pull it away, there you are—torn to tatters. Whatever place they go to, wherever they are, they do double damage to the head of the house.

Cit. (in protest) Oh, I say!

Ol. (aside, seeing Lysidamus) Oho! Now to clothe myself in a grand, patrician style, and so go to meet my master. (arranges his clothes and steps jauntily up to Lysidamus)

Lys. Ah, my noble fellow!

Ol. I confess it.

Lys. What's the news?

Ol. You are in love; I am hungry and thirsty.

Lys. (with a glance at the viands) You have come handsomely provided for.

Ol. (eyeing the food fondly) Ah-h, to-day—— (moves toward house)

Lys. Now, now, wait a moment, even though you are so superior.

Ol. Faugh! faugh! Your talk offends my nostrils.

Lys. What ails you?

Ol. (pointing to provisions) This. Still standing there? My word! C'est trop d'ennui que tu me causes. (moves on toward house)

Lys. I will cause you de grandes douleurs, I'm thinking, unless you stand still. (seizes him)

Ol. (releasing himself) Mon Dieu! Get away from me, can't you,—unless you want to set me spewing! (moves on again)

Lys. Wait.

Ol. (halting) Well? (looking Lysidamus over contemptuously) Who is this fellow?

Lys. The master of the house.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ol. Quis erus?
Lys. Cuius tu servos.
Ol. Servos ego.
Lys. Atque meus. 733–735
Ol. Non sum ego liber?
memento, memento.
Lys. Mane atque asta.
Ol. Omitte.
Lys. Servos sum tuos.
Ol. Optumest.
Lys. Opsecro te,
Olympisce mi, mi pater, mi patrone.
Ol. Em,
sapis sane.
Lys. Tuos sum equidem. 740
Ol. Quid mi opust servo tam nequam?
Lys. Quid nunc? quam mox recreas me?
Ol. Cena modo si sit cocta.
Lys. Hisce ergo abeant.
Ol. Propere cito intro ite et cito deproperate. 744, 745
ego iam intus ero, facite cenan mihi ut ebria sit.
    sed lepide nitideque volo,
    nil moror barbarico bliteo.
    stasne etiam? i sis, ego hic habeo.
    numquid est ceterum quod morae sit?
Lys. Gladium Casinam intus habere ait,
    qui me atque te interimat.
Ol. Scio. sic sine habere; 750
    nugas agunt. novi
    ego illas malas merees.
    quin tu i modo mecum
    domum.

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CASINA

O1. What master?
Lys. The one you are the slave of.
O1. A slave? I?
Lys. Yes, and mine.
O1. Am I not a free man? (dangerously) Remember, remember! (moves toward house again)
Lys. Wait! Stop! (clutches him)
O1. Let me be. (shakes him off)
Lys. (humbly) I am your slave.
O1. (somewhat mollified) Very good.
Lys. My dear, dear Olympio, my father, my patron, I pray you!
O1. There! You really show sense.
Lys. I am yours, indeed I am.
O1. What use have I for such a worthless slave?
Lys. Well? Well? How soon will you make a new man of me?
O1. If dinner were only cooked!
Lys. (pointing to Citrio and his assistants) Have these fellows go in, then.
O1. (eagerly, to cooks) Quick! Hurry inside, you, and hurry things up. Quick! I shall be in shortly: see you get me up a dinner that is positively drunk. A dainty, elegant one, mind! None of your flat Roman fare for me. (to Citrio) Still standing there? You kindly be off! I stay here myself. [Exeunt cooks into house.] (to Lysidamus) Nothing else to delay us, is there?
Lys. (timidly, pointing to the house) She says Casina has a sword in there to butcher us both with.
O1. (sceptically) I see. Let her keep on having it. Mere nonsense! Nice articles those women are—I know them! Come on, you just go home with me.

VOL. II.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. At pol malum metuo.
i tu modo, perspicito prius
 quid intus agatur.

Ols. Tam mihi mea vita
 quam tua tibi carast.
 verum i modo.

Lys. Si tu iubes,
 em ibitur tecum.

ACTVS IV

Par. Nec pol ego Nemeae credo neque ego Olym-
piae
 neque usquam ludos tam festivos fieri
 quam hic intus fiunt ludi ludificabiles
 seni nostro et nostro Olympioni vilico.
 omnes festinat intus totis aedibus,
 senex in culina clamat, hortatur coquos:
 "quin agitis Hodie? quin datis, si quid datis?
 properate, cenam iam esse coctam oportuit."
 vilicus is autem cum corona, candide
 vestitus, laetus exornatusque ambulat.
 illae autem armigerum in cubiculo exornant
 duae,
 quem dent pro Casina nuptum nostro vilico.
 sed nimium lepide dissimulat, quasi nil sciant
 fore huius quod futurumst; digne autem coqui
 nimis lepide ei rei dant operam, ne cennet senex,
 aulas pervortunt, ignem restigunt aqua —
CASINA

Lys. But good heavens! I'm afraid of trouble! Just you go; you reconnoitre and see what is happening inside.

O. (backing away) I think as much of my life as you do of yours. (boldly) However, (pushing Lysidamus ahead of him) just you go.

Lys. (boldly) If you say the word,—well now, go it is—(pushing Olympia ahead) with you.

[Exeunt into house, each endeavouring to be hindmost.

ACT IV
(An hour has elapsed)

ENTER Pardalisca, hilarious.

Par. Oh, I don't believe they ever have games at Nemea, or at Olympia, either, or anywhere, as lively as the games they're playing inside here on our old man and our bailiff Olympia. Everyone is bustling about all over the house; the old man is clamouring in the kitchen, urging on the cooks—"Why don't you begin to do something? Why don't you give us our meal, if you have any to give? Hurry up! Dinner ought to have been cooked by this time!" As for the bailiff, he is parading around with a garland and white clothes on, all spick and span. And the two ladies—they're in a bedroom deck ing out the orderly to be our bailiff's wife in place of Casina. But oh! the lovely way they do pretend—just as if they had no idea what is going to happen! And then the cooks, too, are doing their part, and, my! the lovely way they work to keep the old man from dining! They upset the pots, pour water on the fire—do anything the
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

illarum oratu faciunt; illae autem senem
cupiunt extrudere incenatum ex aedibus,
ut ipsae solae ventres distendant suos.
novi ego illas ambestrices: corbitam cibi
comesse possunt. sed aperitur ostium.

IV. 2.

Lys. Si sapitis, uxor, vos tamen cenabitis,
cena ubi erit cocta; ego ruri cenavero.
nam novom maritum et novam nuptam volo
rus prosequi, novi hominum mores maleficos,
ne quis eam abripiat. facite vostro animo volup.
sed properate istum atque istam actutum
emittere,
tandem ut 1 veniamus luci; ego cras hic ero.
cras habuoer, uxor, ego tamen convivium.

Par. Fit quod futurum dixi: incenatum senem
foras extrudunt mulieres.

Lys. Quid tu hic agis?

Par. Ego eo quo me ipsa misit.

Lys. Veron?

Par. Serio.

Lys. Quid hic specularere?

Par. Nil equidem specularor.

Lys. Abi.
tu hic cunctas, intus alii festinant.

Par. Eo.

Lys. Abi hinc sis ergo, pessumarum pessuma.
iamne abiiit illaec? dicere hic quidvis licet.
qui amat, tamen hercle, si esurit, nullum esurit.

1 Corrupt (Leo): (rus) luci Mueller.
ladies ask. As for them, they are bent on driving
the old man out of the house without his dinner,
so that they can swell their own stomachs all by
themselves. I know them, the gluttonesses. They
can consume a whole cargo of food. *(listening)*
But the door’s opening!

Scene 2. **ENTER Lysidamus INTO DOORWAY.**

*Lys.* *(with forced composure, to Cleostrata within)* It would
be well, my dear, for you ladies to dine, just the
same, when dinner is ready; I shall dine at the
farm. I wish to escort the bride and groom to
the farm, knowing as I do what unprincipled
rogues there are about, so that no one shall
abduct her. Enjoy yourselves. But do hurry up
and send the pair of them out at once, so that we
may manage to arrive before dark. I shall be
here to-morrow. To-morrow, my dear, I shall
have my share of the entertainment.

*Par.* *(aside)* Just as I said,—the ladies are driving the
old man out without his dinner.

*Lys.* *(seeing her)* What are you doing here?

*Par.* Going where mistress sent me, sir.

*Lys.* *(suspicious)* Really?

*Par.* Truly.

*Lys.* What are you spying here for?

*Par.* Indeed, I am not spying at all.

*Lys.* *(pointing to door)* Begone! Here you are loitering,
and everyone else bustling about inside.

*Par.* I am going, sir. *(moves slowly toward door)*

*Lys.* Well then, kindly begone, you consummate slut!
*[EXIT Pardalisca.] *(looking after her)* Gone now,
has she? Now I can say what I like. A man in
love may be famishing and yet want no food at all,
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed eccum progreditur cum corona et lampade
meus socius, compar, commaritus vilicus.

IV. 3.

Ol.  Age tibicen, dum illam educunt hoc novam nuptam
       foras,
       suavi cantu concelebra omnem hanc plateam
       hymenaeo.
       hymen hymenaeae o hymen.

                   800

Lys.  Quid agis, mea salus?
Ol.  Esurio hercle, atque adeo hau salubriter.
Lys.  At ego amo.
Ol.  At ego hercle nihil facio. tibi amor
       pro cibost,
       mihi ieunitate iam dudum intestina murmurant.

                   810

Lys.  Nam quid illae nunc tam diu intus remorantur
       remeligines?
       quasi ob industriam, quanto ego plus propero,
           procedit minus.

Ol.  Quid si etiam suffundam hymenaeum, si qui citius
       prodeant?


Lys. Ol.  Hymen hymenaeae o hymen.

Lys.  Perii hercle ego miser, dirumpi hymenaeum can-
       tando licet;
       illo morbo quo dirumpi cupio, non est copia.

Ol.  Edepol ne tu, si equos esses, esses indomabilis.

Lys.  Quo argumento?

Ol.  Nimis tenax es.

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Lys.  Num me expertu’s uspiam?
CASINA

by Jove! (as the door opens) But ah! there he comes with garland and torch—my ally, comrade, and fellow-bridegroom of a bailiff!

Scene 3.  

ENTER Olympio.

O.l. (to the musician on the stage) Come, flutist, while they bring out the bride, make the whole street here ring with a sweet nuptial song for me. (singing as the musician plays the wedding song) Hymen hymeneal, Hymen O!

Lys. How are you, my saviour?

O.l. (sour) Hungry, by gad! and there's no safety in it, either!

Lys. But as for me, I'm in love.

O.l. But I don't give a hang for that, by gad! Love is food for you; as for me, my insides have been rumbling with emptiness this long time.

Lys. Now what makes those dawdlers dally so long in there? It almost seems intentional—the more I hurry, the less headway we make.

O.l. What if I strike up the wedding song again, and see if that will bring them out sooner?

Lys. Just the thing! And I'll join in, it being our mutual wedding.

Lys. & O.l. (lustily) Hymen hymeneal, Hymen O!

Lys. (after louder repetitions of the strain) Oh Lord, this is awful! I can sing the hymeneal song till I burst, and still have no chance to burst myself the way I long to.

O.l. My word! If you were a horse, you'd be untamable, you surely would.

Lys. For what reason?

O.l. You're so precious hard to hold.

Lys. You never tested me, did you?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ol. Di melius faciant. sed crepuit ostium, exitur foras.
Lys. Di hercle me cupiunt servatum.

IV. 4.

Chal. Iam oboluit Casinus procul.\(^1\)
Par. Sensim supera tolle limen pedes, mea nova nupta;
sospes iter incipe hoc, uti viro tuo
semper sis superstes,
tuaque ut potior pollentia sit vincasque virum victrixque sies,
tua vox superet tuomque imperium, vir te vestiat,
tu virum despolies.
noctuque et diu ut viro subdola sis, 820
opsecro, memento.
Ol. Malo maxumo suo hercle ilico, ubi tantillum pec-
cassit. 822–825
Lys. Tace.
Ol. Non taceo.
Lys. Quae res?
Ol. Mala
malae male monstrat.
Lys. Facies tu hanc rem mi ex parata imparatam.
id quuerunt volunt, haec ut infecta faciant.
Par. Age Olympio, quando vis, uxorem
accipe hanc ab nobis. 830
Ol. Date ergo, daturae
si umquam estis hodie.
Lys. Abite intro.

\(^1\) *iam . . . procul* given to Chalinus by Lindsay.
CASINA

Ol. God forbid! (listening) But the door creaked! Out they come!

Lys. By Jove, the gods are with me!

ENTER Pardalisca, maids, and Chalinus, clothed and veiled as a bride, into the doorway. Cleostrata and Myrrhina stand back of them.

Scene 4.

Chal. (aside) He's had a distant sniff of Casinus already.

Par. (as she and the maids support Chalinus) Gently now, raise your feet above the threshold, my new bride; begin this journey safely, so as to stand above your husband always, and get the upper hand of him, and master him and be the mistress, and make your word and your authority final. Let him clothe you, and you strip him. Night and day you are to deceive him; remember that, I beg you.

Ol. (to Lysidamus, angrily) By gad, she'll pay dear for it the minute she misbehaves the least bit.

Lys. Hush!

Ol. I won't.

Lys. What ails you?

Ol. The vile creature is giving the vile girl vile advice!

Lys. (trying to calm him) You'll unsettle everything I've got settled. This is what they are after, what they want,—to undo all we've done.

Par. Come, Olympio, since you wish it, receive your wife here from us.

Ol. (approaching) Give her to me, then, if you ever intend to do so. (takes Chalinus from the maids)

Lys. (to Pardalisca and the other maids) You may go inside.

1 A masculine Casina.
2 It was a bad omen for the bride to touch the threshold.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Par. Amabo, integrae atque imperitae huic impercito.

Ol. Futurum est.

Par. Valete.

Ol. Ite iam.

Par. Ite.

Lys. Iam valete.

Lys. Iamne abscessit uxor?

Ol. Domist, ne time.

Lys. Euax, nunc pol demum ego sum liber.

meum corculum, melculum, verculum.

Ol. Heus tu, malo, si sapies, cavebis;

meast haec.

Lys. Scio, sed meus fructus est prior.

Ol. Tene hanc lampadem.

Lys. Immo ego hanc tenebo. 840

Venus multipotens, bona multa mihi dedisti, huius cum copiam mihi dedisti.

Ol. corpusculum malaculum,

mea uxorcula. quae res?

Lys. Quid est?

Ol. Institut plantam

quasi luca bos.

Lys. Tace sis,

nebula haud est mollis aeque atque huius pectus est.

Ol. Edepol papillam bellulam—ei misero mihi.

Lys. Quid est?

Ol. Pectus mi icit non cubito, verum ariete.
**CASINA**

(Par.) (to Olympia) Now do, do be gentle with this innocent, ingenuous maiden.
I will be.

(Ol.) Good-bye!

(Par.) (to the women) You may go now.

(Ol.) (to the women, who still linger) You may go.

(Pars.) Well, good-bye.            [EXEUNT WOMEN.

(Lys. nervously) Has my wife left yet?
She’s in the house; never fear.

(Dancing excitedly around the bride) Hurrah! Now I am a free man at last, by gad! Oh, my little sweetheart, my little honey, my little flower of spring!

(Ol.) Hey, you! You’ll look out for trouble, if you’ve got any sense. This girl is mine.

(Lys.) I know, but the first fruits are mine.

(Ol.) You hold this torch.

(Lys. rejecting it) Oh, no! I’ll hold this one. (siding up to the bride delightedly) Venus, mighty Venus, what a treasure thou gavest me when thou gavest me possession of this maiden!

(Putting his arm about the bride’s waist) Oh, your tender, tender little body, my dear little wife! (jumping) What the deuce!

(Lys.) What is it?

(Ol. hopping around on one leg) She came down on my foot like an elephant!

(Lys. You kindly shut up. Her breast is softer than a cloud.

(Ol. approaching the bride again) My word! What a pretty little bust—(a quick motion on the bride’s part: he staggers back) Ouch! Oh Lord!

(Lys. What is it?

(Ol. breathless) She hit me in... the chest... it wasn’t an... elbow... it was a... battering ram!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Quid tu ergo hanc, quaeso, tractas tam dura manu?
     at mihi, qui belle hanc tracto, non bellum facit.
Ol. Vah.
Lys. Quid negotist?
Ol. Opsecro, ut valentulast,
     paene expositiv cubito.
Lys. Cubitum ergo ire volt.
Ol. Quin imus ergo?
Lys. I, belle belliatula.

ACTVS V

Myrr. Acceptae bene et commodo eximus intus ludos visere hoc in viam nuptialis. numquam ecstor ullo die risi adaeque, neque hoc quod relicuom est plus risuram opinor.
Par. Lubet Chalinum quid agat scire, novom nuptum cum novo marito.
Myrr. Nec fallaciam astutiorem ullus fecit poeta, atque ut haec est fabre facta ab nobis.
Cleost. Optunso ore nunc pervelim progrediri senem, quo senex nequior nullus vivit. ne illum quidem nequiorem arbitror esse, qui locum praebet illi. te nunc praeidem volo hic, Pardalisca, esse, qui hinc exeat eum ut ludibrio habeas.
Par. Libens fecero et solens.

1 Leo notes lacuna here: liberum Schoell.
CASINA

Lys. Man alive, why do you handle her so roughly, then? Now as for me, I give her a gentle caress (illustrates) and she doesn’t care.

Ol. (attempting to do likewise and reeling as the bride’s arm swings) Woof!

Lys. What’s the matter?

Ol. For heaven’s sake! What a powerful... little thing she is! She nearly... laid me down on my back... with her elbow!

Lys. (chuckling) A hint she wants to lie down herself.

Ol. Why don’t we go, then?

[Lys. (to the bride fondly, as he leads her to Alcesimus’s house) Step along prettily, my pretty dear.

[EXEUNT.

ACT V

(Half an hour has elapsed.)

ENTER Cleostrata, Myrrhina, and Pardalisca.

Myrr. After our nice, enjoyable entertainment inside, here we are out on the street to watch the wedding games. Oh dear, I never laughed so much in all my life! And I don’t believe I shall ever laugh more in time to come.

Par. (tittering) I should like to know what Chalinus is doing—the bridegroom and his new husband!

Myrr. There never was a playwright invented a cleverer plot than this masterpiece of ours.

Cleost. Oh, if he would only come along with his face fairly battered, the old wretch! There’s not a worse one alive! Not even his obliging host, in my opinion. Pardalisca, I want you to be on guard here now, so as to make fun of the man that comes out.

Par. So I will, gladly. That’s my way.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Myrr. 1spectato hinc omnia; intus quid agant 2 loquere.

Par. 2 Pone me, amabo.

Myrr. Et ibi licet audacius quae velis libere proloqui.

Par. vostra foris crepuit.

Tace,

V. 2.

Ol. Neque quo fugiam neque ubi lateam neque hoc dedecus quo modo celerem
scio, tantum erus atque ego flagitio superavimus nuptiis nostris,
ita nunc pudeo atque ita nunc paveo atque ita in ridiculo sumus ambo.
sed ego insipiens nova nunc facio; pudet quem prius non puditum umquamst.
operam date, dum mea facta itero; est operae pretium auribus accipere,
ita ridicula auditu, iteratu ea sunt quae ego intus turbavi.
ubi intro hanc novam nuptam deduxi, recta via in conclave abduxii.
sed tenebrae ibi erant tamquam in puteo; dum senex abest "decumbe" inquam.
conloco fulcio mollio blandior,
ut prior quam senex nuptias perpetrem.
tardus esse ilico coepi, quoniam 3 respecto identidem, ne senex 3

1 Leo notes lacuna here: Inspectato Schoell.
2 Leo notes lacuna here: loquere . . . licet audacius Lindsay.
3 Leo notes lacuna here: one of the many hopeless lacunae in Act V.

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CASINA

Myrr.  (stationing Pardalisca in her doorway) You watch everything from here; tell us what they do inside.  (peeps in)

Par.  Get behind me, there's a dear lady.

Myrr.  (drawing back) And then you needn't be afraid to speak your mind freely.

Par.  Hush! Your door creaked!  (the three women rush into Cleostrata's doorway)

ENTER Olympio, much dishevelled, from the house.

Ol.  Where to run, or to bury myself, or how to hide my infamy, I don't know! Oh, the disgrace master and I have covered ourselves with, by this marriage of ours! The shame of it! And the fright I'm in! And the way folks will laugh at the pair of us!  (pauses) But this is something new for me, ass that I am—I'm ashamed, and I never was ashamed before.  (to audience) Attention, now, while I give you an account of myself; it is worth your while to lend your ears. Oh, it's comical to hear of, and to tell of—the mess I made of things in there! When I led this bride of mine inside I took her straight off to a chamber. But it was dark as a dungeon. "Make yourself comfortable on the couch," says I, before the old man had come. I get her placed, put cushions back of her, soothe her, say soft things to her, so as to get ahead of the old man. I begin to slow down at once, since * * * I keep looking around for fear the old man * * * First, to make her feel
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

inlecebram stupri principio eam savium posco, reppulit mihi manum, neque enim dare sibi savium me sivit. enim iam magis adpropero, magis iam libet in Casinam inruere\(^1\) 889, 890 cupio illam operam seni surripere, forem obdo, ne senex me opprimeret.

*Myrr.*  Agedum, tu adi hunc.
*Cleost.*  Opsecro, ubi tua nova nuptast?
*Ol.*  Perii hercle ego, manifesta res.
*Cleost.*  Omnem ordine rem 893–895 fateri ergo aequom est. quid intus agitur? quid agit Casina? satin morigera est?
*Ol.*  Pudet dicere.
*Cleost.*  Memora ordine, ut occeperas.
*Ol.*  Pudet hercle.
*Cleost.*  Age audacter\(^1\) 899, 900 postquam decubuisti, inde volo memorare quid est factum\(^1\)
*Ol.*  \(^1\)flagitium est.
*Cleost.*  Cavebunt qui audierint faciant\(^1\)
*Ol.*  \(^1\)hoe magnus est.
*Cleost.*  Perdis. quin tu pergis?
*Ol.*  Vbi \(^1\)us supitus porro\(^1\) 904, 905
*Cleost.*  Quid?
*Ol.*  Babae.
*Cleost.*  Quid?
*Ol.*  Papae.
*Cleost.*  \(^1\)est?
*Ol.*  Oh, erat maximum.

\(^1\) Leo notes lacuna here.
affectionate, I ask her for a nice long kiss. She pushed my arm away; not a bit of a nice long kiss would she let me give her. Now I get more urgent; now I'm more eager to have my Casina * * * I long to make the old man take second place; I bolt the door so that he won't rush in and surprise me.

_Myr. (to Cleostrata) _Come, now; you go up to him.

_Cleost. (stepping out from the doorway) _Where is your bride, for heaven's sake?

_Ol. (half aside) _Oh Lord! I'm done for! It's all out!

_Cleost. Then you might as well make a clean breast of everything. What is going on inside? What is Casina doing? Is she duly compliant?

_Ol. (in distress) _I'm ashamed . . . to tell.

_Cleost. Go on with your story as you had begun.

_Ol. Oh Lord! I'm ashamed!

_Cleost. Come, boldly now * * * After you got on the couch—I want you to go on with the account from there * * *

_Ol. * * * It's scandalous!

_Cleost. (firmly) It will be a good lesson for those that hear you. * * *

_Ol. Oh, the shame of it!

_Cleost. (impatient) Botheration! Why don't you go on?

_Ol. When * * * down below next * * *

_Cleost. Well?

_Ol. Lord! Lord!

_Cleost. Well?

_Ol. Oh Lord!

_Cleost. * * * is it?

_Ol. Oh, it was enormous! * * * I was afraid she had

_VOL. II._
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

1 ferrum ne haberet metui; id quae rerere occpei 1 dum gladium quaero,\(^1\) ne habeat, arripio capulum. sed cum cogito, non habuit gladium; nam esset frigidus.

*Cleost.* Eloquere.

*Ol.* At pudet.

*Cleost.* Num radix fuit.

*Ol.* Non fuit.

*Cleost.* Num cucumis? 910

*Ol.* Profecto hercle 1 non fuit quicquam holerum, nisi, quidquid erat, calamitas profecto attigerat numquam.

ita, quidquid erat, grande erat.

*Myrr.* Quid fit denique? edisserta.

*Ol.* Ibi\(^2\) appello, "Casina" inquam, "amabo, mea uxorcula, cur virum tuum sic me spernis?

nimis tu quidem hercle immerito meo mi haec facis, quia mihi te expetivi." 918-920 illa haud verbum facit et saepit veste id qui estis mulieres.

ubi illum saltum video opsaectum, rogo ut altero sinat ire.

volo, ut obvertam, cubitis im 1 ullum muttit e 1 surgo, ut in eam in 1 atque illam in 1

*Myrr.* Perlepide narrat 1

*Ol.* Savium 1

ita quasi saetis labra mihi compungit barba, continuo in genua ut astiti, pectus mihi pedibus percutit.

---

1 Leo notes lacuna here.

2 *Ibi appello, "Casina," inquam Bothe; ubi appello Casinam inquit MSS.
CASINA

a sword; I began searching her * * * while I'm searching for her sword * * * to see if she has one, I got hold of a hilt. On second thoughts, though, she didn't have a sword, for that would have been cold.

Cleost. Go on.
Ol. But I'm ashamed to.
Cleost. It was not a radish, was it?
Ol. No.
Cleost. Or a cucumber?
Ol. Heavens! Certainly not! * * * No vegetable at all—at any rate, whatever it was, certainly no blight had ever touched it. It was full grown, whatever it was.

Ol. Then I call her by name: "Now, now, Casina," says I, "my own little wifey, what makes you so cruel to me, your own husband? Good heavens! I don't deserve to have you act so toward me, indeed I don't, just for trying to get you for myself." Not a word does she say, and pulls her clothes tight around the part of her body that—that makes a woman of you. When I see she's barricaded herself, I beg her not to be so awfully coy. So as to turn her toward me I want to use my arms and * * * a word does she breathe * * * I get up, to * * * her * * * and * * * her * * *

Myrr. (to Cleostrata) What a delightful raconteur * * *

Ol. A nice long kiss * * * and I get my lips punctured by a beard that's just like bristles, and the next instant, as I'm kneeling beside her, she rams both feet through my chest. I fall off the couch head
TITUS MACCIUS FLAVIUS

decido de lecto praecipes; subsilit, optundit os mihi.
inde foras tacitus profugiens exeo hoc ornatu quo vides,
vt senex hoc eodem poculo, quo ego bibi, biberet.

Cleost.
sed ubi est palliolum tuum?

Ol. Hic intus reliqui.

Cleost. Quid nunc? satiin lepide adita est

Ol. vobis manus?

Merito.

sed concrepuerunt fores.

num illa me nunc sequitur?

V. 3.

Lys. Maxumo ego ardeo flagitio

nec quid agam meis rebus scio,

nec meam ut uxorem aspiciam

contra oculis, ita disperii;

omnia palam sunt probra,

omnibus modis

occidi miser.

1 ita manufero faucibus teneor

1 nec quibus modis purgem scio me meae uxori.

1 atque expallitatus sum miser,

1 clandestinae nuptiae.

1 censeo

1 mihi optumum est.

1 intro ad uxorem meam

sufferamque ei meum tergum ob iniuriam.

sed ecquis est qui homo munus velit fungier

1 Leo notes lacuna here.
CASINA

first; up she jumps and batters my face for me. And then, without saying a word, I took to my heels and made for the door in the condition you see me, (savagely) so that the old man might have a dose from the same cup as myself.

Cleost. (grimly) Excellent! But where is that short cloak of yours?

Ol. I left it inside here.

Cleost. Well, now, were you two tripped up neatly enough?

Ol. (humble) Quite as we deserved. (starting) But the door creaked! She's not after me now, is she? (runs into Lysidamus's doorway: the rest follow)

ENTER Lysidamus in great distress, his cloak gone and his tunic torn.

Scene 3.

Lys. Oh, I'm burning with the hideous infamy of it; And I don't know what to do about it, or how to look my wife in the face—I'm so utterly done for! The whole disgraceful business is out! It's all up with me, absolutely, poor wretch that I am! * * * They have me by the throat, caught in the act * * * and how I can clear myself with my wife I don't know! * * * Oh dear, and my cloak gone! * * * a clandestine marriage! * * * I suppose * * * it's the best thing for me. * * * inside to my wife—(in agony) and let my back pay her damages! (to audience, hopefully) But is there anyone here who would
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

pro me? quid nunc agam
nescio, nisi ut improbos
famulos imiter ac domo fugiam.
nam salus nulla est scapulis, si domum redeo.
1 nugas istic dicere licet. vapulo hercle ego invitus tamen
etsi malum merui.
hac dabo protinam me et fugiam.

V. 4.
Chal. Heus, sta ilico, amator.
Lys. Occidi, revocor. quasi
      non audiam, abibo. 956–962

Chal. Vbi tu es, qui colere mores Massilienses postulas?
nunc tu si vis subigitare me, probast occasio.
redi sis in cubiculum. periisti hercle. age, accede
huc modo.
nunc ego tecum aequom arbitrum extra condidium
      captavero.
Lys. Perii, fosti deflocabit iam illic homo lumbos meos.
hac iter faciandumst, nam illac lumbifragiumst
      obviam.

Cleost. Iubeo te salvere, amator.
Lys. Ecce autem uxor obviamst 2; 969
hac lupi, hac canes. lupina scaeva fusti rem gerit;
hercle opinor permutabo ego illuc nunc verbum
vetus.

1 Leo notes lacuna here.
2 Leo brackets following v., 970:
 nunc ego inter sacrum saxumque sum nec quo fugiam scio.
like to substitute for me? (vainly waits for reply)
I don’t know what to do now—unless I imitate
rascally slaves and run for it. For there’s no
chance for my shoulders, once I go back home.
(thinking audience seem sceptical) Call that rubbish
if you like. But I do get beaten—Lord, I do!—
and I don’t like it, no matter if I have deserved
it. I’ll make down the street here this minute
and run for it. (sets out past Alcesimus’s house)

ENTER Chalinus INTO DOORWAY, WITH Lysidamus’s
CANE AND CLOAK.

Chal. (calling) Hi! Stop right where you are, my
gallant!

Lys. (aside, frightened) Oh murder! I’m called back!
I’ll keep on as if I didn’t hear.

Chal. (roaring) Whereabouts are you—you that think to
practice Marseilles customs here? (coyly, as Lysi-
damus stops in terror) Now if you want to fondle
me, sir, here’s a lovely chance. Come back to
the bedroom, please do. (ferociously, swinging his
cane) It’s all up with you, by gad! Come on;
just you step this way. Now I’ll get hold of a
fair umpire (tapping his cane significantly) with you,
one not on the regular bench of judges.

Lys. (aside) It’s all up with me! That fellow will be
depilating my middle shortly, with his club.
(turning round) I must go this way, for that way
I’m facing wreck amidships. (makes off past his own
house. Cleostrata steps out, blocking his course)

Cleost. Good day to you, gallant.

Lys. (aside, stopping) Oh! and here’s my wife facing
me! Wolves on one side, dogs on the other!
Omens! And the wolf omen does business with
a club! Heavens! I think I’ll change that old
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

hac ibo, caninam scaevam spero meliorem fore.

Myrr. Quid agis, dismarite?
Cleost. Mi vir, unde hoc ornatu advenis? quid fecisti scipione aut quod habuisti pallium?
Myrr. In adulterio, dum moechissat Casinam, credo perdidit.

Lys. Occidi.
Chal. Etiamne imus cubitum? Casina sum.
Lys. I in malam crucem.

Chal. Non amas me?
Cleost. Quin responde, tuo quid factum est pallio?
Lys. Bacchae hercle, uxor—
Cleost. Bacchae ?
Lys. Bacchae hercle, uxor—
Myrr. Nugatur sciens, nam ecasor nunc Bacchae nullae ludunt.

Lys. Oblitus fui, 980 sed tamen Bacchae—

Cleost. Quid, Bacchae ?
Lys. Sin id fieri non potest—

Cleost. Times ecasor.

Lys. Egone ?

Cleost. Mentire hercle. nam palles male.¹ n quid me ve us am me rogas ?

male r

mihi

gratulor.

senex

qu

ho

on u

unc casinust

qui hic lem frus ram dis 989, 990

¹ vv. 983-990 are hopelessly fragmentary.
proverb now. I'll go this way; the dog omen will be the better, I hope. (puts on a bold front, and tries to pass Cleostrata)

Myrr. (joining Cleostrata) What are you about, my twice-married sir?

Cleost. Where are you coming from in such a state, husband mine? What have you done with your cane? What has become of your cloak?

Myrr. He lost them, I dare say, while he was courting Casina.

Lys. (aside) This is deadly!

Chal. (tenderly) Shan't we go to our chamber again? I am Casina.

Lys. Go to the devil!

Chal. (sobbing) You don't... love me?

Cleost. Come, come, answer me. What has become of your cloak?

Lys. (floundering) Oh Lord, my dear, some Bacchantes—

Cleost. Bacchantes?

Lys. Oh Lord, my dear, some Bacchantes—

Myrr. That's nonsense, and he knows it. Why, goodness me, there are no Bacchante revels now.

Lys. (half aside) I forgot that, (aloud) but, just the same, some Bacchantes—

Cleost. What? Bacchantes?

Lys. (desperately) Well, if that's impossible——

Cleost. (affecting surprise) Good heavens, you're frightened.

Lys. I?

Cleost. You're lying, gracious, yes! Why, how pale you are. * * * why me * * * you ask me? * * * badly * * * to me * * * I congratulate. * * * old man * * * is Casinus * * *

1 Inter lupos et canes nullam salutem esse. "Twixt wolves and dogs no safety lies."
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ol. qui etiam me miserum famosum fecit flagitiis suis.
Lys. Non taces?
Ol. Non hercle vero taceo. nam tu maxumo me opsecravisti opere, Casinam ut poscerem uxorem mihi
tui amoris causa.

Lys. Ego istuc feci?
Ol. Immo Hector Ilius— 994, 995
Lys. Te quidem oppresset. feci ego istaec dicta quae vos dicitis?
Cleost. Rogitas etiam?
Lys. Si quidem hercle feci, feci nequiter.
Cleost. Redi modo huc intro; monebo, si qui meministi minus.

Lys. Hercle, opinor, potius vobis credam quod vos dicitis.
sed, uxor, da viro tuo hanc veniam. Myrrhina, ora Cleostratam;
si umquam posthac aut amasso Casinam aut occepso modo,
ne ut eam amasso, si ego umquam adeo posthac tale admisero
nulla causast, quin pendentem me, uxor, virgis verberes.

Myrr. Censeo ecastor veniam hanc dandam.
Cleost. Faciam ut iubes.
propter eam rem hanc tibi nunc veniam minus
gravate prospero,
hanc ex longa longiorem ne faciamus fabulam.

Lys. Non irata es?
Cleost. Non sum irata.
Lys. Tuaen fidei credo?
Cleost. Meae.

1 Leo gives this sentence to Olympio, Lindsay to Lysidamus.
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CASINA

Ol. * * * who's made a poor infamous man of me, as well, with his own outrageous actions.

Lys. (to Olympio in low tone) Won't you shut up?

Ol. (loudly) Indeed I won't shut up, by Jove? Why, you begged me your hardest to ask to marry Casina, all because you loved her yourself.

Lys. (blustering) I did that? I?

Ol. (sarcastically) Oh no, Hector of Troy——

Lys. (interrupting) Would have choked you off! I did those things you people say—I?

Cleost. You are still asking that? (advancing on him)

Lys. (cringing) Oh Lord! if I really did do it, I did wrong.

Cleost. (very stern) Just you go back inside here; I will refresh your memory if it fails you.

Lys. (retreating) Oh Lord! I think I'd rather take your word for all you say! (almost in tears) But do pardon your husband this time, my dear. Myrrhina, beg her to. If I ever make love to Casina after this, or as much as show a sign of it—let alone making love to her—if I ever do such a thing again, I give you leave to hang me up, my dear, and use a whip on me.

Myrr. (to Cleostrata) I really do think you ought to forgive him this time.

Cleost. Well, just as you say. (to Lysidamus) My reason, sir, for being less reluctant to rejoice you with my forgiveness, is that we may not make this long play longer.

Lys. (doubtful) You're not angry?

Cleost. No, I am not angry.

Lys. You give me your word on that?

Cleost. I do,
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Lepidiorem uxorem nemo quisquam quam ego habeo hanc habet.

Cleost. Age tu, rede huic scipionem et pallium.

Chal. Tene, si lubet. mihi quidem edepol insignite factast magna iniuria; 1010 duobus nupsi, neuter fecit quod novae nuptae solet.

Spectatores, quod futurumst intus, id memorabimus. haec Casina huius reperietur filia esse ex proxumo eaque nubet Euthynico nostro erili filio. nunc vos aequomst manibus meritam mer- cedem dare. qui faxit, clam uxorem ducet semper scortum quod volet; verum qui non manibus clare, quantum poterit, plauerit, ei pro scorto supponetur hircus unctus nautea.
CASINA

Lys. (overjoyed) Ah, there's not a living soul with a more delightful wife than this of mine!

Cleost. (to Chalinus) Come, you. Give him back his cane and cloak.

Chal. (doing so) Take 'em if you like. But by gad, I've been wronged, I've been horribly wronged; I married two men, and neither of 'em did a husband's duty by me.

EPILOGUE

Spectators, we will inform you of what is to take place inside. This Casina will prove to be the daughter of the gentleman who lives next door here (pointing to Alcesimus's house) and will marry our young master, Euthynicus. Now it is right for you to reward us duly with due applause. The man that does so shall always deceive his wife and have the mistress he desires; but the man that fails to clap us with all his might—there will be palmed off upon him, in place of his mistress, a goat scented with bilge water.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]
CISTELLARIA

OR

THE CASKET COMEDY
ARGUMENTVM


PERSONAE

SELENIUM MERETRIX
GYMNASIVM MERETRIX
SYRA
AVXILIVM DEVS
ALCESIMARCHVS ADVLESCENS
SERVVS
SENX
LAMPADO SERVVS
MELAENIS LENA
PHANOSTRATA MATRONA
HALISCA ANCIILLA
DEMIPHO SENEX.
ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

A young Lemnian wrongs a maiden of Sicyon; returning to his own land, he marries and begets a daughter. A daughter likewise is born of the Sicyonian girl. A young slave of hers takes away this child, abandons it, and lurking about, spies what happens. The child is picked up by a courtesan, who gives it to another courtesan. The Lemnian later on returns, marries the woman he had wronged, and betroths the daughter born to him at Lemnos to a young man who is deeply in love with that foundling. In the course of his search the slave discovers this girl he had abandoned. So when her citizenship is proven, legally and properly, Alcesimarchus, already her lover, becomes her husband.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Selenium, a courtesan.
Gymnasmus, a courtesan.
Syra, a bond, mother of Gymnasmus.
Succour, a god, the Prologue.
Alcesimarchus, a young gentleman of Sicyon.
A slave, belonging to Alcesimarchus.
An old gentleman, father of Alcesimarchus.
Lampadio, slave of Demipho.
Melaenis, a bond, supposed mother of Selenium.
Phanostrata, wife of Demipho.
Halisca, maid to Melaenis.
Demipho, an old gentleman of Sicyon.

1 So Studemund; the name, however, is at best only probable.
ACTVS I

Sel. Cum ego antehac te amavi et mi amicam esse crevi,
mea Gymnasium, et matrem tuam, tum id mihi hodie
aperuistis, tu atque haec. soror si mea esses,
qui magis potueritis
mihi honorem ire habitum,
nescio, nisi, ut meus est animus, fieri non posse arbitror;
ita omnibus relictis rebus mihi frequentem operam dedistis.
eo ego vos amo et eo a me magnum inistis gratiam.

Gymn. Pol isto quidem nos pretio facile est frequentare tibi utilisque habere;
ita in prandio nos lepide ac nitide accepisti apud te, ut semper meminerimus.

Sel. Lubenti edepol animo factum et fiet a me,
quae vos arbitrabor velle, ea ut expetessam.

Syra Quod ille dixit, qui secundo vento vectus
est tranquillo mari,
ventum gaudeo—ecastor ad ted, ita hodie
hic acceptae sumus suavibus modis,
nec nisi disciplina apud te fuit quicquam ibi quin
mihi placeret.

Sel. Quid ita, amabo?
THE CASKET COMEDY

Scene:—Sicyon. A street in which are the houses of Alcesimarchus and Demipho.

ACT I

ENTER Selenium, Gymnasium, and Syra from the house of Alcesimarchus, Syra rather tipsy.

Sel. I always did love you, Gymnasium dear, and always felt I had a friend in you—and in your mother, too; but to-day you have proved your friendship, both of you. If you were my own sister, I don't see how you could have shown more regard for me—no, no, I am sure I'm right in feeling you simply could not. See how you have left everything and devoted yourselves to me entirely! I love you for it, and I'm ever so grateful for it, too.

Gymn. Dear me, it's easy devoting ourselves to you and making ourselves serviceable, when you pay us so well. Such a delightful, dainty luncheon as you did give us at your house, one we'll always remember!

Sel. Oh, it was a pleasure, and it always will be, to be eager to do things I think you like.

Syra (struggling to manage her tongue) As the sailor . . . said . . . when a fair wind carried him over the tranquil . . . sea: "Hurrah for the wind"—that . . . blew me to you . . . goodness, yes . . . with the lovely way you've . . . entertained us here to-day! The only thing that . . . didn't suit me . . . was the way your servants are . . . trained. Why, bless your heart, how is that?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Syra  Raro nimium dabat quod biberem, id merum infuscabat.
Gymn.  Amabo, hinc hest studi decet?
Syra  nemo alienus hic est.
Sel.  Merito vostro amo vos, quia me colitis et magni facitis.
Syra  Decet pol, mea Selenium, hunc esse ordinem benevolentis inter se beneque amicitia utier,
ubi istas videas summo genere natas, summatis matronas,
Ut amicitiam colunt atque ut eam iunctam bene habent inter se.
Si idem stud nos faciamus, si idem imitemur, ita tamen vix vivimus cum invidia summa. suarium opum nos volunt esse indigentes.
  nostra copia nil volunt nos potesse 29, 30
  suique omnium rerum nos indigere,
  ut sibi simus supplices.
Eas si aedas, abitum quam aditum malis, ita nostro ordini
  palam blandiuntur, clam, si occasio usquam est,
  aquam frigidam subdole suffundunt.
  viris cum suis praedicant nos solere,
  suas paelices esse aiunt, eunt depressum.
  quia nos libertinae sumus, et ego et tua mater,
  ambae meretrices fuimus. illa te, ego hanc mihi educavi ex patribus conventiciis. neque ego hanc super-
  biai
  causa pepuli ad meretricium quaestum, nisi ut
  ne esurirem.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Syra  They didn't pass the wine nearly . . . often enough, and when they did pass it they spoiled it with . . . water.

Gymn. *(embarrassed)* Oh now, now! Is it nice to say that here?

Syra *(stubborn and loud)* Quite right and . . . proper; it's all in the family. *(embraces Selenium)*

Sel. I have good reason for loving you both, when you are so kind and make so much of me.

Syra Mercy me, Selenium dear, people in our . . . walk of life ought to be . . . good to each other and . . . do each other good turns, *(indignantly)* when you see those highborn ladies, those blue-blooded dames, how they keep up their . . . friendship and . . . how well they hang together. If we do the same, if we imitate them, even so we have a . . . hard time getting . . . on, they hate us so. They want to keep us in need of their . . . support. Not a bit of power of our own do they want us to have, but to need them for everything, so that we'll have to . . . sue to them for favours. And once you do go to 'em, you'd rather go out than . . . in, seeing the way they flatter women like us in public, and then in private pour . . . cold water on us, every chance they get, the sly things! They claim we . . . get hold of their husbands, say we're their concubines, and they try to keep us down. Being only . . . freed slaves, your mother and I, we both became courtesans. She brought you up, I . . . brought up this girl *(indicating Gymnasium)* to be a . . . comfort to me, your fathers being men we . . . happened on. It wasn't out of . . . highhandedness I forced my girl here into my own . . . profession; it was only that I shouldn't . . . go hungry.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sel.  At satius fuerat eam viro dare nuptum potius.
Syra      Heia,
haec quidem ecasior cottidie viro nubit, nupsitque
hodie,
nubet mox noctu. numquam ego hanc viduam
cubare sivi.
nam si haec non nubat, lugubri fame familia
pereat.
Gymn.  Necesse est, quo tu me modo voles esse, ita esse,
mater.
Syra      Ecasior haud me paenitet, si ut dicis ita futura es.
nam si quidem ita eris ut volo, numquam senecta
fies
semperque istam quam nunc habes aetatulam
optinebis,
multisque damno et mihi lucro sine meo saepe eris
sumptu.
Gymn.  Di faxint.
Syra      Sine opera tua di horunc nil facere possunt.
Gymn.  Equidem hercle addam operam sedulo; sed tu
aufer istaec verba.
meus oculus, mea Selenium, numquam ego te
tristiorem
vidi esse. quid, cedo, te obsecro tam abhorret
hilaritudo?
neque munda adaeque es, ut soles—hoc sis vide,
ut petivit
suspiratum alte—et pallida es. eloquere utrumque
nobis,
et quid tibi est et quid velis nostram operam, ut
nos sciamus.
noli, obsecro, lacrumis tuis mi exercitum impe-
rase.
Sel.  Med excrucio, mea Gymnasium. male mihi est,
male maceror;

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Sel. But it would have been better to let her marry someone, instead.

Syra Hoity toity! And so she does, gracious yes, every day—to-day, and again to-night. I've never let her sleep alone, not I. Why, if she didn't marry, our family would die of doleful famine.

Gymn. (listlessly) I must be what you wish me to be, mother.

Syra Mercy me, I'm contented, if you keep doing as you say. Yes, you just be what I... want you to be, and you'll never grow old, and you'll always keep that... pretty bloom of yours, and... fleece lots of men and furnish me with funds, and often without costing me anything, too.

Gymn. Heaven make it so!

Syra Heaven can't make it so at... all, without your help.

Gymn. (rather impatient) Oh, yes, yes, yes, I'll help, too, all I can. But enough of this. (turning to Selenium, who seems on the verge of tears) Why, my darling, my dear Selenium, I've never seen you looking more melancholy. For mercy's sake, tell me, why are you and cheerfulness such strangers? (scrutinizing her) And you don't look as smart as usual—just see, that deep, deep sigh!—and you're pale, too. Come, tell us two things—what the trouble is, and how you want us to help you—so that we may understand matters. Don't cry, please, and bring an attack on me, too.

Sel. (sobbing) Oh, Gymnasium dear, I'm in torment! I'm suffering, suffering cruelly! My heart aches,
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

doleo ab animo, doleo ab oculis, doleo ab aegritudine.

quid dicam, nisi stultitia mea me in maerorem rapi?

Gymn. Indidem unde oritur facito ut facias stultitiam sepelibilem.

Sel. Quid faciam?

Gymn. In latebras abscondas pectore penitissimo. tuam stultitiam sola facito ut scias sine aliis arbitris.

Sel. At mihi cordolium est.

Gymn. Quid ? id unde est tibi cor?

commemora obsecro;

quod neque ego habeo neque quisquam alia mulier, ut perhibent viri.

Sel. Siquid est quod doleat, dolet; si autem non est—tamen hoc hic dolet.

Gymn. Amat haec mulier.

Sel. Eho an amare occipere amarum est, obsecro?

Gymn. Namque ecstor Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus;
gustui dat dulce, amarum ad satietatem usque oggerit.

Sel. Ad istam faciem est morbus, qui me, mea Gymnasium, macerat.

Gymn. Perfidosus est Amor.

Sel. Ergo in me peculatum facit.

Gymn. Bono animo es, erit isti morbo melius.

Sel. Confidam fore, si medicus veniat qui huic morbo facere medicinam potest.

Gymn. Veniet.

Sel. Spissum istuc amanti est verbum, veniet, nisi venit.

sed ego mea culpa et stultitia peius misera maceror,

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my eyes ache, I ache all over, I’m so miserable! What can I say—except that I’m driven to despair by my own silliness!

Gymn. (cheerily) Well, in the same place this silliness originated, you take and—tombigate it!

Sel. (mystified) Do what?

Gymn. Hide it away in the very very deepest recess of your heart. See you keep your silliness to yourself and let no one else spy it.

Sel. But I’m so sick, mentally.

Gymn. (laughing) What? Where did you get that mind? For mercy’s sake, give an account of yourself. A mind is something I haven’t got, or any other woman, either, according to the men.

Sel. (trying to smile) If I have one to be sick, it is sick; but if I haven’t, I’m sick here (laying her hand on her breast) just the same.

Gymn. (to her mother, playfully) This girl is a bit in love.

Sel. Ah, tell me, that “bit” of love does not begin by being bitter, does it?

Gymn. Why, good gracious, love is fairly overflowing with honey and gall both. It gives you but a taste of sweetness: bitterness it heaps up before you till you can hold no more.

Sel. The malady tormenting me is like that, Gymnasium dear.

Gymn. Love is faithless.

Sel. (sadly) And so it’s defrauding me.

Gymn. Cheer up, that malady of yours will mend.

Sel. I’m sure of it, if the doctor who can doctor it would only come.

Gymn. He will come.

Sel. “He will come” is a sluggish phrase to a girl in love, unless he does come. But oh dear, it’s my own fault, my own silliness, that makes my
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quam ego illum unum mi exoptavi, quicum aetatem degerem.

Syra Matronae magis conducibilest istuc, mea Selenium, unum amare et cum eo aetatem exigere quoi nuptast semel.

verum enim meretrix fortunati est oppidi simillima: non potest suam rem obtainere sola sine multis viris.

Sel. Hoc volo agatis. qua accersitae causa ad me estis, eloquar.

nam mea mater, quia ego nolo me meretricem dicier, obsecutast de ea re, gessit morem morigerae mihi, ut me, quem ego amarem graviter, sineret cum eo vivere.

Syra Stulte ecastor fecit. sed tu enumquam cum quium viro consuevisti?

Sel. Nisi quidem cum Alcesimarcho, nemine, neque pudicitiam meam mi alius quisquam imminuit.

Syra Obsecro,

quo is homo insinuavit pacto se ad te?

Sel. Per Dionysia mater pompam me spectatum duxit. dum redeo domum,

conspicillo consecutust clanculum me usque ad fores.

inde in amicitiam insinuavit cum matre et mecum simul blanditiis, moneribus, donis.

Syra Mihi istunc vellem hominem dari, ut ego illum vorsarem!

Sel. Quid opust verbis? consuetudine coepi amare contra ego illum, et ille me.

Syra O mea Selenium, adsimulare amare oportet. nam si ames, extempulo
torment all the worse, for I've yearned for him, just him alone, to spend my life with!

**Syra** That's more . . . profitable for a fine dame, Selenium dearie—to love just one man and . . . pass her days with him, once she's married him. But a courtesan, you know, is much like a prosperous city: she can't get along by . . . herself, without plenty of men.

**Sel.** *(taking their hands affectionately)* Please listen now, both of you. I'll explain why I asked you to come to me. You see, *(politely hesitant)* I don't like to be known as a courtesan, so my mother gave in to me, submitted to my wishes as I submit to hers, and let me live with the man I adore.

**Syra** Goodness me, she was a . . . fool! But you, you've never been intimate with any man?

**Sel.** No—that is, not with anyone except Alcesimarchus. I never had a thing to do with any other man.

**Syra** For mercy's sake, how did . . . this one wind his way into your favour?

**Sel.** *(shyly)* During the festival of Dionysus mother took me to see the procession. On the way home he spied me and stole along after me all the way to our door. Then he wound his way into mother's heart—and mine, too—with the nice things he said, and did for us, and gave us.

**Syra** *(aside)* I wish I . . . had him? Oh, wouldn't I . . . work him!

**Sel.** I needn't say much more. We were thrown together, and I began to love him, and he me.

**Syra** Ah, Selenium dearie, you ought to . . . make believe love. Why, once you do love, you . . .
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melius illi multo, quem ames, consulas quam rei
tuae.

Sel. At ille conceptis iuravit verbis apud matrem meam,
me uxorem ducturum esse; ei nunc alia ducendast
domum,
sua cognata Lemniensis, quae habitat hic in
proxumo.
nam eum pater eius subegit. nunc mea mater
iratast mihi,
quia non redierim domum ad se, postquam hanc
rem resciverim,
eum uxorem ducturum esse aliam.

Syra Nihil amori iniuriumst.

Sel. Nunc te amabo ut hanc hic unum triduom hoc
solum sinas
esse et hic servare apud me. nam ad matrem
accesita sum.

Syra Quamquam istud mihi erit molestum triduom, et
damnum dabis,
faciam.

Sel. Facis benignae et amice. sed tu, Gymna-
sium mea,
si me absente Alcesimarchus veniet, nolito acriter
eum in clamare—ut ut erga me est meritus, mihi
cordi est tamen—
se, amabo, tranquille; ne quid, quod illi doleat,
dixeris.
accipias clavis; si quid opus tibi erit prompto,
promito.
ego volo ire.

Gymn. Ut mi excivisti lacrimas.

Sel. Gymnasium mea,
bene vale.

Gymn. Cura te, amabo. sicine immunda, obsecro,
ibis?
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look out for your lover much better than for your own interests.

Sel. But he swore solemnly to my mother that he would marry me—and now (sobbing) he's got to marry another girl, a Lemnian relative of his that lives next door here (pointing to Demipho's house). Yes, his father has forced him into it. And now my mother is angry with me because I didn't go back home to her after I found this out—that he was going to marry someone else.

Syra Nothing's unfair in love.

Sel. Now do, do, please, let Gymnasium stay here for just merely the next three days and look after things at my house. For mother has summoned me home.

Syra Well, that means three unpleasant days for me and... money lost, but I'll... let her.

Sel. That's very nice and friendly of you. But listen, Gymnasium dear, if Alcesimarchus comes while I'm gone, don't be sharp and harsh with him and say hateful things—no matter how he has acted toward me, I (sobbing) do think so much of him still!—but please, please be gentle with him; don't say anything to hurt his feelings. Here are the keys; (passing them over) if you need anything, take it. I must (turning away in tears) go.

Gymn. (weeping) Oh, you've set me crying, too!

Sel. Good-bye, Gymnasium dear, good-bye!

Gymn. Do, do take care of yourself, dear! (as Selenium moves away) Mercy me, you aren't going like that—looking so frowzy?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sel. Immundas fortunas aequom est squalorem sequi.
Gymn. Amiculum hoc sustolle saltem.
Sel. Sine trahi, cum egomet trahor.
Gymn. Quando ita tibi lubet, vale atque salve.
Sel. Si possim, velim.
Gymn. Numquid me vis, mater, intro quin eam? ecastor
mihi
visa amare.
Syra Istoc ergo auris graviter obtundo tuas,
ne quem ames. abi intro.
Gymn. Numquid me vis?
Syra Vt valeas.
Vale.

1. 2.
Syra Idem mihi magnae quod parti est vitium mulierum
quae hunc quaestum facimus: quae ubi saburratae
sumus,
largiloquae extemplo sumus, plus loquimur quam
sat est.
nam ego illanc olim, quae hinc flens abiit, parvolum
puellam proiectam ex angiportu sustuli. 1

1 Leo brackets following vv., 125–132:
adulescens quidam hic est adprime nobilis
| quin ego nunc quia sum onusta mea ex sententia
quiaque adeo me complevi flore Liberi,
magis libera uti lingua conlibitum est mihi,
tacere nequeo misera quod tacito usus est.
| Sicyone, summo genere; ei vivit pater.
is amore misere hanc deperit mulierculam,
quae hinc modo flens abiit. contra amore eum haec deperit.

Lines 125, 130–2 seem to have been added so that
Auxilium's speech might be omitted. Lines 126–9 are
omitted in A, and parallel lines 120–2.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Sel. (listless) A frowzy fate and a dingy dress go well together.

Gymn. Do lift up your mantle here, anyway. (tries to arrange it).

Sel. Let it trail, now that I am trailed in the dust myself.

Gymn. If you will have it so—good-bye, and look out for yourself.

Sel. If I could, I would. [exit.

Gymn. (looking after her with a sigh) Is there anything you want, mother, before I go inside? My goodness, she is really in love, it seems to me!

Syra Yes, and that's why I... keep dinning it into your ears, not to love any... man. Go on inside.

Gymn. There's nothing else you want of me?

Syra Keep well.

Gymn. And you. [exit into house.

Scene 2

Syra (to audience, with drunken friendliness) I've got the same fault as most of the... women in my profession. Once we get properly... ballasted, our tongues loosen up at once and... we talk too much. Now that girl that just went away... crying—a long time ago when she was only a little tot, I... picked her up in an alley where she'd been left.¹ I gave her as a... present to

¹ Vv. 125-132: There's a certain young gentleman here of the highest sort of rank—really, now that I'm loaded to my taste and am positively full of the flower of Bacchus, I've taken a fancy to use my tongue more freely, and I can't, dear me, I can't, keep quiet about what ought to be kept quiet—a Sicilian of the very best family; his father's living. This young gentleman is desperately, madly, in love with this little lady that went away from here crying just now. And, for her part, she's madly in love with him.
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eam meae ego amicae dono huic meretrici dedi,
quae saepe mecum mentionem fecerat,
puerum aut puellam alicunde ut reperirem sibi,
recens natum, eapse quod sibi supponeret.
ubi mihi potestas primum evenit, ilico
fece eius ei quod me oravit copiam.
postquam eam puellam a me accepit, ilico
eandem puellam peperit quam a me acceperat,
sine obstetricis opera et sine doloribus,
item ut aliae pariunt, quae malum quae quas sibi.
nam amatorem aibat esse peregrinum sibi
suppositionemque eius facere gratia.
idaeae nos solae scimus, ego quae illi dedi
et illa quae a me accepit, praeter vos quidem.
haec sic res gesta est. si quid usus venerit,
meminnisse ego hanc rem vos volo. ego abeo domum.

I. 3.

Aux. Vtrumque haec, et multiloqua et multibibba, est
anus.
satin vix reliquit deo quod loqueretur loci,
ita properavit de puellae proloqui
suppositione. quod si tacuisset, tamen
ego eram dicturus, deus, qui poteram planius.
nam mihi Auxilio est nomen. nunc operam date,
ut ego argumentum hoc vobis plane perputem.
Fuere Sicyoni iam diu Dionysia.
mercator venit huc ad ludos Lemnius,
isque hic compressit virginem, adulescentulus,
vi, vinulentus multa nocte in via.
is ubi malam rem scit se meruisse, ilico

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a friend of mine, a courtesan here (pointing in the direction Selenium went) who had... often spoken to me about my finding a... boy or girl for her somewhere, one just born, that she could... palm off as her own. So the first chance I... got, I provided her with what she begged for. After taking this... girl from me, she was... brought to bed at once of... this same girl she had got from me, without a... midwife's help and without labour pains, such as other women suffer, who... have babies, the women that bring trouble on themselves. She said she... had a lover from foreign parts, you... see, and was pretending to have a child on his account. This is a... secret between us two—me that gave it to her, and her that... took it, except for you people, of course. Well, that's how things... stand. I want you to... remember this, if occasion... comes. I'm going... home. [EXIT Syra, UNSTEADILY.

Scene 3

ENTER Succour.

Succour (looking after Syra disgustedly) Tattler and tippler both, the old hag! So she has barely left a thing for a god to say, in her hurry to tell the tale of that supposititious girl! Why, if she had held her tongue, I should have told you, just the same, and I, being a god, could have made it clearer. For my name is Succour. Attention now, so that I may give you a clear, trim outline of this play.

A long time ago there was a Dionysiac festival at Sicyon. A Lemnian merchant came here to the festivities, and here, late at night in the road, when his young blood was heated by wine, he outraged a maiden. When he realized the criminal nature of his offence, he straightway
pedibus perfugium peperit, in Lemnum aufugit, 
ubi habitabat tum. illa quam compresserat 
decumo post mense exacto hic peperit filiam. 
quoniam reum eius facti nescit qui siet, 
paternum servum sui participat consili, 
dat eam puellam ei servo exponendam ad necem. 
is eam proiecit. haec puellam sustulit. 
ille clam observavit servos qui eam proiecerat 
quo aut quas in aedis haec puellam deferat. 
170 ut eampse vos audistis confiterier, 
dat eam puellam meretrici Melaenidi, 
eaque educavit eam sibi pro filia 
bene ac pudice. tum illic autem Lemnius 
propinquam uxorem duxit, cognatam suam. 
ea diem suom obiit, facta morigera est viro. 
postquam ille uxori iusta fecit, ilico 
huc commigravit; duxit uxor em hic sibi 
eandem quam olim virginem hic compresserat, 
et eam cognoscit esse, quam compresserat. 
illa illi dicit, eius se ex iniuria 
180 peperisse gnatam atque eam se servo ilico 
derisse exponendam. ille extemplo servolum 
iubet illum eundem persequi, si qua queat 
reperire quae sustulerit. ei rei nunc suam 
operam usque assiduo servos dat, si possiet 
meretricem illam invenire, quam olim tollere, 
cum ipse exponebat, ex insidiis viderat. 

Nunc quod relicuom restat volo persolvere, 
ut expungatur nomen, ne quid debeam. 
adulescens hic est Sicyoni, ei vivit pater; 
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found himself a haven in his heels and hied him off to Lemnos, where his home then was. As for the maiden he had outraged, nine months later she found herself the mother of a baby girl. Not knowing whom to charge with the crime, she took a slave of her father’s into her confidence and gave him the child to abandon to its fate. He did so. This woman (pointing in the direction Syra went) picked it up. The slave who had dropped it secretly watched to see where, or to what house, she took it. As you heard her admit herself, she gave the girl to the courtesan Melaenis, and this Melaenis brought her up properly and respectfully as her own daughter. As for that Lemnian, he later married a neighbour and relative of his there. She died, and for once obliged her husband. After he had given his wife decent burial, he at once emigrated hither to Sicyon; and here he married the same woman he had outraged here long before, and recognizes her as being the same one. She tells him that the wrong he did her resulted in the birth of a daughter and that she immediately gave the child to a slave to abandon. Her husband at once orders that same slave to make a search and see if he can find anywhere the woman who picked it up. So now the slave is devoting himself incessantly to this task, and is trying to discover that courtesan whom he had covertly observed many years before, when she picked up the child he himself had just deserted.

Now for the rest that remains—I wish to pay up in full, so that my name may be crossed off your books and my account cleared. Here at Sicyon is a young man—his father is living; and
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

is amore proiecticam illam deperit
quae dudum flens hinc abiit ad matrem suam,
et illa hunc contra, qui est amor suavissimus.
ut sunt humana, nihil est perpetuom datum.
pater adolescenti dare volt uxorem; hoc ubi
mater rescivit, iussit accersi eam domum.
haec sic res gesta est.

Bene valete et vincite
virtute vera, quod fecistis antidhac;
servate vostros socios, veteres et novos,
augete auxilia vostra iustis legibus,
perdite perduelles, parite laudem et lauream,
ut vobis victi Poeni poenas sufferant.

ACTVS II

Alc. Credo ego Amorem primum apud homines carnifi-
cinam commentum.
hanc ego de me coniecturam domi facio, ni foris
quaeram,
qui omnes homines supero\(^1\) antideo cruciabili-
tatibus animi.
 iactor\(^2\) agitor stimulor, versor
 in amoris rota, miser exanmior,
 feror differor distrahor diripior,
 ita nubilam mentem animi habeo.

ubi sum, ibi non sum, ubi non sum, ibist animus,
 ita mi omnia sunt ingenia;
quod lubet, non lubet iam id continuo,
 ita me Amor lassum animi ludificat,
fugat, agit, appetit, raptat, retinet,

\(^1\) Leo brackets following atque.
\(^2\) Leo brackets following crucior.
THE CASKET COMEDY
	his young man is madly in love with that foundling, the girl who recently went away in tears to her mother, and she returns his love, making it the sweetest kind of all. But no bliss endures—such is human life. The young man's father wishes to give him a wife. Our girl's mother, on learning this, has had her daughter summoned home. Now you have the situation. (assuming the god as he turns to go)

Fare ye well, and win your victories by very valour as heretofore; hold fast your allies old and new, and by just dealing add to your auxiliaries; lay low your foemen, earn laud and laurels, and let the conquered Carthaginians feel your righteous wrath.

[EXIT Succour.

ACT II

ENTER Alcæimarchus, very woebegone.

Alc. I do believe it was Love that first devised the torturer's profession here on earth. It's my own experience—no need to look further—that makes me think so, for in torment of soul no man rivals me, comes near me. I'm tossed around, bandied about, goaded, whirled on the wheel of love, done to death, poor wretch that I am! I'm torn, torn asunder, disrupted, dismembered—yes, all my mental faculties are befogged! Where I am, there I am not; where I am not, there my soul is—yes, I am in a thousand moods! The thing that pleases me ceases to please a moment later; yes, Love mocks me in my weariness of soul,—it drives me off, hounds me, seeks me, lays hands on me, holds me back, lures,
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

lactat, largitur; quod dat non
dat; deludit:
modo quod suasit, id dissuadet,
quad dissuasit, id ostentat.
maritumis moribus mecum experitur
ita meum frangit amantem animum;
neque, nisi quia miser non eo pessum,
mihi ulla abest perdito permities.
ita pater apud villam detinuit
me hos dies sex ruri continuos,
neque licitum interea est meam amicam visere
estne hoc miserum memoratu?

FRAGMENTA

1 nudiussextus

Alc. Potine tu homo facinus facere strenuom?

11 Aliorum affatim est

Serv. qui faciant. sane ego me nolo fortem perhiberi

virum.

Serv. Sed quid istuc?

Alc. Mala multa dici mihi volo.

Serv. Qua gratia?

Alc. Quia vivo.

Serv. Facile id quidem edepol possum, si tu vis.

Alc. Volo.

1 Leo notes lacuna here: miser Schoell.
2 There are many hopeless lacunae in the following Fragments.
3 Leo notes lacuna following.
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lavishes! It gives without giving! beguiles me! It leads me on, then warns me off; it warns me off, then tempts me on. It deals with me like the waves of the sea—yes, batters my loving heart to bits; and except that I do not go to the bottom, poor devil, my wreck's complete in every kind of wretchedness! Yes, my father has kept me at the villa on the farm the last six successive days and I was not allowed to come and see my darling during all that time! Isn't it a terrible thing to tell of?

FRAGMENTS

Of several hundred lines that followed we have only fragments (see Studemund, Studien ii. 419). After further soliloquy Alcæsmarchus is about to go into his house when he is told—perhaps by his atriensis—that Selenium has left in anger. The atriensis re-enters the house to tell Gymnasium of Alcæsmarchus's return. Alcæsmarchus, distracted, at first thinks of forcible measures for regaining her; his slave, however, objects to playing a heroic part and probably recommends craft or reconciliation. Then follows Alcæsmarchus's self-reproach.

six days ago.

Alc. My man, can you do an energetic deed?

Slave There's a plenty of others that can, sir. I'm not keen for being counted a dauntless hero, myself, I must say. *

Slave But what does that mean?

Alc. (bitterly) I want to be abused, badly.

Slave What for?

Alc. For living.

Slave Lord, sir! I can do that easily enough, if you like.

Alc. I do.

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Serv. At enim ne tu exponas pugno os metuo in imperio meo.

Alc. Numquam edepol faciam.

Serv. Fidem da.

Alc. Do, non facturum esse me. sed ego primum, tot qui ab amica abesse potuerim dies, sum nihil.

Serv. Nihili hercle vero es.

Alc. Quam ego amarem 1 perdite, quae me amaret contra.

Serv. Dignus hercle es infortunio.

Alc. Ei me tot tam acerba facere in corde.

Serv. Frugi nunquam eris.

Alc. Praesertim quae conjurasset mecum et firmasset fidem,

Serv. Neque deos neque homines aequom est facere tibi posthac bene.

Alc. Quae esset aetatem exactura mecum in matrimonio,

Serv. Compedes te capere oportet neque eas unquam ponere.

Alc. Quae mihi esset commendata et meae fidei concredita,

Serv. Hercle te verberibus multum caedi oportere arbitror.

Alc. Quae mellillam me vocare et suavium solitast suom.

Serv. Ob istuc unum verbum dignu’s, deciens qui furcam feras.

Alc. Egomet laetor. sed quid auctor nunc mihi es?

Serv. Dicam tibi: supplicium illi des, suspendas te, ne tibi suscenseat.

1 Quam ego amarem Leo: A’s reading uncertain.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Slave  But you see, sir, I'm afraid you'll up with your fists and lay my jaw out in my own kingdom.

Alc.  No, no, really!

Slave  Give me your word.

Alc.  I give it—not to do so. Now in the first place, for having been able to stay away from my darling all these days, I'm a worthless villain!

Slave  (heartily) Gad, yes! A worthless villain you are.

Alc.  When I loved her to distraction, when she returned my love!

Slave  By gad, you ought to catch it!

Alc.  To think that I could so often do things to make her so sick at heart!

Slave  There'll never be any good in you.

Alc.  Especially since she gave me her solemn promise, her sacred word,—

Slave  You haven't any right to favour from God or man after this.

Alc.  —when she was going to pass her days with me as my wife,—

Slave  You ought to get yourself some shackles and never take them off.

Alc.  —when she was put in my keeping and trusted to my honour,—

Slave  Gad, it's my opinion you ought to get a good hard hiding.

Alc.  —when she used to call me her little honey, her love-kiss!

Slave  You deserve to be pilloried ten times for that one word.

Alc.  Yes, and gladly! But what do you advise now?

Slave  I'll tell you: make amends to her—hang yourself, so that she mayn't be angry with you.

Whether they evolve a plan is uncertain. Alesimarchus apparently expresses a belief in the forgiving spirit of
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Alc. Quian
Serv. Quid tu ergo te manuleo

Alc. Quid si amo?
Tert. est amor
   atque illam quam te amare intellego
   si conclusos vos me habere in carcere
   amoris noctesque et dies
   ni emortuos
   mihi nunquam quisquam

Tert. Immo maxumus.
   nam qui amant stulte atque inmodeste atque
   inprobe
   ne ament.

Alc. ubi tu es?
Serv. Ecce me.

Alc. I, adfer mihi arma et loricam adducito.
Serv. Loricam adducam?
Alc. I, curre, equom adfer.
Serv. Hercle hic insanit miser.

Alc. Abi atque hastatos multos, multos velites,
   multos cum multis—nil moror precario.
   ubi sunt quae iussi?

Serv. Sanus hic non est satis.
Tert. Ab anu esse credo nocitum, cum illaec sic facit.
Serv. Vtrum deliras, quaeo, an astans somnias,
   qui equom me adferre iubes, loricam adducere,
   multos hastatos, post id multos velites,

1 Leo notes lacuna following.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Selenium, the slave making a jesting reply. In a lost scene Gymnasium probably enters from the house and tells Alicesimarchus the true situation. Then a third person enters: his advice does not prove soothing to Alicesimarchus, but he finally follows this third person’s suggestion that he go to see Melaenis.

_Alc._ Because * * *
_Slave_ Well, what are you * * * you with her sleeve * * *

_A Third Person_ 1 has entered.

_Alc._ What if I’m in love?
_Third_ * * * love is * * * and that girl I take it you’re in love with * * * let me have you two shut up in prison * * * of love, both night and day * * * unless dead * * * to me never anyone * * *

_Third_ Not at all, the greatest. For those whose love is foolish, ungoverned, and unworthy * * * ought not love at all.

_Alc._ * * * where are you?
_Slave_ Here, sir.

_Alc._ (wildly) Go! Get me arms! Bring me a corselet!
_Slave_ (mystified) Bring a corselet?
_Alc._ Go! Run! Get a horse!
_Slave_ (aside) Good Lord! The poor man’s insane!
_Alc._ Be gone! And hosts of spearmen, hosts of light-armed troops, hosts with hosts—(savagely) I’ll have no entreaties from you! Where is what I ordered?

_Slave_ (aside, backing away) The man’s off his head!
_Third_ (aside) I believe the old hag has done him an injury, from the way he acts.
_Slave_ For mercy’s sake, sir, are you raving, or dreaming on your feet—to order me to get a horse, bring a corselet, hosts of spearmen, and then hosts of

1 Identity quite uncertain; hardly Gymnasium, possibly a friend of Alicesimarchus’s father.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

multos cum multis? haec tu pervorsario
mihi fabulatu's.

Alc. Dixin ego istaec, obsecro?
Serv. Modo quidem hercle haec dixisti.
Alc. Non praesens quidem.
Serv. Praestigiator, siquidem hic non es atque ades.
Tert. Video ego te Amoris valde tactum toxico,
adulescens; eo te magis volo monitum.

Alc. Mone.
Tert. Cave sis cum Amore tu unquam bellum
sumpseris. 300

Alc. Quid faciam?
Tert. Ad matrem eius devenias domum,
expurges, iures, ores blande per precem
eamque exores ne tibi suscenseat.
Alc. Expurigabo hercle omnia ad raucam ravim.¹

Sen. prohibet divitiis maximis, dote altili atque opima.¹

mulierculam exornatulam.¹ quidem hercle
scita.
quamquam vetus cantherius sum, etiam nunc, ut
ego opinor,
adhinnire equolam possum ego hanc, si detur sola
soli.

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

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THE CASKET COMEDY

light-armed troops, hosts with hosts? That is the sort of gibberish you've been talking to me.

Alc. (apparently surprised) I said that, for heaven's sake?

Slave Good Lord, of course you said it, just now.

Alc. I was not really here, at any rate.

Slave You're a real wizard, if you're here and not here, both.

Third I see Love's poisoned shaft has pierced you through and through, young man; so I want to warn you all the more.

Alc. Warn on.

Third Take care you never engage in war with Love; mind that.

Alc. What shall I do?

Third Go over to her mother's house; clear yourself, give her your oath, coax, implore her, prevail upon her not to be incensed at you.

Alc. (eagerly) By heaven, I'll clear myself of everything till I'm hoarse and husky!

Alcesimarchus's father enters and soliloquizes on his purpose of finding Selenium and making her give up Alcesimarchus. He takes Gymnasium, who enters from Alcesimarchus's house, for Selenium. She sees his mistake, but, probably in the interest of Selenium, encourages it, then finally undeceives him.

THE FATHER OF ALCESIMARCHUS HAS ENTERED.

Father the quantities of money, the fat, rich dowry she stands in the way of! * * * (seeing Gymnasium, who has entered from Alcesimarchus's house) A precious dapper little wench! * * * Gad! She's certainly a beauty! No matter if I am an old hack, methinks I can still manage to whinny to a little mare like her, if you'll put us alone together.”
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

**Gymn.** Nimis opportune mi evenit rediisse Alcesimar-
chum;
nam sola nulla invitior solet esse.

**Sen.** Me vocato,
ne sola sis. ego tecum ero, volo ego agere, ut tu
agas aliquid.

**Gymn.** Nimis lepide exconcinnavit hasce aedes Alcesi-
marchus.

**Sen.** Vt quom Venus adgreditur, placet; lepidumst
amare semper.

**Gymn.** Venerem meram haec aedes olent, quia amator
expolvit.

**Sen.** Non modo ipsa lepidast, commode quoque herecle
fabulatur.

sed cum dicta huius interpretor, haec herelest, ut
ego opinor,
meum quae corrumpit filium. suspiciost eam
esse,

topot quam nunquam viderim; de opinione credo.
nam hasce aedis conductas habet meus gnatus,
haec ubi astat.
hoc hanc eam esse opiniost; nam haec illum
nominavit.

quid si adeam atque appellem. mali damnique
inlecebra, salve.

**Gymn.** vapulabis.

**Sen.** volo apud te. 1

**Gymn.** Intro abeo, 330

nam meretricem astare in via solam prostibuli
sanest. 1

**Gymn.** quid vis.

**Sen.** Volo ex te scire quidquid est
quid ego usquam male feci tibi aut meus quisquam,
id edisserta,

1 Leo notes lacuna following.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Gymn. (apparently not seeing him) My! it's a lucky thing for me that Alcesimarchus has come back; there isn't a girl loathes being alone more than I do.

Father (aside) Just call on me, if you don't want to be alone. I'll stay with you; I should like the business of keeping you busy.

Gymn. My! it's lovely the way Alcesimarchus has decorated this house!

Father (aside) When Venus enters, of course it's nice; love is always lovely.

Gymn. This house is fragrant of Venus's own self, just because a lover has added the finishing touches.

Father (aside) It's not only herself that's lovely! By Jove! The pretty things she says, too! (pauses) But to judge from her remarks, (reflecting further; then angrily) by Jove, she's the wench that is corrupting my son, or I miss my guess! It's only a suspicion with me, never having seen her; but my guess amounts to belief. Yes, this is the house my son hired, there where she's standing. She's the one—that's my guess; yes, she mentioned his name. What if I go up and have a word with her! (approaching) Good day, you pestiferous, ruinous lure.

Gymn. * * * you will get a beating, sir.

Father * * * I wish at your house. * * *

Gymn. I am going inside; a courtesan who stands alone in the street might be taken for a strumpet.

Gymn. * * * what you want.

Father I want you to tell me whatever it is * * * What harm did I, or any member of my family, ever do you—explain—that you are sending me and my
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quam ob rem me meumque filium quom matre
remque nostram
habes perditui et praedatui?

Gymn. Miser errat, ut ego dixi.
lepidast materies, ludam ego hunc, nam occasio
videtur.
potin operam inique equidem malam ut ne des
innocenti?

Sen. Sed obsecro te, nullusnest tibi amator alius quis-
quam,
nisi meus modo unus filius?

Gymn. Quem quidem ego amem, alius nemo est. 370

Sen. At ego

Gymn. Nil moror; damno sunt tui mihi similès.

Sen. Quid 1

Gymn. isne est id arbitratus? 1

datores

iv negotioli bellissimi senices soletis esse. 1

Syra Me respondere postulas? inieurium est.

v stipulari semper me ulro oportet a viris,
eum quaestum facio, nil viris promittere. 1

vi siquidem imperes pro copia, pro recula 1

1 Leo notes lacuna following.
THE CASKET COMEDY

son and his mother and all we've got to rack and ruin?

**Gymn.** (aside) Mistaken, poor man, just as I said! Oh, here's a grand opportunity! I'll have some fun with him now that I seem to have a chance. *(aloud)* Can't you drop your abusing—yes, abusing outrageously—an innocent girl?

**Father** But haven't you any other lover, for heaven's sake, except my only son?

**Gymn.** Not a single soul besides—that is, that I can love.

**Father** But I **• • •**

**Gymn.** *(indignantly)* Never mind! Men like you are the ruination of me!

**Father** What **• • •**

**Gymn.** **• • •** Is this what he thought? **• • •**

The old man makes love to her, and she probably refers him to her mother, who, despite her promise to Selenium, makes a bargain with him and takes Gymnasium home. Lampadio, soliloquizing *(Fragments ix, x, xi, xii)* upon his virtues and experiences in connection with his commission, sees them as they go, recognizes Syra as the woman who had picked up Selenium, and follows them. Alcestis-marchus enters with Selenium and her mother. Selenium, following her mother's instructions, refuses to listen to his pleas and leaves.

**Gymn.** You old gentlemen generally give one just the nicest little treats.

**Syra** You expect me to give you my word in return? Outrageous! The thing for me to do is always to go ahead and get my terms from men—that's how I make money—not to promise them a thing.

**VI** **• • •** that is, should you give orders according to the resources, according to the small means **• • •**

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Syra
Quin is, si itura es? nimium is vegrandi gradu.

vii
Pol ad cubituram, mater, magis sum exercita
fere quam ad cursuram. eo sum tardiuscula. 380

ix
ceminere officium suom.

x
ita mustulentus ventus nares attigit.

xi
capillo scisso atque excissatis auribus

xii
quae quasi carnificis angiorta purigans 1 384
non quasi nunc haec sunt hic, limaces, lividae,
febriculosae, miserae amicae, osseae,
diobolares, schoeniculae, miraculae,
cum extritis talis, cum todillis crusculis 1 408

Sel.
Molestus es. 449

Alc.
Meae issula sua aedes egent. ad me sine ducam.

Sel.
Aufer manum. 450

Alc.
Germana mea sororcula.

Sel.
Repubdio te fraterculum.

Alc.
Tum tu igitur, mea matercula.

Mel.
Repubdio te 2 puerculum.

Alc.
Opsecro te

Sel.
Valeas.

Alc.
Vt sinas

Sel.
Nil moror.

Alc.
Expurigare me.

1 Leo notes lacuna following.
2 puerculum Leo: fraterculum MSS.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Syra  Why don’t you go if you are going? How you do lounge along!

Gymn.  Goodness me, mother, I’ve had more practice in lying around, I should say, than in running around. That’s why I’m rather slowish.

* * * they remember their duty.

* * * how the breath of new wine came to (my) nostrils.

* * * with torn hair and clipped ears * * *

* * * cleaning these alleys like an executioner’s not the sort you find here nowadays, creatures like slugs, livid, feverish, miserable wenches, all bones, tuppenny, rush-scented ¹ monstrosities with ankles all worn down and shanks the size of a humming bird’s * * *

Sel.  You annoy me.

Alc. (fondly) My house misses its little pet. (trying to draw her toward the door) Let me take her home.

Sel.  Take your hand away! (escapes)

Alc.  My own dear little sister!

Sel.  I refuse to have you for my little brother.

Alc. (pleadingly, to Melaenis) Well then, you—my dear little mother!

Mel.  I refuse to have you for my little boy.

Alc.  I beseech you——

Sel.  Good-bye.

Alc.  —to let me——

Sel.  Not I!

Alc.  —clear myself.

¹ Perfume, of a sort, was made from an aromatic rush.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sel. Sine dicam.
Alc. Satis sapit mihi tuis periuriis.
Mel. *at nunc non potest.*
Alc. Supplicium polliceri volo.
Sel. At mi aps te accipere non libet.
Alc. Em omnia
patior iure infelix.
Sel. Volup est neque tis misereri decet.
quamquam hominem
verba dare
non illa
eos
dabis.
Alc. At ego nec do neque te amittam hodie,
nisi quae volo tecum loqui
das mihi operam.
Mel. Potin ut mihi molestus ne sis?
Alc. Quin id est nomen mihi,
quae mortales vocant molestum.
obserco.
Mel. At frustra obseeras.
Alc. Dabo
ius iurandum.
Mel. At ego nunc ab illo mihi caveo iure iurando tuo;
similest ius iurandum amantium quasi ius confusicium.
Alc. Nescia
Mel. nugas agis.
Alc. Supplicium dabo
quo modo ego

1 Leo notes lacuna here.
2 Leo notes lacuna following.
460
467
470
474
477
148
THE CASKET COMEDY

Sel. * * *
Alc. Let me speak.
Mel. I have had enough of your perjuries. * * * but now it's impossible.
Alc. I want to promise satisfaction.
Sel. But I don't care to take it from you.
Alc. Ah! I'm suffering every torment, and rightly, luckless wretch that I am!
Sel. I'm glad of it, and you don't deserve any pity. Although a man * * * to be deceitful * * * not those things * * * who break agreements * * * them * * *
Sel. * * * you will give. [EXIT Selenium.
Alc. But I will not, nor will I let you go this day, unless you pay attention to what I want to say to you.
Mel. Can't you stop annoying me?
Alc. (despairingly) Upon my word, Annoyance is my very name—every living soul calls me that. * * * I beseech you.
Mel. You beseech in vain, though. * * * because without all * * *
Alc. I'll give my solemn oath. * * *
Mel. But I'm on my guard against that solemn oath of yours now; lovers' solemn oaths are much like solemn hodge-podge.
Alc. Ignorant * * *
Mel. * * * nonsense. * * *
Alc. I'll pay the penalty * * * in the way I * * *

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mel. quia es nactus novam, quae\textsuperscript{1} quaedam quasi tu nescias.\textsuperscript{1} 480

Alc. Di deaeque illam perdant\textsuperscript{2} pariter.\textsuperscript{1} umquam, si hoc fallo.

Mel. Nil moror\textsuperscript{1} falsum fallis, eo te\textsuperscript{1} ignorat fides. postremo, si mihi dedisses verba, deis numquam
dares.

Alc. Quin equidem illam ducam uxorem.

Mel. Ducas, si\textsuperscript{1} nunc hoc si tibi commodumst, quae\textsuperscript{1}

Alc. Instruxi illi aurum atque vestem.

Mel.\textsuperscript{1} siquidem amabas,\textsuperscript{1} illi instrui.

Mel.\textsuperscript{1} sed sino, iam hoc mihi responde quod ego te

ingravero:

Mel.\textsuperscript{1} instruxisti\textsuperscript{1} tibi ita ut voluisti\textsuperscript{1}

Alc. quod volo.

Il. 1,16

Mel. Eo facetu's quia tibi alicet sponsa locuples Lemnia. habeas. neque nos factione tantum quanta tu sumus
neque opes nostrae tam sunt validae quam tuae; verum tamen

Mel. hau metuo ne ius iurandum nostrum quisquam
culpit et

tu iam, si quid tibi dolebit, scies qua doleat gratia.

Alc. Di me perdant—

Mel. Quodcumque optes, tibi velim contingere.

Alc. Si illam uxorem duxero umquam, mihi quam
despondit pater.

Mel. Et me, si umquam tibi uxorem siliam dedero meam.

Alc. Patierin me perierare?

\textsuperscript{1} Leo notes lacuna following.

\textsuperscript{2} Corrupt (Leo): pariliter Schoell.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Mel. * * * because you have come upon a new girl, who * * * a certain girl, as if you didn't know. * * *

Alc. May all the powers above consume her likewise! * * * ever, if I prove false in this.

Mel. I want none * * * you are false, false, so you * * * faith does not know. In short, if you had fooled me, you would never be fooling the gods.

Alc. But upon my soul, I will marry her.

Mel. You would marry, if * * * now if this suits you, the one that * * *

Alc. I fitted her out with jewellery and clothes.

Mel. * * * that is, if you were in love * * * her to be fitted out. But never mind. Now answer me this question I'm going to ask: you have fitted out * * * to you just as you wished * * *

Alc. * * * what I wish.

Mel. What makes you so smart is your engagement to another girl, the rich Lemnian. Take her! We aren't people of importance like you, and we aren't blessed with your money; but just the same I have no fear of anyone finding fault with the way we keep our solemn promises. As for you now, if you suffer at all, you'll know why you suffer.

Alc. (earnestly) Heaven's curse on me——

Mel. (with chill vigour) God grant your every prayer!

Alc. —if I ever marry that girl to whom my father engaged me.

Mel. And on me, if I ever let you marry my daughter.

Alc. You'll let me perjure myself?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mel. Pol te aliquanto facilius, quam me meamque rem perire et ludificari filiam. alibi quaere ubi iuri iurando tuo satis sit subsidi: hic apud nos iam, Alcesimarche, confregisti tesseram.

A lc. Face semel periculum.
Mel. Feci saepe, quod factum queror.
A lc. Redde mi illam.
Mel. Inter novam rem verbum usurpabo vetus: quod dedi datum non vellem, quod relicuomst non dabo.

A lc. Non remissura es mihi illam?
Mel. Pro me responsas tibi.
A lc. Non remittes?
Mel. Scis iam dudum omnem meam sententiam.
A lc. Satin istuc tibi in corde certumst?
Mel. Quin ego commentor quidem.
A lc. Non edepol ego istaec tua dicta nunc in auris recipio.

A lc. At ita me di deaeque, superi atque inferi et medioxumi, itaque me Iuno regina et Iovis suprmi filia itaque me Saturnus eius patruos—

Mel. Ecastor pater.
A lc. Itaque me Ops opulenta illius avia—
Mel. Immo mater quidem.
A lc. Iuno filia et Saturnus patruos et summus Iuppiter— tu me delenis, propter te haec pecco.

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THE CASKET COMEDY

Mel. Indeed I will let you, rather more readily than let myself and my prospects go to perdition and let my daughter be made a fool of. Look elsewhere for someone to set store by your solemn promises. As for friendship with us now, Alcesimarchus, you have torn up your title to it.

Alc. Test me just once.

Mel. I have tested you often, to my sorrow.

Alc. Do give her back to me.

Mel. To apply the old proverb to a new situation: "I regret what I gave; what is left I shall keep."

Alc. (plaintively) You're not going to send her back to me?

Mel. (mockingly) You answer yourself for me.

Alc. You won't send her back?

Mel. You already know my entire intention.

Alc. (despairingly) That's really firmly fixed in your mind?

Mel. (flippantly) Well, I am repeating it times enough, at any rate.

Alc. (indignant) Good heavens! I lend no ears to those quips of yours now!

Mel. (dryly) No? Hm! What are you doing, then? Pay attention now, so as to know what you are to do.

Alc. (wildly) Now so may all the gods and goddesses, of Heaven, of Hell, and of in between, so may Juno the queen and the daughter of almighty Jove, so may Saturn, his uncle——

Mel. (calmly) Mercy no, his father.

Alc. — so may Ops the opulent, his grandmother——

Mel. No, no, his mother, you mean.

Alc. — so may Juno, his daughter, and Saturn, his uncle, and Jupiter on high—(piteously) it's you, you're bewitching me, it's your fault that I make these mistakes!

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mel. Perge dicere.

Alc. Anne etiam, ut quid consultura sis sciam, pergis eloqui?

Mel. Non remittam. definitumst.

Alc. Enim vero ita me Iuppiter itaque me Iuno itaque Ianus ita—quid dicam nescio.

iam scio. immo, mulier, audi, meam ut scias sententiam.

di me omnes, magni minuti, et etiam patellarii faxint, ne ego dem vivae vivos savium Selenio, nisi ego teque tuamque filiam meque hodie obtruncavero,

poste autem cum primo luci cras nisi ambo occidero,
et equidem hercle nisi pedatu tertio omnis effixero,
nisi tu illam remittis ad me. dixi quae volui. vale.

Mel. Abiit intro iratus. quid ego nunc agam? si re-dierit
illa ad hunc, ibidem loci res erit; ubi odium occeperit,
illam extrudet, tum hanc uxorem Lemniam ducet domum.

sed tamen ibo et persequer. amens ne quid faciat, cauto opust.

postremo, quando aque lege pauperi cum divite non licet, perdam operam potius quam carebo filia.
sed quis hic est qui recta platea cursum huc contendit suom?
et illud paveo et hoc formido, ita tota sum misera in metu.

1 Corrupt (Leo): filiam (aeque) Schoell.
2 Corrupt (Leo): effixero omnis tertio Leo.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Mel. (contemptuously) Proceed, proceed.

Alc. And aren't you going to proceed—to let me know your verdict once more?

Mel. I will not send her back. That is final.

Alc. (wildly again) Now upon my soul, so may Jupiter, so may Juno, so may Janus, so may—(pausing vacuously) I don't know what I want to say. (reanimated, as Melaenis turns to go) Now I know! Yes, yes, listen, woman, so that you may know my intentions. (impressively tragic) May all the gods, great gods, small gods, and platter\(^1\) gods, too, prevent my kissing Selenium so long as she and I exist, unless I butcher you and your daughter and my own self this very day—and then to-morrow at early dawn murder you both—yes, by heaven, and at my third assault exterminate your whole household—unless you send her back to me! I have spoken! Farewell! (rushes into house)

Mel. (looking after him, somewhat concerned) Gone inside, in a rage! What shall I do now? If the girl goes back to him, we'll be in the same situation as before; once he begins to tire of her, he'll pack her off, and then marry this Lemnian woman. However, I'll go and follow him up. I must take care he doesn't do anything while he's mad. And finally, seeing that the law for rich and poor is not the same, I'll waste my time rather than lose my daughter. (looking down the street) But who's this running straight up the street here at full tilt? (steps hastily into Alcesimarchus's doorway) I'm afraid of one thing, and frightened at this other! Oh dear me, I'm scared through and through!

\(^1\) The Lares.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

II. 2.

Lamp. Anum sectatus sum clamore per vias, miserrumam habui. ut illaeque modis moderatrix linguae fuit atque immemorabilis. quot illi blanditias, quid illi promisi boni, quot admoenivi fabricas, quot fallacias in quaestione. vix exculpsi ut diceret, quia ei promisi dolium vini dare.

II. 3.

Phan. Audire vocem visa sum ante aedem modo mei Lampadisici servi.

Lamp. Non surda es, era: recte audivisti.

Phan. Quid agis hic?

Lamp. Quod gaudeas.

Phan. Quid id est?

Lamp. Hinc ex hisce aedibus paulo prius vidi exeunte mulierem.

Phan. Iam quae meam gnata sustulerat?

Lamp. Rem tenes.

Phan. Quid postea?

Lamp. Dico ei, quo pacto eam ab hippodromo viderim erilem nostram filiam sustollerem. extimuit tum illa.

Mel. Iam horret corpus, cor salit. nam mihi ab hippodromo memini adferri parvolum puellam eamque me mihi supponere.

Phan. Age perge, quaeo. animus audire expetit ut gesta res sit.

Mel. Vtinam audire non queas.¹

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

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Scene 2. ENTER Lampadio ON THE RUN.

Lamp. (highly pleased with himself) I followed the old hag through the streets with hue and cry! oh, how I worried her! And how she did check herself and refuse to speak! How I wheedled her! What rewards I promised her! The ruses and tricks I tried, pumping her! I just did manage to pry her tongue loose by promising her a tun of wine.

Scene 3. ENTER Phanostrata INTO DOORWAY.

Phan. I thought I heard the voice of my good servant Lampadio in front of the house just now.

Lamp. You’re not deaf, ma’am: you heard rightly.

Phan. What are you doing here?

Lamp. Something to cheer you up,

Phan. What is it?

Lamp. (importantly) A little while ago, as she was leaving the house here, (pointing to house of Alcesimarchus) I saw a woman.

Phan. (excited) The one that picked up my child?

Lamp. You’ve hit it.

Phan. What then?

Lamp. I told her how I saw her pick up my mistress’s daughter there at the hippodrome. That scared her!

Mel. (aside) Oh, I’m all of a tremble! My heart’s jumping up and down! Why, I remember it was from the hippodrome the little girl was brought to me and I passed her off as my own.

Phan. Come, come, go on, I beg you! I’m burning to hear what happened!

Mel. (aside) How I wish you couldn’t hear!

Part of the scene is lost. Lampadio tells of meeting Gymnasium, whom he at first mistakes for Selenium.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lamp. Pergo illam onerare dictis: "illaec ted anus fortunis ex secundis ad miseris vocat. nam illaec tibi nutrix est, ne matrem censeas. ego te reduco et revoco ad summas ditias, ubi tu locere in luculentam familiam, unde tibi talenta magna viginti pater det dotis; non enim hic, ubi ex Tusco modo tute tibi indigne dotem quaeras corpore."

Phan. An, amabo, meretrix illa est quae illam sustulit?

Lamp. Immo¹ fuit; sed ut sit de ea re, eloquar. iam perduecebam illam ad me suadela mea, anus ei amplexa est genua, plorans, obsecrans, ne deserat se. eam suam esse filiam, seque eam peperisse sancte adiurabat mihi. "istanc quam quaeris," inquit, "ego amicae meae dedi, quae educaret eam pro filiola sua; et vivit," inquit. "ubi ea est?" inquam extempulo.

Phan. Servate di med obsecro.

Mel. At me perditis.

Phan. Quoi illam dedisset exquisisse oportuit.

Lamp. Quaesivi, et dixit meretrici Melaenidi.

Mel. Meum elocutust nomen, interii oppido.

Lamp. Vbi elocuta est, ego continuo² interrogo:
"ubi habitat?" inquam "duc ac demonstra mihi."
"avecta est" inquit "peregre hinc habitatum."

¹ Leo brackets following meretrix.
² Leo brackets following anum.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Lamp. I go on cramming her full: "That old hag's inviting you from grandeur to misery," says I. "Why, she's only your nurse; don't take her for your mother. As for me, I'm taking and inviting you back to boundless wealth, to a place in a splendid family, to a father that'll give you a four thousand pound dowry. And that's certainly not the case here, where you'd have to earn your own dowry in vile Tuscan fashion by selling yourself."

Phan. (horrified) What? my dear man! Is the woman that picked her up a prostitute?

Lamp. No, but she was. But I'll tell you the whole story. I was just winning the girl over by my persuasiveness when the old woman hugged her knees, blubbering and beseeching her not to desert her. She gave me her solemn oath that the girl was her own daughter, that she herself had given birth to her. "The girl you're looking for I gave to a friend of mine," says she, "to bring up as her own little daughter. And she's alive," says she. "Where is this woman?" says I, at once.

Phan. (much agitated) Oh, God save me, God save me!

Mel. (aside, sourly) But you're destroying me, God!

Phan. You should have inquired to whom she gave her.

Lamp. So I did, and she said, "To Melaenis, a courtisan."

Mel. (aside) He's let out my name! It's all over with me, absolutely!

Lamp. As soon as she let this out, I questioned her. "Where does she live?" says I. "Come on and show me." "She's gone abroad to live," says she.

1 In Lydia, thought to be the original home of the Tuscans, this was said to be the practice (cf. Herodotus i. 93). The Tuscan quarter in Rome was in bad repute.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mel. aculum.

Lamp. "Quo avecta est, eo sequemur. sicine agis nugas? periisti hercle, ni mihi dixeris ubi habitet nunc?" non hercle hoc longe destiti instare, usque adeo donec se adiurat anus iam mihi monstrare.

Phan. At non missam opportuit.

Lamp. Servatur. sed illaeque quandam aibat mulierem suam bene volentem convenire etiam prius, commune quam id esset sibi negotium. et scio venturam.

Mel. Me indicabit, et suas ad meas miserias alias adiunget mala Seleniumque fraudis faciet consciam.

Phan. Quid nunc vis facere me?

Lamp. Intro abi atque animo bono es. vir tuos si veniet, iube domi opperirier, ne in quaestione mihi sit, si quid eum velim. ego ad anum recurro rursum.

Phan. Lampadio, obsecro, cura.

Lamp. Perfectum ego hoc dabo negotium.

Phan. Deos teque spero.

Lamp. Eosdem ego, uti abeas domum.

Mel. Adulescens, asta atque audi.

Lamp. Men, mulier, vocas?

Mel. Te.

Lamp. Quid negoti est? nam occupatus sum ampliter.

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1 "ni (mihi dixeris ubi habitet nunc.) non hercle" Schoell: not in MSS.

2 "alias (adiunget mala Seleniumque fraudis) faciet consciam" Schoell: alias faciem consciam MSS.

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Mel. (reviving) Ah, that’s as good as a dash of cold water!

Lamp. “Wherever she’s gone, we’ll follow her,” says I. “Trying that sort of nonsense, are you? It will be a sad day for you, if you don’t tell me where she lives this moment.” And by gad, I didn’t give her the least bit of rest, no ma’am, till the old hag swore she’d show me this Melaenis right soon.

Phan. But you ought not to have let her go.
Lamp. She’s being watched. But she said she wanted to see a certain woman first, a friend of hers that had an interest in the matter, too. And I know she’ll come.

Mel. (aside) She’ll tell on me, and add her own troubles to mine, the wretch, and let Selenium know how I deceived her.

Phan. What do you want me to do now?
Lamp. Go inside and keep your spirits up, ma’am. If your husband comes, tell him to wait at home, so that I shan’t have to hunt him up in case I want him for anything. I’ll hurry back to the old woman again, myself.

Phan. Do, do, take pains with this, Lampadio.
Lamp. (with aplomb) I will, I’ll carry the thing through for you.

Phan. (turning to go) My hope is in you and in the gods.
Lamp. And mine is in the same powers—(in lower tone) that you’ll be off home.

[EXIT Phanostrata INTO HOUSE.

Mel. (stepping out of doorway as Lampadio is about to go) Young man! Stop! Listen!
Lamp. (supercilious) Is it me you are calling, woman?
Mel. Yes, you.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mel. Quis istic habitat?
Lamp. Demipho dominus meus.
Mel. Nempe istic est, qui Alcesimarcho filiam suam despondit in divitias maxumas?
Lamp. Is ipsust.
Mel. Eho tu, quam vos igitur filiam nunc quaeritatis alteram?
Lamp. Ego dicam tibi: non ex uxore natam uxoris filiam.
Mel. Quid istic est verbi?
Lamp. Ex priore muliere nata, inquam, meo ero est filia.
Mel. Certe modo huius, quae locuta est, quaequire aibas filiam.
Lamp. Huius ergo quaero.
Mel. Quo modo igitur, obsesco, haec est prior, quae nupta nunc est?
Lamp. Conteris tua me oratione, mulier, quisquis es.
medioxumam quam duxit uxorem, ex ea nata est haec virgo, Alcesimarcho quae datur.
ea uxor diem obiit. iam scis?
Mel. Teneo istic satis.
Lamp. Prius hanc compressit quam uxorem duxit domum, prius gravida facta est priusque peperit filiam; eam postquam peperit, iussit parvam proici. ego eam proieci, alia mulier sustulit, ego inspectavi. erus hanc duxit postibi.
eam nunc puellam filiam eius quaerimus. quid nunc supina susum in caelum conspicis?
THE CASKET COMEDY

**Mel.** Who lives there? (pointing to the house Phanostrata had entered)

**Lamp.** Demipho, my master.

**Mel.** You mean the Demipho that's arranged such a fine match for his daughter with Alcesimarchus?

**Lamp.** The very one. (moves away again)

**Mel.** Hey, you! Then who's this other daughter you folks are looking for now?

**Lamp.** (nonchalantly) I'll tell you: she wasn't born of his wife; she's his wife's daughter.

**Mel.** Eh? What's that?

**Lamp.** She's my master's daughter by a former woman, I say.

**Mel.** Surely you just now said you were looking for the daughter of the woman that was talking here.

**Lamp.** Well, so I am.

**Mel.** Then for heaven's sake, how is she a former woman when she's his present wife?

**Lamp.** You wear me out with your prating, woman, whoever you are. The in-between wife he had—it's her daughter that is engaged to Alcesimarchus. This wife passed away. D'ye see the point now?

**Mel.** I see that all right. But I'm asking about the point I founder on—how is the former one the later one, and the later one the former?

**Lamp.** He wronged her before he married her; she was got with child before, and bore a daughter before; and after she bore it she ordered the baby to be abandoned. I abandoned it myself; a woman picked it up; I watched her. Later on my master married this former woman. Now we're looking for her daughter, the aforesaid girl. Why are you bent backwards staring up at the sky?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mel. Ei nunciam istuc quo properabas, nil moror. nunc intellexi.

Lamp. Dis hercle habeo gratiam, nam ni intellexes, numquam, credo, amitteres.

Mel. Nunc mihi bonae necessumst esse ingratiss, quamquam esse nolo. rem palam esse intellecto. nunc egomet potius hanc inibo gratiam ab illis, quam illae in me indicet. ibo domum, atque ad parentes redducam Selenium. 630.

ACTVS III

Mel. Rem elocuta sum tibi omnem; sequere hac me, Selenium, ut eorum quoiam esse oportet te sis potius quam mea. quamquam invita te carebo, animum ego inducam tamen ut illud quem ad modum tuam in rem bene conducat consulam. nam hic crepundia insunt, quibuscum te illa olim ad me detulit, quae mihi dedit, parentes te ut cognoscant facilius. accipe hanc cistellam, Halisca. agedum pulta illas fores. dic me orare ut aliquis intus prodeat propere ocius.

Alc. Recipe me ad te, Mors, amicum et benevolum. 164
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Mel. (coming out of her abstraction) Go along now where you were hurrying. I'm not keeping you. Now I understand.

Lamp. Well, thank God for that! Otherwise I do believe you'd never have let me go. [Exit.

Mel. Now I've got to be a good woman, willy nilly, no matter if I don't want to be. Everything's out, I see that. Now I'll just let them give me the credit for this, rather than let her tell on me. I'll go home and bring Selenium back to her family. [Exit.

ACT III

(An hour has elapsed)

ENTER Melaenis, Selenium, and Halisca.

Mel. (to Selenium) I've told you the whole story. (going toward Demipho's house) Come, Selenium, this way —so as to be the daughter of those who ought to have you, instead of mine. (unctuously) I hate to lose you, but just the same I'll persuade myself to take this step in such a way as to benefit you. (producing a little casket) Now in here are the toys you had when that woman brought you to me years ago. She gave them to me so as to make it easier for your parents to recognize you. (handing the casket to the maid) Halisca, take this casket. Come now, knock at the door (pointing to Demipho's house) there. Say I'm anxious for someone to hurry out here at once.

ENTER Alcesimarchus, sword in hand, from his house.

Alc. (tragically, apparently not seeing the women) Take me, Death, take me to thyself, a friend that loves thee well!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sel. Mater mea, 639, 640

periimus miserae.

Alc. Vtrum hac me feriam an ab laeva latus?

Mel. Quid tibi est?

Sel. Alcesimarchum non vides? ferrum tenet.


Sel. Amabo, accurrite, ne se interemat.

Alc. O Salute mea salus salubrior,
tu nunc, si ego volo seu nolo, sola me ut vivam facis.

Mel. Haud voluisti istuc severum facere.

Alc. Nil mecum tibi, mortuos tibi sum; hanc ut habeo oertum est non amittere;

nam hercle iam ad me adglutinandam totam decretum est dare.

ubi estis, servi? occludite aedes pessulis, repagulis ilico. hanc ego tetulero intra limen.

Mel. Abiit, abstulit 650 mulierem. ibo, persequar iam illum intro, ut haec ex me sciat
eadem, si possum tranquillum facere ex irato mihi.

ACTVS IV

Lamp. Nullam ego me vidisse credo magis anum excrucibilem

quam illaec est, quae dudum fassa est mihi quaene insfitias eat.

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Sel. (seeing him) Mother dear! Oh, this is dreadful!

Alc. (testing the point of his sword on his breast) On this side, or on the left—where shall I deal the blow?

Mel. (to Selenium) What ails you?

Sel. (pointing) Alcesimarchus! Don't you see him? With a sword!

Alc. (in self-reproof) Art in earnest? Laggard! Leave the light of day!

Sel. (to Melaenis and Halisca) Run, save him, I beg you, or he'll destroy himself! (all three dash toward him, Halisca dropping the casket)

Alc. (to Selenium, who clings to him) Oh my salvation, sweeter than Salvation's self! Thou, thou alone, dost make me live, whether I would or no!

Mel. (suspiciously) You never meant to do anything so violent.

Alc. (to Melaenis, stormily) I have naught with thee! For thee I am dead! I have this girl, never more to let her go! For, by the Lord, I vow I'll make her mine this moment, all mine, indissolubly mine! (calling at door) Slaves, where are you? Shut the doors, bar them, bolt them this instant! I'll bear her within my portals! [EXIT CARRYING Selenium.

Mel. He's gone! He's carried off the girl! I'll go in, I'll follow him up this minute, and be the one to tell him all I told her and see if I can't put him in a better temper with me.

[EXEUNT Melaenis and Halisca into house.

ACT IV

ENTER Lampadio looking sour.

Lamp. (vehemently) I never did see a more hangable old hag than she is, I do believe! Why, she denies what she just now confessed, eh?

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed eccam eram video. sed quid hoc est, haec quod cistella hic iacet
cum crepundiis? nec quemquam conspicor alium in via.
faciundum est puerile officium: conquiniscam ad cistulam.

Phan. Quid agis, Lampadio?
Lamp. Haec cistella numnam hinc ab nobis domo est?
nam hinc ab ostio iacentem sustuli.
Phan. Quid nuntias super anu?
Lamp. Sceilistorem in terra nullam esse alteram. omnia inputatur ea quae dudum confessa est mihi. nam hercle ego quam illam anum iniridere me ut sinam, satiust mihi quovis exito interire.
Phan. Di, obsecro vostram fidem.
Lamp. Quid deos obsebras?
Phan. Servate nos.
Lamp. Quid est?
Phan. Crepundia
haec sunt, quibuscum tu extulisti nostram filiolam ad necem.
Lamp. Sanane es?
Phan. Haec sunt profecto.
Lamp. Pergin?
Phan. Haec sunt.
Lamp. Si mihi alia mulier istoc pacto dicat, dicam esse ebrium.
Phan. Non ecastor falsa memoro.
Lamp. Nam, obsecro, unde haec gentium? aut quis deus obiecit hanc ante ostium nostrum, quasi dedita opera, in tempore ipso?
Phan. Spes mihi sancta subveni.
THE CASKET COMEDY

ENTER Phanostrata into her doorway.
Aha, though! there's the mistress. (seeing the casket) But what does this mean? A little casket lying here—with toys? (looking about warily) No one else in the street, apparently. I must play the boy's part now. I'll use the chest to squat on.

Phan. What are you doing, Lampadio?
Lamp. This casket—can it have come from our house? It was lying here by the door when I picked it up.
Phan. What is your news about the old woman?
Lamp. (dissatisfiedly) That there's not a worse reprobate on the face of the earth. She denies everything she owned up to a little while ago. Now, by gad, sooner than let that old hag give me the laugh, I'd die any death you please!
Phan. (glancing at the toys) God be merciful! (seizes the casket and excitedly examines the contents)
Lamp. What's that appeal for?
Phan. Heaven preserve us!
Lamp. What's the matter?
Phan. These are the toys my little girl had with her when you left her to die.
Lamp. Are you crazy?
Phan. (continuing her examination) They're certainly the ones!
Lamp. Crazy still, eh?
Phan. They are!
Lamp. If any other lady talked that way to me, ma'am, I should say she was drunk.
Phan. What I say is true, I swear it is!
Lamp. Now where in the world did it come from, for heaven's sake? D'ye think some god tossed it in front of our door, on purpose, right in the nick of time?
Phan. Oh, heavenly Hope, do help me!

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

IV. 2.

*Hal.* Nisi quid mi opis di dant, disperii, neque unde auxilium expetam habeo.
itaque\(^1\) petulantia mea me animi miseram habet.
quae in tergum meum ne veniant, male formido,
si era mea me sciat tam socordem esse quam sum.
quamne in manibus tenui atque accepi hic ante aedis
cistellam, ubi ea sit nescio, nisi ut opinor loca haecc circiter excidit mihi.

mei homines, mei spectatores, facite indicium, si quis vidit,
quis eam abstulerit quisve sustulerit et utrum hac an illac iter institerit.
non sum scitor, quae hos rogem aut quae fatigem,
qui semper malo muliebri sunt lubentes.
nunc vestigia hic si qua sunt noscitabo.

nam si nemo hac praeter iit, postquam intro abii,
cistella hic iaceret. quid hic? perii, opinor.
actum est, ilicet me infeliciem et scelestam.
nulla est, neque ego sum usquam. perdita

perdidit me.

sed pergam ut coepi tamen, quaeeritabo.
nam et intus paveo et foris formido,
ita nunc utrubique metus me agitat.

ita sunt homines misere miseri.
ille nunc laetus est, quisquis est, qui illam habet,

\(^1\) Corrupt (Leo) : (et) petulantia Schoell.

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THE CASKET COMEDY

Scene 2. ENTER Halisca badly frightened, from house of Alcesimarchus.

Hal. If heaven doesn't rescue me, I'm dead and done for, with not a soul to look to for aid! Oh, how miserable my own heedlessness makes me! Oh! how I dread what will happen to my back, if my mistress finds out I've been so negligent! (thinking) Surely I had that little casket in my hands and received it from her here in front of the house—and where it is now I don't know, unless I dropped it somewhere about here, as I suspect. (to audience) Dear gentlemen, dear spectators, do tell me if anyone of you saw him, the man who carried it off or who picked it up. Did he go (pointing) this way, or that? (pauses, then indignantly) I'm none the wiser for asking or pestering them—the creatures always enjoy seeing a woman in trouble! Now I'll (scans the ground) examine the footprints here, in case I can find any. For if no one passed by after I went inside, the casket would be lying here. (looking about again, then hopelessly) What am I to do? I'm done for, I fancy! It's all over, my day has come, unlucky, fated wretch that I am! Not a trace of it, and there won't be a trace left of me, either! It's lost, and so I'm lost, too! But I won't give up, though; I'll keep on looking. Oh, my heart's in a flutter and my back's in a fright—fear on both sides driving me frantic! What poor, poor things human beings are! Now he's happy, whoever he is, that has
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quae neque illa illi quicquam
usui et mi exitio est.
sed memet moror, quom hoc ago setius.
Halisca, hoc age, ad terram aspice et
despice,
oculis investiges, astute augura.

Lamp. Era.
Phan. Hem quid est?
Lamp. Haec est.
Phan. Quis est?
Lamp. Quoi haec excidit cistella.
Phan. Certe est, eum locum signat, ubi ea excidit, appareth.
Hal. Sed is hac iit, hac socci video
vestigium in pulvere, persequer hac.
in hoc iam loco cum altero constitit. hic
meis turba oculis modo se obiecit.
neque prorsum iit hac; hic stetit, hinc illo
exiit. hic concilium fuit.
ad duos attinet, liquidumst. attat,
singulum video vestigium.

sed is hac abiiit. contemplabor. hinc huc iit, hinc
nusquam abiiit.
actam rem ago. quod periiit, periiit, meum corium
cum cistella.
redeo intro.

Phan. Mulier, mane. sunt qui volunt te conventam.
Hal. Quis me revocat?
Lamp. Bona femina et malus masculus volunt te.
Hal. postremo ille

1 Leo notes lacuna here: *bona femina et malu' masculus
volunt me* Lindsay.

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THE CASKET COMEDY

it—something that's no use to him and the death of me! But I'm delaying myself by not setting to work. To work, Halisca! Eyes on the ground, eyes down! Track it—sharp now—like an augur! (looks for footprints, her nose close to the ground)

Lamp. (aside to Phanostrata) Mistress!
Phan. Well? What is it?
Lamp. She's the one!
Phan. What one?
Lamp. That dropped the casket.
Phan. She certainly is. She's marking the place where she dropped it. It's plain enough.
Hal. But he went this way . . . here's the mark of a shoe in the dust . . . I'll follow it up this way! Now here's where he stopped with someone else . . . Here's the scene of the fracas\(^1\) I saw a moment ago . . . No, he didn't go on this way . . . he stood here . . . from here he went over there . . . A consultation was held here . . . There are two people concerned, that's clear as day . . . Aha! Just one person's tracks! . . . He went this way, though . . . I'll investigate . . . From here he went over here . . . from here he went—(after an energetic and futile search) nowhere! (with very resignation) It's no use. What's lost is lost—the casket and my cuticle together. I'm going back inside. (approaches Alcesimarchus's door)

Phan. Wait, my girl. Some people wish to see you.
Hal. (indifferently) Who's calling me back?
Lamp. A good woman and a bad man want you.
Hal. (aside) Oh well, the man calling knows more

\(^1\) Referring to lines 740 seq.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

plus qui vocat scit quod velit, quam ego quae vocor. revortor. 1

Lamp. Quid quaeritabas?
Hal. Mi homo et mea mulier, vos saluto.
Phan. Et nos te. sed quid quaeritas?
Hal. Vestigium hic requiro, qua auffugit quaedam 2 aestio 2
Lamp. Quid id? quid nam est?
Hal. Alienum 3 concinnat malum et maerorem familarem.
Lamp. Mala mers, era, haec et callida est.
Phan. Ecastor ita videtur.

1 Leo brackets following vv., 708–722, as dittography of vv. 723–741:

equem vidisti + quaerere hic, amabo, in hac regione
cistellam cum crepundiis, quam ego hic amisi misera?
nam dudum ut accucurrimus ad Alcesimarchum, ne se
vita interemeret, tum eam mihi opinor excidisse.

Lamp. Cistellam haec mulier perdidit. taceamus, era, parumper.
Hal. Disperii misera. quid ego erae dicam? quae me opere tanto
servare iussit, qui suos Selenium parentes
facilissim posset noscere, quae erae [meae] supposita est parva,
quam quaedam meretrix ei dedit.

Lamp. Nostram haec rem fabulatur,
hanc scire oportet, filia tua ubi sit, signa ut dicit.
Hal. Nunc eam voli suae matri et patri, quibus nata est, reddere
ultero.
mi homo, obscurro, alias res geris, ego tibi meas res mando.
Lamp. Istuc ago, atque istic mihi cibus est, quod fabulare,
 sed inter rem agendam istam erae huic respondi quod
rogabat.
nunc ad te redeo: si quid est opus, dic, impetratumst.

2 Leo notes lacuna following: (ac pluribus m)aestit(iam
dat) Leo.

3 Alienum (concinnat malum) Leo and Schoell: not in MSS.

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THE CASKET COMEDY

about his wants than the woman called does. Back I go.¹

*Lamp.* What were you looking for?

*Hal.* Good day to you, my dear sir, and to you, ma'am.

*Phan.* And to you. But what are you looking for?

*Hal.* I'm trying to find where a certain article has disappeared.

*Lamp.* What is it? What on earth is it?

*Hal.* It will bring trouble to other folks and tribulation to us.

*Lamp.* (to Phanostrata) She's a bad piece of goods, ma'am; she's a wily one.

*Phan.* Yes indeed, so it seems.

¹ Vv. 708–722:

*Hal.* Tell me, sir, have you seen anyone looking round about here for a little casket with toys in it, that I lost here, poor wretch that I am? You see, just a few moments ago, when we ran up to Alcesimarchus so as to keep him from committing suicide, I think I dropped it.

*Lamp.* (aside to Phanostrata) She's the one that lost it. Let's keep mum a minute, ma'am.

*Hal.* Oh dear, I'm dead and done for! What shall I say to mistress? She told me to guard it ever so carefully, so that her parents could be recognized more easily by Selenium. She was palmed off as mistress's daughter when she was only a little thing, given to her by a courtesan!

*Lamp.* (aside to Phanostrata) It's our affair she's babbling about, ma'am. She must know where your daughter is, judging from the indications she gives.

*Hal.* And now of her own accord she wants to return her to the mother and father she belongs to. (impatiently) Now, now, my dear man, you seem to have other business to attend to, and here I am putting mine into your hands!

*Lamp.* It's yours I am attending to; yes, and your story's meat and drink to me. But during the course of that business of yours, I answered a question of mistress's here. Now I return to you again: if you want anything, name it; it's granted you.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lamp. Imitatur nequam bestiam et damnificam.
Phan. Quamnam, amabo?
Lamp. Involvolum, quae in pampini folio intorta implicat se.
itidem haec exorditur sibi intortam orationem. quid quaeritas?

Hal. Cistellula hinc mi, adulescens, evolavit.
Lamp. In caveam latam oportuit.
Hal. Non edepol praeda magna.
Lamp. Mirum quin grex venalium in cistella infuerit una.
Phan. Sine dicat.
Lamp. Si dicat quidem.
Phan. Age loquere quid ibi infuerit.
Hal. Crepundia una.
Lamp. Est quidam homo, qui illam ait se scire ubi sit.
Hal. At pol ille a quadam muliere, si eam monstret, gratiam ineat.
Lamp. At sibi ille quidam volt dari mercedem.
Hal. At pol illa quaedam, quae illam cistellam perdidit, quidam negat esse quod det.
Lamp. At enim ille quidam operam bonam magis expetit quam argentum.
Hal. At pol illi quidam mulieri nulla opera gratuita est.
Phan. Commodule quaedam. tu tibi nunc prodes. confitemur
 cistellam habere.
Hal. At vos Salus servassit. ubi ea nunc est?
Phan. Salvam eccam. sed ego rem meam magnum con-
fabulari

1 Leo brackets following tu.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Lamp. It's a mischievous, pestiferous animal she's imitating.

Phan. Mercy me, what one?

Lamp. The caterpillar, that twists round and twines itself up in young vine leaves, ma'am. That's the same sort of twisting twaddle she's begun on. (to Halisca) What are you looking for?

Hal. A little casket flew out of my hands here, sir.

Lamp. You ought to have caged it.

Hal. Goodness me, it was no great prize!

Lamp. (very sarcastic) Odd there wasn't a gang of slaves in one casket.

Phan. Let her speak.

Lamp. Yes, if she only would.

Phan. Come, come, tell us what was in it.

Hal. Nothing but toys.

Lamp. There's a certain man who says he knows where it is.

Hal. Well, goodness me, there's a certain woman who would be grateful to him, if he'd show it to her.

Lamp. Well, that certain man wants a reward given him.

Hal. Well, goodness me, that certain woman who lost the casket says she hasn't anything to give the certain man.

Lamp. Well, you see, that certain man is keener for a kind favour than for money.

Hal. Well, goodness me, in the case of that certain woman, no favour is done gratis.

Phan. (dryly) Nice of the certain woman! You are doing yourself a good turn this time. We admit we have the casket.

Hal. Well, Salvation save you both! Where is it now?

Phan. (showing it) Safe! See! But I want to have a talk with you on a matter of great importance.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

tecum volo. sociam te mihi adopto ad meam salutem.

Hal. Quid istuc negoti est? aut quis es?
Phan. Ego sum illius mater, quae haec gestavit.

Hal. Hicine tu ergo habitas?
Phan. Hariolare.

sed quaeso, ambages, mulier, mitte atque hoc age. eloquere, unde haec sunt tibi, cito, crepundia.

Hal. Mea haec erilis gestavit filia.
Lamp. Mentiris, nam mea gestavit, non tua.
Phan. Ne obloquerre.

Lamp. Taceo.
Phan. Mulier, perge dicere.

ubi ea est, quae gestavit?

Hal. Hic in proximo.
Phan. Istic quidem edepol mei viri habitat gener.¹ ne obloquerre rusus. perge porro dicere. quot annos nata dicitur?

Hal. Septemdecim.
Phan. Mea est.

Lamp. East, ut² numerus annorum attulit.

Lamp. At⁴ pol ego, quoniam tres sunt, quaero tertiam.
Phan. Quod quaeritabam, filiam inveni meam.

Hal. Aequom est reponi per fidem quod creditum est, ne bene merenti sit malo benignitas. nostra haec alumna est, tua profecto filia:¹ et redditura est tuam tibi, et ea gratia

¹ Leo assumes lacuna following.
² ut (n)umerus Camerarius.
³ qua(r)vi partem dimidiam Schoell.
⁴ pol(ego), quoniam tres Schoell.
THE CASKET COMEDY

to me. I make you my partner in securing my salvation.

* * * and mistress is just about to give her

Hal. What do you mean by that? Who are you?
Phan. The mother of the girl who had these things (indicating toys) with her.

Hal. You live here, then? (pointing)
Phan. A good guess. But for mercy's sake, girl, do drop your digressions and keep to the point. Quick, tell me where you got those toys.

Hal. My mistress's daughter had them with her.
Lamp. You lie! My mistress's daughter had them, not yours.

Phan. (to Lampadio) Don't interrupt.
Lamp. Never a word, ma'am.
Phan. Go on, girl, go on. Where is the person that had them?

Hal. (pointing to Alcemonarchus's house) Next door here.
Phan. Good heavens! Why, that's where my husband's son-in-law lives. (to Lampadio, who is becoming restive) Don't interrupt again. (to Halisca) Come, go on, go on! How old is she said to be?

Hal. Seventeen.
Phan. (overjoyed) She is my daughter!
Lamp. So she is, to judge from her age.
Hal. Well? I'm looking for my half of the reward, ma'am.

Lamp. But by gad, ma'am, there are three of us in this, and I'm looking for my third!

Phan. And I've found what I've been looking for—my daughter!

Hal. It's only fair that what was trusted to you in good faith should be returned, ma'am, so as not to make a benefactor suffer for her kindness. She's our foster child, and your daughter sure enough.

N 2
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

domo profecta est. ceterum ex ipsa, obsecro, exquaritote; ego serva sum.

Phan. Aequom postulas.

Hal. Illius ego istanc esse malo gratiam.
    sed istanc cistellam te opsecro ut reddas mihi.

Phan. Quid fit, Lampadio?

Lamp. Quod tuom est teneas tuom.

Phan. At me huius miseret.

Lamp. Sic faciundum censeo:
    da isti cistellam et intro abi cum istac semul.

Phan. Tibi auscultabo. tene tu cistellam tibi,
    abeamus intro. sed quid est nomen tuae dominae?

Hal. Melaenis.

Phan. I prae, iam ego te sequar.

ACTVS V

Dem. Quid hoc negoti est, quod omnes homines fabul
    lantur per vias
    mihi esse filiam inventam? et Lampadionem me
    in foro
    quaesivisse aiunt.

Lamp. Ere, unde is?

Dem. Ex senatu.

Lamp. Gaudeo

    tibi mea opera liberorum esse amplius.

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THE CASKET COMEDY

back to you, and she set out from home for that purpose. For heaven's sake, question her about the rest; I'm only a servant, myself.

Phan. That's a fair request.
Hal. I'd rather let her get the credit of it. But the casket—do, please, give that back to me.
Phan. What shall I do, Lampadio?
Lamp. Hold on to whatever is yours.
Phan. But I'm sorry for the girl.
Lamp. (after consideration) Here's what I recommend: give her the casket and go inside along with her.
Phan. I'll follow your advice. Here, my girl, take the casket, yourself. (hands it to her) Let's go in. (hurries toward Alcesimarchus's door, then stops) But what is your mistress's name?
Hal. Melaenis.
Phan. (letting Halisca pass her) You go first; I'll follow you now. [EXEUNT.

ACT V

(An hour has elapsed)

ENTER Demipho

Dem. What does this mean—the whole town buzzing with a story that my daughter has been found? They say that Lampadio has been looking for me in the forum, too.

ENTER Lampadio from House of Alcesimarchus.

Lamp. Oh, sir, where are you coming from?
Dem. From a meeting of the senate.
Lamp. I'm glad to report, sir, that your family has been increased by my efforts.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Dem. Enim non placet.
nil moror aliena mi opera fieri pluris liberos.
sed quid istuc est?

Lamp. Propera ire intro huc ad adsinem tuom,
filiam tuam iam cognosces intus. ibidem uxor
 tua est.
abi cito.

Dem. Praeorti hoc certumst rebus aliis omnibus.

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CATERVA

Ne exspectetis, spectatores, dum illi huc ad vos
exeant;
nemo exibit, omnes intus conscient negotium.
ubi id erit factum, ornamenta ponent; postidea loci
qui deliquit vulgarabit, qui non deliquit bibet.
nunc quod ad vos, spectatores, relicuom relinquitur,
more maiorum date plausum postrema in comoedia.
THE CASKET COMEDY

Dem. Well, I don’t like that! I don’t care to have other people’s efforts increase my family. But how about all this?

Lamp. Hurry up and go into your new relative’s house here, sir, (pointing to the house of Alcesimarchus) and you’ll soon recognize a daughter of yours inside. Your wife’s in there, too. Quick, sir, in with you! (bustles him toward door)

Dem. This matter shall take precedence of everything else, that is sure. [EXEUNT.

EPILOGUE

(Spoken by Members of the Company)

Spectators, you need not wait for them to come out here to you; not one of them will. They will all finish their business within. That done, off come their costumes; and then the actor that has made mistakes will get a thrashing, the one that has not, a drink. Now as to what is left, and left to you, spectators,—follow the old fashion and applaud our comedy at its conclusion.
CURCULIO
ARGVMENTVM

Curculio missu Phaedromi it Cariam,
Vt petat argentum. ibi eludit anulo
Rivalem. scribit atque obsignat litteras.
Cognoscit signum Lyco, ubi vidit, militis;
Vt amicam mittat, pretium lenoni dedit.
Lyconem miles ac lenonem in ius rapit.
Ipsus sororem, quam peribat, repperit,
Oratu cuius Phaedromo nuptum locat.

PERSONAE

PALINVRVS SERVVS
PHAEDROMVS ADVLESCENS
LEAENA ANVS
PLANESIVM VIRGO
CAPPADOX LENO
COCVS
CVRCVLIo PARASITVS
LYCO TRAPEZITA
CHORAGVS
THERAPONTIGONVS MILES
ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Curculio, at the behest of Phaedromus, goes to Caria to secure some money. There he steals away a ring from Phaedromus's rival. He writes a letter and seals it. Lyco, on seeing the seal, recognizes it as being the Captain's; he pays the pimp to let Phaedromus's sweetheart go. The Captain is for halting Lyco and the pimp off to court. The girl this Captain has been doting on proves to be his sister, and at her urgent request he bestows her in marriage upon Phaedromus.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Palinurus, a slave of Phaedromus.
Phaedromus, a young gentleman of Epidaurus.
Leaena, an old woman, slave of Cappadox.
Planesium, a girl belonging to Cappadox.
Cappadox, a pimp.
A cook.
Curculio, a parasite.
Lyco, a banker.
The Company's Property Manager.
Therapontigonus, a Captain.
ACTVS I

Pal. Quo ted hoc noctis dicam proficisci foras
cum istoc ornatu cunque hac pompa, Phaedrome?
Phaed. Quo Venus Cupidoque imperat, suadet Amor;
si media nox est sive est prima vespéra,
si status condictus cum hoste intercedit dies,
tamen est eundum quo imperant ingratiis.

Pal. At tandem, tandem—
Phaed. Tandem es odiosus mihi.

Pal. Istuc quidem nec bellum est nec memorabile,
tute tibi puer es, lautus luces cereum.

Phaed. Egon apicularum congestum opera non feram,
ex dulci oriundum melculo dulci meo?

Pal. Nam quo te dicam ego ire?
Phaed. Si tu me roges,
dicam ut scias.

Pal. Si rogitem, quid respondeas?
Phaed. Hoc Aesculapi fanum est.

Pal. Plus iam anno scio.
CURCULIO

Scene:—Epidaurus. A street in which are the houses of Cappadox and Phaedromus, and a temple of Aesculapius, god of healing. In front of the house of Cappadox is an altar.

ACT I

(Time, night.)

ENTER Phaedromus, elaborately dressed, carrying a candle. Palinurus follows, and behind him come slaves carrying torches, wine, and edibles.

Pal. (gloomy) Where on earth are you bound, sir, at this time o’ night, with such a get-up and with this provision train here?

Phaed. (quite ecstatic) Where Venus and Cupid command, where Love entices! Be it midnight, or be it early eve, be it a day duly settled upon with your adversary for appearance at court—still must you go whither they bid, despite yourself.

Pal. (protestingly) But see here, sir, see here —

Phaed. See here, you annoy me.

Pal. Really, sir, this isn’t a pretty sight, nor a sight to talk about—you, sir, playing your own slave, and, dapper as you are, lighting yourself along with a candle!

Phaed. (languishingly) Shall I not carry the stores of the busy little bees, stores born of sweets, to my sweet little honey?

Pal. Why, where am I to say you’re going?

Phaed. If you asked me, I should inform you.

Pal. If I did ask you, what would your answer be?

Phaed. Yonder is the shrine of Aesculapius.

Pal. I knew that more than a year ago.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Huic proxumum illud ostiumst oculissimum. salve, valuistin?

Pal. Ostium oculusissimum, caruitne febris te heri vel nudius tertius et heri cenavistine?

Phaed. Deridesne me?

Pal. Quid tu ergo, insane, rogitas valeatne ostium?

Phaed. Bellissimum hercle vidi et taciturnissimum, numquam ullam verbum muttit. cum aperitur tacet,
cum illa noctu clanculum ad me exit, tacet.

Pal. Numquid tu quod te aut genere indignum sit tuo facis aut inceptas facinus facere, Phaedrome?
um tu pudicae cuipiam insidias locas aut quam pudicam esse oportet?

Phaed. Nemini, nec me ille sirit luppiter.

Pal. Ego item volo. ita tuom conferto amare semper, si sapis, ne id quod ames populus si sciat, tibi sit probro.
semper curato ne sis intestabilis.

Phaed. Quid istuc est verbi?

Pal. Caute ut incedas via.

quod amas amato testibus praesentibus.

Phaed. Quin leno hic habitat.

Pal. Nemo hinc prohibit nec vetat, quin quod palam est venale, si argentum est, emas. nemo ire quemquam publica prohibit via;
dum ne per fundum saeptum facias semitam,
CURCULIO

Phaed. Next to it (pointing to house of Cappadoct) is the most adorable door in all the world. (fondly) Ah, door! Hath all been well with thee?

Pal. (mockingly) O door most shut in all the world! Hast been without fever yesterday or the day before? Hast had thy dinner yesterday?

Phaed. (wounded) Are you making fun of me?

Pal. Well then, you madman, why are you asking about the door's health?

Phaed. Oh, 'tis the most delectable door, the discreetest door I ever saw! It never breathes a single word! When it opens—silent! When she steals out to me at night—silent still!

Pal. (suspicious) I say, sir, you aren't doing anything that doesn't become you or your family, are you? You aren't up to any crime, are you, Phaedromus? You're not laying snares for some respectable woman, or one that ought to be respectable?

Phaed. No, no! Great God forbid!

Pal. My own wish, too! If you're wise, sir, you'll always so govern your affections as not to have your love affairs disgrace you, in case people get wind of them. Always look out you don't lose your power to bear witness \(^1\) as a man.

Phaed. What do you mean?

Pal. Be careful—stick to the open road. Love your love, but don't lose your witnesses!

Phaed. Why, it's a pimp that lives there.

Pal. In that case nobody stops or forbids you to buy what's in the open market, if you've got the cash. Nobody stops anyone from walking along the public highway. Provided you don't make inroads on fenced-in preserves, provided you keep

\(^1\) *Intestabilis* in two senses—suffering a legal punishment and a punishment inflicted by the injured husband.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

dum ted abstineas nupta, vidua, virgine,
iuventute et pueris liberis, ama quid lubet.

Phaed. Lenonis hae sunt aedes.

Pal. Male istis evenat.

Phaed. Qui?

Pal. Quia scelestam servitutem serviunt.

Phaed. Obloquere.

Pal. Fiat maxume.

Phaed. Etiam taces?

Pal. Nempe obloqui me iusseras.

Phaed. At nunc veto.

sed ita uti occipi dicere, ei ancillula est.

Pal. Nempe huic lenoni qui hic habitat?

Phaed. Recte tenes.

Pal. Minus formidabo, ne excidat.

Phaed. Odiosus es.

eam volt meretricem facere. ea me deperit,
eglo autem cum illa facere nolo mutuom.

Pal. Quid ita?

Phaed. Quia proprium facio. amo pariter simul.

Pal. Malus clandestinus est amor, damnunsum merum.

Phaed. Est hercle ita ut tu dicis.

Pal. Iamne ea fert iugum?

Phaed. Tam a me pudica est quasi soror mea sit, nisi
si est osculando quippiam impudicior.

Pal. Semper tu scito, flamma fumo est proxima;
fumo comburi nil potest, flamma potest.
qui e nuce nuculeum esse volt, frangit nucem;
qui volt cubare, pandit saltum saviis.

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away from married women, widows, virgins, young innocents, and children of respectable families, love anyone you want.

Phaed. This is a pimp's house.
Pal. Bad luck to it!
Phaed. Why?
Pal. Because it's in such scurvy service.
Phaed. (indignant) That's it, interrupt me!
Pal. (pretending to misunderstand) So I will, by all means.
Phaed. Hold your tongue, will you!
Pal. (aggrieved) Why, but you told me to interrupt you.
Phaed. Well, now I tell you not to. But as I was about to say, he has a young slave girl.
Pal. The pimp that lives here, you mean?
Phaed. (ironically) You grasp it perfectly.
Pal. (grinning) I'll have less fear of its being lost, then.
Phaed. You pest! He wants to make a courtesan of her. She loves me to distraction, but as for me, I don't choose to return her love.
Pal. How's that?
Phaed. (rapturously) Because I want it for my very own! I love her as much as she loves me.
Pal. (sagely) A secret love affair is bad, it's simply ruin.
Phaed. (sighing) You're right, ah yes, you're right.
Pal. Has she learned to bear the yoke yet?
Phaed. She's as innocent as if she were my own sister, for me—unless she's any the worse for a few kisses.
Pal. Always keep this in mind, sir,—first smoke, then flames. Smoke can't burn anything, flames can. The man that wants to eat the kernel, cracks the shell; the man that wants to get the girl, clears the way with kisses.

VOL. II.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. At illa est pudica neque dum cubitat cum viris.

Pal. Credam, pudor si cuiquam lenoni siet.

Phaed. Immo ut illam censes? ut quaeque illi occasiost, subripere se ad me; ubi savium oppugit, fugit. id eo fit, quia hic leno, hic qui aegrotus incubat in Aesculapi fano, is me excruciat.

Pal. Quid est?

Phaed. Alias me poscit pro illa triginta minas, alias talentum magnum; neque quicquam queo aequi bonique ab eo impetrare.

Pal. Iniuriu's, qui quod lenoni nulli est id ab eo petas.

Phaed. Nunc hinc parasitum in Cariam misi meum petitum argentum a meo sodali mutuom. quod si non affert, quo me vortam nescio.

Pal. Si deos salutas, dextrovorsum censeo.

Phaed. Nunc ara Veneris haec est ante horunc fores; me inferre Veneri vovi ieientaculum.

Pal. Quid? tu te pones Veneri ieientaculo?

Phaed. Me, te atque hosce omnis.

Pal. Tum tu Venerem vomere vis.

Phaed. Cedo, puere, sinum.

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1 By sleeping in the temple in the hope of having inspired dreams which would suggest means of relief. This was incubatio.
Phaed. But this girl is innocent; she never has consorted with men at all.

Pal. I'll believe that when I hear of an innocent pimp.

Phaed. (indignantly) No, no! what do you take her for? Why, whenever she gets a chance she steals out to me; but once she has pressed her lips to mine, away she runs! That's all because the pimp, who's ill and taking the cure in the shrine of Aesculapius here,¹ is torturing me.

Pal. How so?

Phaed. (petulant) Now he demands a hundred pounds for her, now two hundred—not a bit of just and decent treatment can I get from him.

Pal. You're in the wrong, to ask a pimp for what no pimp deals in.

Phaed. Now I've sent my parasite off to Caria to ask a good friend of mine for a loan. If he doesn't get it, I don't know where to turn.

Pal. (flippantly) To the right,² I should say, if you mean to salute the gods.

Phaed. (turning to the altar before Cappadox's door) You see this altar of Venus in front of their house; it was to Venus I vowed I should offer a breakfast myself.

Pal. Eh? You're going to give Venus yourself for breakfast?

Phaed. (vehemently) Yes, myself, you, and all these people. (with a wave toward the audience)

Pal. In that case, you want Venus to be sick at the stomach!

Phaed. (to a slave) Here, my lad, the bowl! (turning toward Cappadox's door)

¹ To the left was the statue of Apollo Aguius, to the right that of Venus: "Make your prayer to Venus, not to Apollo."
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pal. Quid facturu's?

Phaed. Iam scies.
anus hic solet cubitare custos ianitrix,
nomen Leaenae est, multibiba atque merobiba.

Pal. Quasi tu lagoenam dicas, ubi vinum Chium
solet esse.

Phaed. Quid opust verbis? vinosissima est;
eaque extemplo ubi ego vino has conspersi fores,
de odore adesse me scit, aperit ilico.

Pal. Eine hic cum vino sinus fertur?

Phaed. Nisi nevis.

Pal. Nolo hercle, nam istune qui fert afflictum velim;
ego nobis asserri censui.

Phaed. Quin tu taces?
si quid super illi fuerit, id nobis sat est.

Pal. Quisnam istic fluviust, quem non recipiat mare?

Phaed. Sequere hac, Palinure, me ad fores, fi mi obsequens.

Pal. Ita faciam.

Phaed. Agite bibite, festivae fores;
potate, fite mihi volentes propitiae.

Pal. Voltisne olivas\(^1\) pulpamentum\(^1\) capparim?

Phaed. Exsuscitate vostram huc custodem mihi.

Pal. Profundis vinum; quae te res agitant?

Phaed. Sine.

viden ut aperiuntur aedes festivissumae?
num muttit cardo? est lepidus.

\(^1\) Leo brackets following aut.
CURCULIO

**Pal.** What are you up to?

**Phaed.** You will soon see. There's an old hag usually stretched out inside here minding the door, a weariless, waterless sot, by name Leaena.

**Pal.** You mean a sort of Tankilena, don't you,—the kind they store Chian wine in?

**Phaed.** Why hunt for a word? She's a perfect winesoak! The minute I sprinkle this door with wine, the odour tells her I am here, and she opens up instantly.

**Pal.** *(rueful)* And this bowl of wine is brought for her?

**Phaed.** *(ironically)* Unless you object.

**Pal.** By gad, I do object! Yes, sir, I only wish that fellow carrying it would break his neck! I supposed it was brought for us.

**Phaed.** Oh, keep still, man! If she leaves any, that will be enough for us.

**Pal.** Leave any? Show me the river that the sea won't hold!

**Phaed.** *(taking the bowl)* This way, Palinurus,—up to the door—come, oblige me.

**Pal.** *(following sulkily)* All right, all right.

**Phaed.** *(he pours wine on the sill)* Drink, ye portals of pleasure, drink! Quaff deep, and deign to be propitious unto me!

**Pal.** *(mimicking his master)* Will ye have some olives, portals,—a croquette—a pickled caper?

**Phaed.** Rouse your keeper and send her hither. *(lavishes more wine)*

**Pal.** *(seizing his arm in dismay)* You're wasting the wine! What possesses you?

**Phaed.** Unhand me! *(as the door moves)* See you how it opens—the bower of bliss beyond compare? Hear you a creak from the hinge? Oh, lovely hinge!
Titus Maccius Plautus

Pal. Quin das savium?
Phaed. Tace, occultemus lumen et vocem.
Pal. Licet.

I. 2.
Le. Flos veteris vini meis
   naribus obiectust,
eius amor cupidam me hue
   prolicit per tenebras.
   ubi ubi est, prope me est. euax, habeo.
   salve, anime mi,
   Liberi lepos.
   ut veteris vetus tui cupidita sum.
   nam omnium ungumentum odor praef tuo nautea
   est,
   tu mihi stacta, tu cinnamum, tu rosa,
   tu crocinum et casia es,
   tu telinum,
   nam ubi tu profusu's, ibi ego me
   pervelim sepultam.
   sed quom adhuc naso odos obsecutust meo,
   da vicissim meo gutturi gadium.
   nil ago tecum; ubi est ipsus? ipsum expeto
   tangere, invergere in me liquores tuos,
   sine, ductim. sed hac abiit, hac perseverar.

Phaed. Sitit haec anus.
Pal. Quantillum sitit?
Phaed. Modica est, capit quadrantal.
Pal. Pol ut praedicas, vindemia 1 huic anui non sat est
   soli.
   canem esse hanc quidem magis par fuit; sagax
   nasum habet.
Le. Amabo,
   cuia vox sonat procul?

1 Leo brackets following haec.
CURCULIO

Pal. (sneeringly) Why don't you kiss it?
Phaed. Sh-h! Let's hide the light and hold our tongues.
Pal. (bored) Very well. (they stand back)

Scene 2. Leaena crawls into the doorway.
Le. (peering about, mumbling and sniffing) Ah, the sweet, sweet whiff of old wine that met my nostrils! It drew me out here in the dark, I love it so, I want it so! Wherever it is, it's near me! (her nose close to the sill) Oh joy! I have it! Ah there, sweetheart mine, beauty of Bacchus! You're old and I'm old, and how I want you! Why, the odour of all the essences is only bilge water compared with yours! You're my myrrh, my cinnamon, my rose, my oil of saffron and cassia, my rarest perfume—you, you! Oh, to have my grave where you are poured! (anxiously) But it's only my nose that's been favoured so far by the scent—do gratify my gullet, too. (sniffing at the wine on the door sill discontentedly) No, my business is not with you. Where is the bowl itself? Oh, to touch you, bowl, to turn your liquor into me and swallow, swallow, swallow! (noses her way slowly toward Phaedromus) But it has run this way. I'll follow it up this way!

Phaed. (aside to Palinurus) The old lady here is thirsty.
Pal. (troubled) Not very, do you think?
Phaed. Oh, nothing intemperate—six gallons will fill her.
Pal. Good Lord, according to you, a whole vintage isn't enough for this one old hag alone! (eyeing her irritably) It's a dog she ought to be by rights; she has a keen scent, anyway.
Le. (turning and stopping) Bless your heart! whose voice is that in the distance?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Censeo hane
        appellandam anum.
adibo. redi et respice ad me, Leaena.

Le. Imperator quis est?

Phaed. Vinipollens lepidus Liber,
tibi qui screanti, siccae, semisomnae
adsert potionem et sitim iam sedatum it.

Le. Quam longe a me abest?

Phaed. Lumen hoc vide.

Le. Grandiorem gradum ergo fac ad me, obsesco. 120

Phaed. Salve.

Le. Egon salva sim, quae siti sicca sum?

Phaed. At iam bibes.

Le. Diu fit.

Phaed. Em tibi anus lepida.

Le. Salve, oculissime homo.

Pal. Age, effunde hoc cito in barathrum, propere
        prolude cloacam.

Phaed. Tace. Nolo huic male dici.

Pal. Faciam igitur male potius.

Le. Venus, de paulo paululum hoc tibi dabo haud
        lubenter.
        nam tibi amantes propitiantes vinum potantes
        danunt
        omnes, mihi haud saepe evenunt tales hereditates.

Pal. Hoc vide ut ingurgitat impura in se merum avariter, faucibus plenis.

Phaed. Perii hercle, huic quid primum dicam nescio.

Pal. Em istuc, quod mihi dixti.

Phaed. Quid id est?

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CURCULIO

Phaed. (to Palinurus) I think I'd better hail her. Here goes. (stepping forward) Back Leaena! About face!

Le. (blinking) Who's in command?

Phaed. Lovely Bacchus, lord of liquor, who brings thy hawking, husky, half-dormant self some drink and will now proceed to allay thy thirst.

Le. (peering about eagerly) How far away is he?

Phaed. (waving his candle) Behold this light!

Le. Come to me quick, then, double quick, for heaven's sake!

Phaed. (approaching) Good day to you.

Le. Good? To me? When I'm all dried up for lack of a drink?

Phaed. Well, you shall soon have one.

Le. It's a long time coming.

Phaed. (handing her the bowl) There you are, sweet dame.

Le. Bless you, you adorable man!

Pal. (to Leaena, enviously) Come on, quick! Pour it into the pit! Hurry up and flush the sewer!

Phaed. Silence! No rough talk to her.

Pal. (glaring at her) Rough treatment, then; that's better still!

Le. (turning to the altar) Venus, of the little I have I'll give you a very, very little, (cautiously pouring out a few drops as a libation) and I hate to do it, too. Why, you get wine from all the lovers when they're drinking and want your favour; as for me, it's not often I get such legacies. (drinks)

Pal. Look at that! Swilling it down neat, the nasty pig, maw wide open!

Phaed. (after reflection) Well, I'm damned! I don't know what to tell her first.

Pal. (sourly) That's what! tell her what you just told me.

Phaed. What is that?
Periisse ut te dicas.
Male tibi di faciant.

Ah.

Quid est? ecquid lubet?
Lubet.

Etiam mihi quoque stimulo sodere lubet te.

Tace, ne—
Noli, taceo. ecce autem bibit arcus, pluet credo hercle hodie.

Iamne ego huic dico?
Quid dices?
Me periisse.
Age dice.

Anus, audi.

hoc volo scire te: perditus sum miser.

At pol' ego oppido servata.
sed quid est? quid lubet perditum dicere te esse?

Quia id quod amo careo.
Phaedrome mi, ne plora amabo.
tu me curato ne sitiam, ego tibi quod amas iam hoc adducam.

Tibine ego, si fidem servas mecum, vineam pro aurea statua statuam,
quae tuo gutturi sit monumentum.
qui me in terra aeque fortunatus erit, si illa ad me bitet,

Edelpol qui amat, si eget, misera adficitur, ere, aerumna.
CURCULIO

Pal. Tell her you are damned.
Phaed. Heaven curse you!
Pal. Tell her!
Le. (blissfully, stopping to take breath) Ah-h!
Pal. Well? You like it, eh?
Le. (smacking her lips) Like it! (drinks again)
Pal. Yes, and wouldn't I like to take a goad and jab it into you!
Phaed. (dangerously) Keep still, or——
Pal. (hastily) Don't, sir! I will! But just look there!
(pointing to Leaena bent backward draining the bowl)
The rainbow\(^1\) drinks! By Jove, I believe it'll rain to-day!
Phaed. Shall I tell her now?
Pal. Tell her what?
Phaed. That I'm damned.
Pal. Go on, tell her.
Phaed. Old lady, listen. I want you to know this—I'm a poor damned wretch.
Le. (finishing the bowl and straightening up) But as for me, I've found complete salvation! Why do you want to say you're damned?
Phaed. Because I'm kept from the girl I love. (sobs)
Le. Now, now, Phaedromus dearie, don't cry. Just you see I don't get thirsty, and I'll have the girl you love out here in a jiffy.
Phaed. (servently) You keep your word, and I'll put you up a statue of vines instead of gold [exit Leaena into house] to commemorate your gullet. Oh, Palinurus, won't I be the luckiest man on earth, if she trips out here to me?
Pal. Gad, sir, a man in love and out of cash is in a sorry plight.

\(^1\) The rainbow was said to drink when it seemed to touch the earth.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Phaed.* Non ita res est, nam confido parasitum Hodie adventurum cum argento ad me.

*Pal.* Magnum incertas, si id expectas quod nusquam.

*Phaed.* Quid si adeam ad fores atque octentem?

*Pal.* Si lubet, neque veto neque iubeo, quando ego te video immutatis moribus esse, ere, atque ingenio.

*Phaed.* Pessuli, heus pessuli, vos saluto lubens, vos amo, vos volo, vos peto atque obsecreo, gerite amanti mihi morem, amoenissimi, fite causa mea ludi barbari, sussilite, obsecreo, et mittite istanc foras, quae mihi misero amanti ebit sanguinem. hoc vide ut dormiunt pessuli pessumi nec mea gratia commovent se oclus. re spicio, nihil meam vos gratiam facere. st tace, tace.

*Pal.* Taceo hercle equidem

*Phaed.* Sentio sonitum.

tandem edepol mihi morigeri pessuli fiunt.

I. 3.

*Le.* Placide egredere et sonitum prohibe forum et crepitum cardinum,

ne quod hic agimus erus perciptiat fieri, mea Planesium.

mane, suffundam aquolam.

*Pal.* Viden ut anus tremula medicinam facit? 160

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CURCULIO

Phaed. That's not my case, for I'm sure the parasite will arrive to-day with money for me.

Pal. You have your hands full, if you wait for what never happens.¹

Phaed. What if I should go up to the door and serenade her?

Pal. Suit yourself, sir; I won't say no, or yes, either, since I see your character and disposition are so changed.

Phaed. (singing) Bolts, ah, bolts, I greet you gladly:
Take my love and hear my plea,
Hear my prayer, my supplication,
Fairest bolts, ah, favour me.
Change to foreign dancers for me,
Spring, I pray you, spring on high,
Send a wretched man his dear love,
Love that drains his life-blood dry.

Look! they sleep, those bolts most base
Will not budge to do me grace!

(angrily) You care nothing about doing me grace, that's plain. (listening) Sh-h! Hush, hush!

Pal. (wearily) Lord, Lord! Well, I am hushing.

Phaed. I hear a sound! Oh heavens! At last those bolts are favouring me. (they step back)

Scene 3. THE DOOR OPENS A LITTLE.

Le. (within) Step out quietly, Planesium dearie, and don't let the door rattle or the hinges grate, or master will find out what we're doing here. Wait. I'll pour a little water on them. (she does so)

Pal. (aside to Phaedromus) See how the doddering old thing plays the doctor? She has jolly well learned

¹ A parasite with money.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

eapse merum condidicit bibere, foribus dat aquam quam bibant.

Plan. Vbi tu es, qui me convadatu's Venerius vadinoniis?
sisto ego tibi me et mihi contra itidem tu te ut
sistas suadeo.

Phaed. Assum; nam si absim, haud recusem quin mihi
male sit, mel meum.

Plan. Anime mi, me procul amantem abesse haud con-
sentaneumst.

Phaed. Palinure, Palinure.

Pal. Eloquere, quid est quod Palinurum voces ?

Phaed. Est lepida.

Pal. Nimis lepida.

Phaed. Sum deus.

Pal. Immo homò haud magni preti.

Phaed. Quid vidisti aut quid videbis magis dis aequi-
parabile ?

Pal. Male valere te, quod mi aegrest.

Phaed. Male mi morigeru's, tace.

Pal. Ipsus se excruciat qui homo quod amat videt nec
potitur dum licet.

Phaed. Recte obiurgat. sane haud quicquamst, magis
quod cupiam iam diu.

Plan. Tene me, amplectere ergo.

Phaed. Hoc etiam est quam ob rem cupiam vivere.
quia te prohibet erus, clam\(^1\) potior.

Plan. Prohibet? nec prohibere quit,
nec prohibebit nisi mors meum animumaps te
abalienaverit.

\(^1\) Leo brackets following ero.

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to drink the undiluted wine herself, and gives the
door the water to drink.

ENTER Planesium INTO DOORWAY.

Plan. (softly, looking about) Where are you, you who
have cited me to the court of Venus? I produce
myself in answer to the summons, and beg you
likewise to produce yourself.

Phaed. (fondly) Here! Ah, honey mine, if I defaulted, I
should not protest against its going hard with me.

Plan. (coyly) Darling, it's not nice to have one's sweet-
heart keep his distance.

Phaed. (enraptured) Oh, Palinurus, Palinurus!
Pal. Speak out. What are you calling Palinurus for?
Phaed. She's delicious!
Pal. (sour) Too delicious.
Phaed. Oh, I'm a god!
Pal. You aren't, you're a man, of precious poor quality.
Phaed. What did you ever see, what will you ever see,
more comparable to the gods than I am?
Pal. You're in a bad way, I see that, and I'm sorry
for it.

Phaed. (angry) And you fall in with my humour badly!
Silence!

Pal. (cowed, changing his tone) A chap that sees his
sweetheart, sir, and doesn't use his chance, is a
self-tormentor.

Phaed. (to Planesium) A just rebuke! There's surely
nothing I've been craving for more this long time.

Plan. Well then, take me, hug me!
Phaed. (doing so, heartily) This, this, is what makes me
crave to live. Now that your master keeps you
from me, I have you secretly.

Plan. Keep me from you? He can not, he shall not
keep me from you, unless death deprives you of
my heart.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Pal.* Enim vero nequeo durare quin ego erum accusem meum.

nam bonum est pauxillum amare sane, insane non bonum est;
verum totum insanum amare, hoc est quod meus erus facit.

*Phaed.* Sibi sua habeant regna reges, sibi divitias divites,
sibi honores, sibi virtutes, sibi pugnas, sibi proelia;
dum mi abstineant invidere, sibi quisque habeant quod suom est.

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*Pal.* Quid tu? Venerin pervigilare te vovisti, Phaedrome?
nam hoc quidem edepol haud multo post luce lucebit.

*Phaed.* Tace.

*Pal.* Quid, taceam? quin tu is dormitum?

*Phaed.* Dormio, ne occlamites.

*Pal.* Tu quidem vigilas.

*Phaed.* At meo more dormio; hic somnust mihi.

*Pal.* Heus tu, mulier, male mereri de inmerente incititia est.

*Plan.* Iraascere, si te edentem hic a cibo abigat.

*Pal.* Ilicet, pariter hos perire amando video, uterque insaniunt.

viden ut misere moliuntur? nequeunt complecti satis.
etiam dispertimini?

*Plan.* Nullum homini est perpetuom bonum;
iam huic voluptati hoc adiunctum est odium.

*Pal.* Quid aies, propudium?

190 tun etiam cum noctuinis oculis odium me vocas?
ebriola, persollae nugae.

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CURCULIO

Pal. (aside) My word! I can't help calling master a fool. Why, a little love of a sane sort is all right, not the insane sort, though. But to go absolutely insane in a love-affair—that's what my master is doing!

Phaed. Let kings keep their kingdoms, rich men their riches; let them keep their honours, their feats of arms, their fights, their battles! Provided they cast no envious eye on me, let every man keep what is his.

Pal. See here, sir! Did you vow to keep vigil all night in honour of Venus? Why, good Lord, day will be dawning before long now!

Phaed. Hush, hush!

Pal. Hush, eh? Why don't you go to sleep?

Phaed. (still embracing Planesium) I am asleep. Stop bawling.


Phaed. No, I am asleep in a fashion of my own. This is slumber for me. (clasps Planesium more closely)

Pal. (to Planesium) I say, young lady, it's silly to harm a man that hasn't harmed you.

Plan. (nestling closer) You would be angry if your master here drove you away from your food while you were eating.

Pal. (in helpless disgust) It's no use. I see they're both alike, dying of love, both insane. D'ye see how they're working, poor things? They can't hug hard enough! Come, break away, will you?

Plan. (sighing) No human blessing lasts for ever; here this pleasure of ours has had this pest (pointing to Palinurus) stuck on to it!

Pal. (indignant) What's that, you slut? You call me a pest—you, with your owl eyes? You tipsy thing! You worthless little fright!

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Tun meam Venerem vituperas?
1 quod quidem mihi polluctus virgis servos sermonem serat?
at ne tu hercle cum cruciatu magno dixisti id tuo.
em tibi male dictis pro istis, dictis moderari ut queas.

Pal. Tuam fidem, Venus noctuvigila.

Phaed. Pergin etiam, verbero?

Plan. Noli, amabo, verberare lapidem, ne perdas manum.

Pal. Flagitium probrumque magnum, Phaedrome, expergefacis:
bene monstrantem pugnis caedis, hanc amas, nugas meras.
hocine fieri, ut inmodestis hic te moderes moribus? 200

Phaed. Auro contra cedo modestum amatorem, a me aurum accipe.

Pal. Cedo mihi contra aurichalco cui ego sano serviam.

Plan. Bene vale, ocule mi, nam sonitum et crepitum claustrorum audio,
aeditum aperire fanum.2 quo usque, quaeso,
ad hunc modum
inter nos amore utemur? semper surrepticio?

Phaed. Minime, nam parasitum misi nadiusquartus Cariam petere argentum, is hodie hic aderit.


Phaed. Ita me Venus amet, ut ego te hoc triduom numquam sinam
in domo esse istac, quin ego te liberalem liberem.

Plan. Facito ut memineris. tene etiam, prius quam hinc abeo, savium. 210

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1 Corrupt (Leo): (quid? istum) mihi Goetz.
2 Leo notes lacuna here: (iam) ap. fanum Seyffert.
CURCULIO

Phaed. You to revile my Venus, you? (to Planesium) The idea of his putting in his oar, the whip-fodder of a slave! (to Palinurus) Now by the Lord, if I don’t make you writhe for that language! (cuffing him) There! Take that for your abuse and see if you can control your tongue!

Pal. (getting behind Planesium) Help, help, Venus of the owl . . . er . . . all-night vigils!

Phaed. (advancing upon him) Eh? Still at it, you scoundrel?

Plan. (holding his arm) Now, now, dear, don’t strike a stone, or you’ll bruise your hand!

Pal. It’s scandalous, sir, it’s perfectly outrageous the way you’re acting—to punch a man that gives you good advice, and make love to mere trash like her. Is this proper—to lose control of yourself in this incontinent fashion?

Phaed. Bring me a lover that does control himself, and I’ll give you his weight in gold.

Pal. Bring me a master that has some sense, and I’ll pay you his weight in brass.

Plan. (listening, then going toward door) Good-bye, good-bye, precious! I hear a sound and the grating of bolts; the sacristan is opening the temple. Oh tell me, how long shall we go on in this way? Will it always be stolen love?

Phaed. Not a bit of it, for I sent a parasite to Caria three days ago to get some money. He’ll be back to-day.

Plan. You deliberate too long.

Phaed. So help me Venus, I will never let you stay in that house three days more; before that, I’ll give you the freedom that befits you!

Plan. See you remember. (throwing herself in his arms) One more sweet kiss before I go! (they kiss, lingeringly)
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Siquidem hercle mihi regnum detur, numquam id potius persecur.
quando ego te videbo?

Plan. Em istoc verbo vindictam para.
si amas, eme, ne rogites, facito ut pretio pervincas tuo.
bene vale.


Pal. Ego quidem, qui et vapulando et somno pereo.

Phaed. Sequere me.

ACTVS II

Ca. Migrare certumst iam nunc e fano foras,
quando Aesculapi ita sentio sententiam,
ut qui me nihili faciat nec salvum velit.
valetudo decrescit, adcrecit labor;
nam iam quasi zona liene cinctus ambulo,
geminos in ventre habere videor filios.
nil metuo nisi ne medius disrumpar miser.

Pal. Si recte facias, Phaedrome, auscultes mihi
atque istam exturbes ex animo aegritudinem.
paves, parasitus quia non rediit Caria.
adferre argentum credo; nam si non ferat,
tormento non retineri potuit ferreo,
quin recuperet se huc esum ad praesepem suam.
CURCULIO

Phaed. Oh Heaven! If I were offered a kingdom, never would I prefer to take it! When shall I see you?

Plan. Ah! As for that, get me freed. If you love me, buy me. No prayers—pay, pay your way to victory! Good-bye, and God bless you!

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.

Phaed. (tragically) So soon am I left alone? But 'twas a glorious death for me!

Pal. Yes, and for me, dying as I am of pummelling and loss of sleep!

Phaed. (turning to go) Come along.

[EXEUNT.

ACT II

(Several hours have elapsed.)

ENTER CAPPADOX FROM TEMPLE.

Ca. (rubbing his monumental stomach and groaning) Yes, I am resolved to quit the temple this . . . moment, since I see for sure that Aesculapius cares . . . nothing for me, has no wish to cure me. My strength is . . . decreasing and my pain is . . . increasing. Why, already my spleen is wound around me like a . . . girdle as I walk along—anyone would think I was . . . carrying twins. Oh dear! All I am afraid of is that I . . . shall blow up in the middle.

ENTER PALINURUS FROM HOUSE OF PHAEDROMUS.

Pal. (to Phaedromus within) You'd do well to listen to me, sir, and shake off that doleful spirit of yours. You're panic-struck just because the parasite hasn't got back from Caria! (cheerily) He's bringing the money, I reckon. For otherwise he couldn't be kept by fetters of iron from hying himself back here to eat at his own manger.
Ca. Quis hic est qui loquitor?
Pal. Quoiam vocem ego audio?
Ca. Estne hic Palinurus Phaedromi?
Pal. Quis hic est homo cum collativo ventre atque oculis herbeis?
de forma novi, de colore non queo
novisse. iam iam novi : leno est Cappadox.
congregiar.

Ca. Salve, Palinure.
Pal. O scelerum caput, salveto. quid agis?
Ca. Vivo.

sed quid tibi est?
Ca. Lien enecat, renes dolent,
pulmones distrahuntur, cruciatur iecur,
radices cordis pereunt, hirae omnes dolent.

Pal. Tum te igitur morbus agitat hepatarius.
Ca. Facile est miserum inridere.
Pal. Quin tu aliquot dies perdura, dum intestina exputescunt tibi,
nunc dum salsura sat bonast. si id feceris,
venire poteris intestinis vilius.

Ca. Lien dierectust.
Ca. Aufer istaec, quaeso, atque hoc responde quod rogo.
potin coniecturam facere, si narrem tibi
hac nocte quod ego somniavi dormiens?

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CURCULIO

Ca.  (nearly) Who is that . . . talking here?
Pal.  (aside) Whose voice is that?
Ca.  Palinurus, is it, Phaedromus's man?
Pal.  (aside) Who's that fellow with the comprehensive belly and the grass-green eyes? His figure looks familiar, but I don't recognize that colour scheme. (looking more sharply) Now! Now I recognize him! It's the pimp, Cappadox. I'll up to him. (approaches)

Ca.  Good day, Palinurus.
Pal.  Ah there, you fount of iniquity! Good day to you. How are you?
Ca.  (with a tremendous groan) Living.
Pal.  (callously) As you deserve, no doubt. What ails you, though?

Ca.  My spleen is . . . killing me, my kidneys ache, my lungs are . . . torn to tatters, my liver . . . is in agony, my heart-strings are . . . clean gone, and all my . . . small intestines pain me.

Pal.  (with professional air) Ah, then you must be suffering from some hepatic affection.

Ca.  It is easy to laugh at . . . a poor wretch.
Pal.  (interestedly) I say, hold out for a few days longer while your intestines go rotten, now while the pickling is good enough. You do this, and you can sell your intestines for more than your whole carcass.

Ca.  My spleen is . . . racked.
Pal.  (lightly) Take walks—best thing in the world for the spleen.
Ca.  (woefully) For mercy's sake, drop your joking and do answer me this. Supposing I told you a . . . dream I had when I was asleep last night, could you interpret it?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pal. Vah, solus hic homost qui sciat divinitus.
quin coniectores a me consilium petunt;
quod eis respondi, ea omnes stant sententia. 250

II. 2.

Coc. Palinure, quid stas? quin depromuntur mihi
quae opus sunt, parasito ut sit paratum prandium,
quom veniat?

Pal. Mane sis, dum huic conicio somnium.

Coc. Tute ipse, si quid somniasti, ad me refers.

Pal. Fateor.

Coc. Abi, deprome.

Pal. Age tu intera huic somnium
narra, meliorem quam ego sum suppono tibi.

nam quod scio omne ex hoc scio.

Ca. Operam ut det.

Pal. Dabit.

Ca. Facit hic quod pauci, ut sit magistro obsequens.
da mi igitur operam.

Coc. Tam etsi non novi, dabo.

Ca. Hac nocte in somnis visus sum viderier
procul sede re longe a me Aesculapium,
neque eum ad me adire neque me magni pendere
visumst.

Coc. Item alios deos facturos scilicet;
sane illi inter se congruont concorditer.
nihil est mirandum, melius si nil fit tibi,
namque incubare satius te fuerat Iovi,
quae tibi auxilio in iure iurando fuit.

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Pal. (slapping his chest) Hah! Why, here's your one and only expert at divination. Man alive, professional clairvoyants come to me for advice, and the answers I give 'em they all abide by.

Scene 2. ENTER COOK FROM HOUSE OF Phaedromus.

Cook (irate) Palinurus! What are you standing still for? Why don't you fetch the things I need, so that lunch will be prepared for the parasite when he appears?

Pal. (grandly) You just kindly wait till I interpret a dream for this chap.

Cook You! Why, you yourself refer all your dreams to me.

Pal. (abashed, then cheerfully) Admitted.

Cook Be off; fetch the stuff.

Pal. (to Cappadox) Here, you! Meanwhile you tell your dream to this fellow. (indicating cook) I leave you to my substitute—a better man than I am. Why, all I know I owe to him.

Ca. If he would only . . . help me!

Pal. He will. [EXIT.

Ca. (looking after Palinurus with a grunt) He does what few do, in letting his teacher have his way. (to cook) Well, then, you help me.

Cook I don't know you, but help you I will.

Ca. Last night in my sleep I seemed to see Aesculapius sitting a . . . long way off from me, and he seemed not (choking) to come near me or to think much of me.

Cook (gravely) That means the other gods will do the same; they pull together perfectly, you know. No wonder you get no better; why, the thing for you to do was to lie in the temple of Jove, the god that's been your backer in those solemn oaths of yours.

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TITUS. MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ca. Siquidem incubare velint qui periuraverint, locus non praebeti potis est in Capitolio.

Coc. Hoc animum advorte: pacem ab Aesculapio petas, ne forte tibi evenat magnum malum, quod in quiete tibi portentumst.

Ca. Bene facis.

ibotque orabo.

Coc. Quae res male vortat tibi.


Phaed. Quid istic clamorem tollis?

Pal. Parasitum tuom video currentem llum usque in platea ultima. hinc auscultemus quid agat.

Phaed. Sane censeo.

II. 3.

Curc. Date viam mihi, noti\(^1\) ignoti, dum ego hic officium meum facio. fugite omnes, abite et de via decedite, ne quem in cursu capite aut cubito aut pectore offendam aut genu. ita nunc subito, propere et celere obiectumst mihi negotium, nec homo quisquamst tam opulentus, qui mi ob-sistat in via, nec strategus nec tyrannus quisquam, nec agora-nomus,

\(^1\) Leo brackets following atque.
CURCULIO

Ca.  But if all the ... perjurers wanted to lie there, they could not find accommodations in the Capitol.

Cook  Mark my words now—go sue Aesculapius for grace, or you may chance to meet with the dreadful disaster your dream portended.

Ca.  (alarmed) Thanks! Thanks! I'll go in and pray.

Cook  And bad luck may it bring you!

[exit, in awkward haste, into temple.

[exit into house.

ENTER Palinurus from house.

Pal.  (looking down street) Ye immortal gods! Who's that I spy? Who is it? The parasite that was sent to Caria? (calling at door) Hi-i, Phaedromus! Come out, come out, come out, I tell you! Quick.

ENTER Phaedromus.

Phaed.  Why are you raising all that hullabaloo?

Pal.  There's your parasite running up! (pointing) See! away down at the end of the street! (pulling Phaedromus into the doorway) Let's stay here and listen to what he's about.

Phaed.  Yes, yes! Good!

Scene 3.  ENTER Curculio, a patch over one eye, in burlesque haste.

Curc.  (to imaginary passers-by) Make way for me, friends, strangers, while I do my duty here! Scatter, clear out, get off the street, everybody, so that I may not career into anyone and lay him out with my head, or elbow, or chest, or knee! I tell you what, it's a sudden, pressing, urgent job I'm charged with now, and there's no man rich enough to block my path—neither general, nor despot, any of 'em, nor market inspector, nor mayor, nor
nec demarchus nec comarchus, nec cum tanta gloria, quin cadat, quin capite sistat in via de semita. tum isti Graeci palliati, capite operto qui ambulant, qui incedunt suffarciinati cum libris, cum sportulis, constant, conferunt sermones inter sese drapetae, obstant, obsistunt, incedunt cum suis sententiis, quos semper videas bibentes esse in thermipolio, ubi quid subripuere—operto capitulo calidum bi-bunt, tristes atque ebrioli incedunt—eos ego si offendero, ex unoquoque eorum exciam crepitum polentarium. tum isti qui ludunt datatim servi scurrarum in via, et datores et factores omnis subdam sub solum. proin se domi contineant,1 vitent infortunio.

Phaed. Recte hic monstrat, si imperare possit. nam ita nunc mos viget, ita nunc servitiumst; profecto modus haberi non potest.

Curc. Ecquis est qui mihi commonstrret Phaedromum genium meum? ita res subita est, celeriter mihi 2 homine convento est opus.

Pal. Te ille quaerit.

Phaed. Quid si adeamus? heus, Curculio, te volo.

Curc. Quis vocat? quis nominat me?

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1 Leo notes lacuna here: cont. (moneo) L.eo.
2 Leo brackets following hoc.
burgomaster, I don’t care how grand he is—down he’ll go, down he’ll drop from the sidewalk and stand on his head in the street! Yes, and as for those cloaked Greeks¹ that stroll about with muffled heads and stalk along with their clothes bulged out by books and provision baskets, renegades that stand about together, palaver together, block your road, set themselves in your way, stalk along with their sage observations, fellows you can always see guzzling in a tavern when they’ve stolen something—muffling their wretched heads and taking hot drinks, then stalking along grave of face and half seas over!—well, if I bump up against them, I’ll knock some porridge-fed wind out of every one of their bodies. And then those servants of the city bloods that play ball in the street—pitchers and catchers both—every one shall go underfoot! So let ’em keep themselves at home and avoid danger.

Phaed. (to Palinurus, significantly) He shows good sense, if he only had authority. Yes, that’s the growing custom nowadays, that’s the way with the servant class nowadays; there certainly is no controlling them.

Curc. (running back and forth energetically) Won’t someone show me Phaedromus, my good genius? It’s an emergency, I must meet the man instantly.

Pal. (aside to Phaedromus) He’s looking for you, sir.

Phaed. What if we go up to him? (stepping forward) Hullo! Curculio! I want you.

Curc. (looking everywhere but in the right direction) Who’s calling? Who speaks my name?

¹ The original of this passage was probably a diatribe on the Greek philosophers.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Qui te conventum cupit.
Curc. Haud magis me cupis quam ego te cupio.
Phaed. O mea opportunitas, Curculio exoptate, salve.
Curc. Salve.
Phaed. Salvom gaudeo te advenire. cedo tuam mi dexteram. ubi sunt spes meae?
eloquere, obsecro hercle.
Curc. Eloquere, te obsecro, ubi sunt meae?
Phaed. Quid tibist?
Curc. Tenebrae oboriantur, genua inedia succidunt.
Phaed. Lassitudine hercle credo.
Curc. Retine, retine me, obsecro. 310
Phaed. Viden ut expalluit? datin isti sellam, ubi assidat, cito et aqualem cum aqua? properatin ocius?
Curc. Animo male est.
Pal. Vin aquam?
Curc. Si frustulentia est, da, obsecro hercle, obsorbeam.
Pal. Vae capiti tuo.
Curc. Obsecro hercle, facite ventum ut gaudeam.
Pal. Maxume.
Curc. Quid facitis, quaeso?
Pal. Ventum.
Curc. Nolo equidem mihi fieri ventulum.

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CURCULIO

Phaed. A man that craves to meet you.
Curc. (seeing him) No more than I crave to meet you.
Phaed. Ah, my Opportunity! my longed for Curculio! bless you!
Curc. Same to you.
Phaed. I'm delighted to have you safely here. Your hand, your hand? (seizing it) Where are my hopes? Speak, for the love of heaven, speak?
Curc. And where are my hopes? Speak, for the love of heaven, speak? (staggers)
Phaed. What's the matter?
Curc. Darkness veils my eyes! My knees, give way beneath me for want of food!
Phaed. (sympathetically) By Jove! for fatigue, I fancy!
Curc. Hold me up, hold me up, for heaven's sake!
Phaed. (supporting him) See how pale he turned! (shouting to slaves within) Quick! Get him a chair to sit on, will you, and a bowl of water? Come, come, hurry, will you.
Curc. I feel faint! (contrives to make the task of supporting him extraordinarily difficult).

ENTER SLAVES WITH CHAIR AND WATER

Pal. (helping to seat him) Want some water?
Curc. (interested) If it has some morsels of food in it, give it here, for the love of heaven, and let me gulp it down!
Pal. (disgusted) Oh, curse you!
Curc. For the love of heaven, give me a... er... happy home-coming!

Pal. (helping Phaedromus to fan him) By all means.
Curc. What are you two doing, for mercy's sake?
Pal. Giving you air.
Curc. But that air is not what I want.

1 The others take ventum as "wind," and act accordingly.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

**Phaed.** Quid igitur vis?

**Curc.** Esse, ut ventum gaudeam.

**Pal.** Iuppiter te dique perdant.

**Curc.** Perii, prospicio parum, gramarum habeo dentes plenos, lippiunt fauces fame, ita cibi vacivitate venio lassis lactibus.

**Phaed.** Iam edes aliquid.

**Curc.** Nolo herele aliquid; certum quam aliquid mavolo.

**Pal.** Immo si scias, reliquiae quae sint.

**Curc.** Scire nimis lubet ubi sient, nam illis conventis sane opus est meis dentibus.

**Phaed.** Pernam, abdomen, sumen sueris, glandium——

**Curc.** Ain tu omnia haec?

in carnario fortasse dicis.

**Phaed.** Immo in lancibus,

quae tibi sunt parata, postquam scimus venturum.

**Curc.** Vide ne me ludas.

**Phaed.** Ita me amabit quam ego amo, ut ego haud mentior.

sed quod te misi, nihilо sum certior.

**Curc.** Nihil attuli.

**Phaed.** Perdisti me.

**Curc.** Invenire possum, si mi operam datis. postquam tuo iussu prefectus sum, perveni in Cariam,

video tuom sodalem, argenti rogo uti faciat copiam. scires velle gratiam tuam, noluit frustrarier,

ut decect velle hominem amicum amico, atque opitularier.

respondit mihi paucis verbis, atque adeo fideliter,

quod tibi est item sibi esse, magnam argenti inopiam.
CURCULIO

Phaed. What do you want, then?
Curc. To eat, to eat, so as to have a...er...happy home-coming.
Pal. You be everlastingly damned!
Curc. I am a dead man! I can barely see! My teeth are full of rheum, my jaws are bleary-eyed with hunger! Such a state as I am in, all from vacuity of victuals, from intestinal fatigue!
Phaed. You shall have something to eat at once.
Curc. (groaning) Oh Lord! It is not "something" I want; I prefer a definite thing to just "something."
Pal. But if you only knew about the leavings—what they are.
Curc. Ah, it is where they are that I am yearning to know, for my teeth certainly do need to have a conference with 'em.
Phaed. Ham, tripe, sow's udder, sweetbreads——
Curc. (reviving) All that, really, really? (doubtfully) I daresay you mean they are in the pantry.
Phaed. No, no, in the platters—got ready for you after we realized you were coming.
Curc. (piteously) Do not trifle with me, I beg you.
Phaed. So love me the girl I love, I'm not lying! But about your mission—I've heard nothing.
Curc. Nothing is what I have brought you.
Phaed. (starting) Oh, you've killed me!
Curc. (cheerfully) I can revive you, if you pay attention. After setting out according to your orders, I arrived in Caria. I saw your chum and asked him to supply you with the cash. You should not doubt his good will, he disliked to disappoint you, he wanted to do the proper thing as between friends, and help you. His answer was brief and perfectly sincere—that he was in the same box as you, very short of funds.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Perdis me tuis dictis.
Curc. Immo servo et servatum volo.
postquam mihi responsum est, abeo ab illo maestus
ad forum
med illo frustra advenisse. forte aspicio militem.
aggredivor hominem, saluto adveniens. “salve”
inquit mihi,
predit dexteram, seducit, rogat quid veniam
Cariam.
dico me illo advenisse animi causa. ibi me inter-
rogat,
equem in Epidauro Lyconem tarpezitam noverim.
dico me novisse. “quid ? lenonem Cappadocem ?”
anuo
visitasse. “sed quid eum vis ?” “quia de illo emi
virginem
triginta minis, vestem, aurum; et pro is decem
coaccedunt minae.”
“dedisti tu argentum ?” inquam. “immo apud
trapezitam situm est
illum quem dixi Lyconem, atque ei mandavi, qui
anulo
meo tabellas obsignatas attulisset, ut daret
operam, ut mulierem a lenone cum auro et veste
abduceret.”
postquam hoc mihi narravit, abeo ab illo. revocat
me ilico,
vocat me ad cenam; religio fuit, denegare nolui.
“quid si abeamus ac decumbamus ?” inquit. con-
silium placet;
“neque diem decet morari, neque nocti nocerier.”
“omnis res parastat.” et nos, quibus paratum est,
assumus.
postquam cenati atque appoti, talos poscit sibi in
manum,
CURCULIO

Phaed. You’re killing me with your story!
Curc. (masterfully) On the contrary, saving you, and that is my aim. After getting his answer, off I go to the forum, feeling glum at having come there all for nothing. It so happens I see a military man. Up I step and say good day to him. “Good day to you,” says he, and seized my hand, takes me aside, and asks what I have come to Caria for. “A pleasure trip,” says I. Then he inquires if I am acquainted with a certain Lyco, a banker, in Epidaurus. I say I am. “What then? And a pimp named Cappadox?” I admit having seen him. “But what do you want of him?” “Well,” says he, “I have bought a girl of him, for a hundred and twenty pounds, and along with her some clothes and jewellery; they stood me in forty pounds more.” “Have you paid him?” says I. “No,” says he, “the money is deposited with that banker Lyco I mentioned, and on receipt of a letter from me sealed with my own ring, he has my orders to assist the bearer in getting the girl from the pimp, together with the jewellery and clothes.” After hearing this I leave him. He calls me back directly and invites me to dinner. I had scruples, I could not decline. “What if we go and take our places at table now?” says he. I like the idea; “It is unseemly to delay a day, or do despite against a dinner hour.” “Everything is ready,” says he. And there we are, the men it is ready for! After we had dined and got well dipped, he calls for dice.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

provocat me in aleam, ut ego ludam. pono pallium, ille suum amicum opposivit, invocat Planesium.

Phaed. Meosne amores?

Curc. Tace parumper. iacit volturios quattuor. talos arripio, invoco almam meam nutricem Herculem,
    iacto basilicum; propino magnum poculum. ille ebit,
caput deponit, condormiscit. ego ei subduco anulum,
deduco pedes de lecto clam, ne miles sentiat.
rogant me servi quo eam. dico me ire quo satori solent.
    ostium ubi conspexi, exinde me ilico protinam dedi.

Phaed. Laudo.

Curc. Laudato quando illud quod cupis effecero.1 eamus nunc intro, ut tabellas consignemus.

Phaed. Num moror?

Curc. Atque aliquid prius obstrudamus, pernam, sumen, glandium.
haec sunt ventris stabilimenta, pane et assa bubula,
poculum grande, aula magna, ut satis consilia suppetant.
tu tabellas consignato, hic ministrabit, ego edam.
dicam quem ad modum conscribas. sequere me hac intro.

Phaed. Sequor.

1 Leo assumes lacuna following.
CURCULIO

and challenges me to a game. I stake my cloak; he stakes his mantle against it, and invokes Planesium.¹

Phaed. (with a start) My sweetheart?
Curc. Keep still a moment. He throws four vultures.² I grab the dice, invoke my fostering nurse, Hercules,³ and—make the royal⁴ throw! I raise a big bumper to his health. He drains it, lets his head drop, falls fast asleep! I draw off his ring and draw my feet down from the couch quietly, to keep the soldier from hearing. The servants ask me where I am going. “Where full men usually go,” say I. The minute I caught sight of the door I bolted out.

Phaed. Glorious!
Curc. (coolly) Save your glorification till I have consummated your desire. For the present let us go in and use the soldier’s seal on a letter.

Phaed. I’m not keeping you, am I?
Curc. (warming up) Yes, and first of all, let’s force something down our throats—ham, sow’s udder, sweetbreads. This is the stuff to stay a stomach—bread and roast beef, bumpers, a big pot—so that we may be well supplied with wisdom. You shall prepare the letter; Palinurus here shall wait on table; and I—I shall eat. I’ll tell you how to write it. Come along! this way! (makes for door with alacrity)

Phaed. Coming. [EXEUNT ALL INTO HOUSE.

¹ It was a common custom (as in Asinaria 780) to invoke one’s sweetheart on making a throw.
² The lowest throw, four aces.
³ A great eater.
⁴ The highest throw, when all four dice, marked only on four sides with the numbers 1, 3, 4, 6, turned up different.
ACTVS III

Lyco Beatus videor. subduxi ratiunculam, quantum aeris mihi sit quantumque alieni siet. dives sum, si non reddo eis quibus debeo.¹ verum hercle vero cum belle recogito, si magis me instabunt, ad praetorem sufferam.² qui homo mature quaesivit pecuniam, nisi eam mature parsit, mature esurit. cupio aliquem emere puerum, qui usurarius nunc mihi quaeratur. usus est pecunia.

Curc. Nil tu me saturum monueris. memini et scio. ego hoc effectum lepide tibi tradam. tace. edepol ne ego hic med intus explevi probe, et quidem reliqui in ventre cellae uni locum, ubi reliquiarum reliquias reconderem. quis hic est qui operto capite Aesculapium, salutat? attat, quem quaerebam. sequere me. simulabo quasi non noverim. heus tu, te volo.

Lyco Vnocule, salve.

Curc. Quaeso, deridesne me?

¹ Leo brackets following v., 374:
  *si reddo illis quibus debeo, plus alieni est.*

² Leo brackets following vv., 377–379:
  *habent hunc morem plerique argentarii, ut alius alium poscant, reddant nemini, pugnis rem solvant, si quis poscat clarius.*

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CURCULIO

ACT III

ENTER Lyco

Lyco I seem to be prospering. I’ve done a bit of reckoning, figuring up my assets and liabilities. It’s a plutocrat I am—if I don’t pay my creditors. (reflecting) Really though, by gad, on giving the question some pretty thought, if they press me too hard, I’ll just let the court do the settling.¹ The man that’s made money quickly must economize quickly, or he’ll quickly go hungry. I’m anxious to buy a slave—I mean to say, I must get one I can have the use of; I’ve got use for my money.

ENTER Curculio AND A SLAVE INTO THE DOORWAY OF Phaedromus’s HOUSE.

Curc. (to Phaedromus within) None of your advice for me when my stomach is full! I remember, I know. I am the man to do the job for you handsomely. Not a word! (coming forward) Oh Jupiter! the gorgeous way I did fill up in there! Yes, but I left one compartment of my belly empty as a storeroom for what’s left of the leavings. (seeing Lyco) Who’s this chap with his head covered doing homage to Aesculapius? Aha! the very man I was looking for! (to slave) Come along. (aside) I’ll act as if I didn’t know him. (loudly to Lyco) Hullo, you! I want you!

Lyco (derisively) Greetings, One-Orb.

Curc. (with hauteur) Sir, Sir, are you scoffing at me?

¹ vv. 377–379: Most bankers have the habit of dunning everyone and repaying no one, of closing accounts with their fists, if anyone duns them too loudly.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lyco De Coclitum prosapia te esse arbitror, nam ei sunt unoculi.

Curc. Catapulta hoc ictum est mihi apud Sicyonem.

Lyco Nam quid id refert mea, an aula quassa cum cinere effossus siet?

Curc. Superstitionis hic quidem est, vera praedicat; nam illaec catapultae ad me crebro comment. adulescens, ob rem publicam hoc intus mihi quod insigne habeo, quaesum ne me incomites. 400

Lyco Licetne inforare, si incomitiare non licet?

Curc. Non inforabis me quidem, nec mihi placet tuum profecto nec forum nec comitiun. sed hunc, quem quaero, commonstrare si potes, inibis a me solidam et grandem gratiam. Lyconem quaero tarpezitam.

Lyco Die mihi, quid eum nunc quaeris? aut cuiati's?

Curc. Eloquar.

ab Therapontigono Platagidoro milite.

Lyco Novi edepol nomen, nam mihi istoc nomine, dum scribo, explevi totas ceras quattuor. 410

Curc. sed quid Lyconem quaeris?

Lyco Mandatumst mihi, ut has tabellas ad eum ferrem.

Lyco Quis tu homo es?

Curc. Libertus illius, quem omnes Summanum vocant.

Lyco Summane, salve. qui Summanu's? fac sciam.

1 The Cyclopes.

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CURCULIO

Lyco I take it you come of the stock of the Coclites ¹; they're a one-orbed lot, you know.

Curc. 'Twas struck by a shot from a catapult in Sicily.  
Lyco Oh well, little I care whether it was shot out, or knocked out when a pot of cinders was cracked on your head.

Curc. (aside) My word! The man's a clairvoyant! It happened just as he says—for catapultic shots of that variety are for ever coming my way. (aloud, with dignity) Young man, I won the honourable wound beneath this bandage in defence of my country and, I beg you, do not outrage me in public.

Lyco How about outraging you in private, if not in public?

Curc. No sir, not me! No such privacy for me, or publicity, either, certainly not. But if you can show me where to find the man I am looking for, you shall get a good substantial—thankye. I am looking for Lyco, the banker.

Lyco (on his guard) Why d'ye look for him now, tell me that? Where are you from?

Curc. I will inform you. I come from Captain Thaрапontigonus Smackahead.

Lyco (aside) Gad! I know that name. I filled four whole pages of my ledger writing it down. (aloud) But why d'ye look for Lyco?

Curc. I have received instructions to carry this letter to him. (showing it)

Lyco And who may you be?

Curc. The Captain's freedman—I am generally called Summanus.²

Lyco (mockingly) Greetings, Summanus! Why that name? Inform me.

² "Trickler," as from summano, "trickle," with a play upon Summanus, a Roman deity.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Curc. Quia vestimenta, ubi obdormivi ebrius, summano, ob eam rem me omnes Summanum vocant.

Lyco Alibi te meliust quaeerere hospitium tibi; apud me profecto nihil est Summano loci, sed istum quem quaeris ego sum.

Curc. Quaeso, tune is es, Lyco trapezita?

Lyco Ego sum.

Curc. Multam me tibi salutem iussit Therapontigonus dicere, et has tabellas dare me iussit.

Lyco Mihi?

Curc. Ita.

cape, signum nosce. nostin?

Lyco Quidni noverim?

clupeatus elephantum ubi machaera dissicit.

Curc. Quod istic scriptum est, id te orare iusserat profecto ut faceres, suam si velles gratiam.

Lyco Concede, inspiciam quid sit scriptum.

Curc. Maxime, tuo arbitratu, dum auferam abs te id quod peto.

Lyco "Miles Lyconi in Epidauro hospiti suo Therapontigonus Platagidorus plurimam salutem dicit."

Curc. Meus hic est, hamum vorat.

Lyco "Tecum oro et quaeeso, qui has tabellas adferet tibi, ut ei detur quam istic emi virginem, quod te praesente isti egi teque interprete, et aurum et vestem. iam scis ut convenerit: argentum des lenoni, is huic det virginem." ubi ipsus? cur non venit?

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CURCULIO

Curc. Well, when I have gone to bed drunk, accidents occur to my clothes; so they call me Summanus.

Lyco You had better look for entertainment elsewhere; there's no place for Summanus at my house, that's sure. However, I am the man you're looking for.

Curc. You? Really? You are banker Lyco?

Lyco I am.

Curc. Therapontigonus told me to convey his cordial greetings to you and to give you this letter.

Lyco Me?

Curc. Exactly. (hands over letter) Here! Look at the seal. You recognize it?

Lyco (looking) Why shouldn't I? (chuckling over seal) A bucklered warrior cleaving an elephant in twain with his blade.

Curc. He instructed me to beg you to do what is written there without fail, if you wished to oblige him.

Lyco Step back. I'll see what is written here.

Curc. (retiring) Very well, suit yourself—provided I get from you what I am after.

Lyco (reading) "Captain Therapontigonus Smackahead extends heartiest greetings to Lyco, his host in Epidaurus."

Curc. (aside) I've got him! He's swallowing the hook!

Lyco "I beg you to be so kind as to see that the bearer of this letter is given the girl I purchased in Epidaurus—an affair which I transacted in your presence there and through your agency—together with the jewellery and clothes. You already know our arrangement: you are to give the money to the pimp, and he is to give the girl to my messenger."

Where is the Captain himself? Why doesn't he come?

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Curc. Ego dicam tibi:
quia nudiusquartus venimus in Càriam
ex India; ibi nunc statuam volt dare auream
solidam faciundam ex auro Philippo, quae siet 440
septempedalis, factis monumentum suis.

Lyco Quam ob rem istuc?

Curc. Dicam. quia enim Persas, Paphlagones,
Sinopes, Arabes, Cares, Cretanos, Syros,
Rhodiam atque Lyciam, Perediam et Perbibesiam,
Centauromachiam et Classiam Vnomammiam,
Libyamque oram1 omnem, omnem Conterebrom-
niam,
dimidia partem nationum usque omnium
subegit solus intra viginti dies.

Lyco Vah.

Curc. Quid mirare?

Lyco Quia enim in cavea si forent
conclusi, itidem ut pulli gallinacei, 450
ita non potuere uno anno circumirier.
credo hercle te esse ab illo, ita nugas blatis.

Curc. Immo etiam porro, si vis, dicam.

Lyco Nil moror.

sequere hac, te absolvam qua advenisti gratia.
atque eccum video. leno, salve.

Ca. Di te ament.

Lyco Quid hoc quod ad te venio?

Ca. Dicas quid velis.

Lyco Argentum accipias, cum illo mittas virginem.

1 oram (omnem) Lindsay.
CURCULIO

Curc. I will tell you why—because four days ago we came from India to Caria, and now he wishes to have a solid gold statue of himself made there, good gold of Philip,¹ seven feet high, as a memorial of his exploits.

Lyco A memorial! What for?
Curc. I'll tell you. Why, because the Persians, Paphlagonians, Sinopians, Arabs, Carians, Cretans, Syrians, Rhodes and Lycia, Gobbleonia and Guzzleania, Centaurbattaglia and Onenipplearmia, the whole coast of Libya and the whole of Grapejusquezia, in fact, a good half of all the nations on earth, have been subdued by him single-handed inside of twenty days.

Lyco (apparently awestruck) Whew!
Curc. What are you surprised about?
Lyco Why, because if those people were shut up in a coop like so many chickens, even then it would take a man more than a year to walk around 'em. Gad! I believe you do come from him—you talk such twaddle.

Curc. Oh, but I will give you more facts still, if you like.
Lyco No you won't. (going) Come along; I'll settle the business that brought you here.

ENTER Cappadox FROM TEMPLE

Ah, there's our man! Good day, pimp.

Ca. (dearly) God bless you.
Lyco What of the matter I'm coming to you about?
Ca. Tell me what you want.
Lyco Take your money, and send the girl off with that fellow. (indicating Curculio)

¹ Philip of Macedon, on acquiring the gold-mines of Thrace, issued gold pieces worth about twenty drachmae (about fifteen shillings), which became widely current as a standard coinage.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ca. Quid quod iuratus sum?
Lyco Quid id refert tua,
dum argentum accipias?
Ca. Qui monet quasi adiuvat. 459, 460
sequimini.
Curc. Leno, cave in te sit mora mihi.

ACTVS IV

Chor. Edepol nugatorem lepidum lepide hunc nactust
Phaedromus.
halapantam an sycophantam magis esse dicam
nescio.
ornamenta quae locavi metuo ut possim recipere;
quamquam cum istoc mihi negoti nihil est; ipsi
Phaedromo
credidi. tamen asservabo. sed dum hic egreditur
foras,
commonstrabo, quo in quemque hominem facile
inveniatis loco,
ne nimio opere sumat operam si quem conventum
velit,
vel vitiosum vel sine vitio, vel probum vel im-
probum.
qui periurum convenire volt hominem ito in comi-
tium;
qui mendacem et gloriosum, apud Cloacinae sacrum,
ditis damnosos maritos sub basilica quaerito.
ibidem erunt scorta exoleta quique stipulari solent,
symbolarum collatores apud forum piscarium.
in foro infimo boni homines atque dites ambulant,
in medio propter canalem, ibi ostentatores meri;
confidentes garrulique et malevoli supera lacum,
qui alteri de nihilo audacter dicunt contumeliam

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CURCULIO

Ca. How about the oath I took?
Lyco What's the odds to you so long as you get your money?
Ca. "He who counsels, aids." Come. (leads way toward his house)
Curc. (sternly) Mind, pimp! no delaying me!

[Exeunt into house.

ACT IV

ENTER THE COMPANY'S PROPERTY MANAGER.

Manager (looking after Curculio) My word! A splendid stroke of Phaedromus's, hitting on this splendid swindler! I hardly know whether to call him more sharp or sharper. The costumes I hired out are gone for good, I fear me. To be sure, I had no dealings with him; I trusted them to Phaedromus himself. However, I shall keep my eyes open. Well, till he comes out, I will show you where you can readily find men of every variety, so that no one will have to labour too laboriously if he wishes to meet anyone vicious or virtuous, worthy or worthless. In case you wish to meet a perjurer, go to the Comitium; for a liar and braggart, try the temple of Venus Cloacina; for wealthy married wasters, the Basilica. There too will be harlots, well-ripened ones, and men ready for a bargain, while at the Fish-market are the members of eating clubs. In the lower forum citizens of repute and wealth stroll about; in the middle forum, near the Canal, there you find the merely showy set. Above the Lake are those brazen, garrulous, spiteful fellows who boldly decy other people without reason

1 Venus the Purifier.
et qui ipsi sat habent quod in se possit vere dicier.
sub veteribus, ibi sunt qui dant quique accipiunt
faenor.
pono aedem Castoris, ibi sunt subito quibus credas
male.
in Tusco vico, ibi sunt homines qui ipsi sese ven-
ditant, 1
vel qui ipsi vorsant vel qui aliis ubi vorsentur
praebant. 2
sed interim fores crepuere; linguae moderandum
est mihi.

IV. 2.  

Curc. I tu prae, virgo; non queo quod pone me est servare.
et aurum et vestem omnem suam esse aiebat quam
haeo haberet.

Ca. Nemo it infitas.

Curc. At tamen meliusculum est monere.

Lyco Memento promissesse te, si quisquam hanc liberali
causa manu assereret, mihi omne argentum reddi-
tum iri,
minas triginta.

Ca. Meminero, de istoc quietus esto.
et nunc idem dico.

Curc. Et quidem meminisse ego haec volam te.

Ca. Memini, et mancuiop tibi dabo.

Curc. Egon ab lenone quicquam
mancupio accipiam, quibus sui nihil est nisi uma
lingua,
qui abiurant si quid creditum est? alienos mancu-
patis,

1 Leo brackets following v., 483 :
in Velabro vel pistroem vel laniun vel haruspicem.

2 Leo brackets following v., 485 :
ditis damnosos maritos apud Leucadiam Oppiam.
CURCULIO

and are open to plenty of truthful criticism themselves. Below the Old Shops are those who lend and borrow upon usury. Behind the temple of Castor are those whom you would do ill to trust too quickly. In the Tuscan Quarter are those worthies who sell themselves—either those who turn themselves or give others a chance to turn. (listening) But there! a noise at the door! I must rein in my tongue. [EXIT Manager.

Scene 2. ENTER Curculio, his slave, Cappadox, Lyco, and Planesium INTO DOORWAY.

Curc. You go in front, young lady; I cannot watch what is behind me. (to Cappadox) The Captain said that all the jewellery and clothes she had were his, too.

Ca. Nobody denies it.

Curc. (firmly) It is rather better to remind you, however.

Lyco (to Cappadox) Remember, if anyone should succeed in claiming her as a freeborn girl, you promised I should have all my money back, one hundred and twenty pounds.

Ca. I will remember; be easy about that. Yes, I say so again now.

Curc. And I shall want you to remember all this, too.

Ca. Yes, yes, I'll hand her over to you formally and legally.

Curc. (scornful) I receive anything formally and legally from a pimp? Fellows that own nothing but the bare tongue they swear off honest debts with! You fellows are not the owners of those you

VOL. II.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

alienos manu emittitis alienisque imperatis,
nec vobis auctor ullus est nec vosmet estis ulli.
item genus est lenonium inter homines meo quidem
animo
ut muscae, culices, ciclices pedesque pulicesque:
 odio et malo et molestiae, bono usui estis nulli,
nec vobiscum quisquam in foro frugi consistere
audet.
qui constitit, culpant eum, conspicitur vituperatur,
eum rem sidentque perdere, tam etsi nil fecit, aiunt.
Edepol lenones meo animo novisti, lusce, lepide.
Eodem hercle vos pono et paro; parissimi estis
hibus.
hi saltem in occultis locis prostant, vos in foro ipso.
vos faenore homines, hi male suadendo et lustris
lacerant.
rogitationis plurimas propter vos populus scivit,
quas vos rogatas rumpitis; aliquam reperitis rimam.
quasi aquam ferventem frigidam esse, ita vos putatis
leges.
Tacuisse mavellem.
Hau male meditate maledicax es.
Indignis si male dicitur, male dictum id esse dico,
verum si dignis dicitur, bene dictumst meo quidem
animo.
ego mancupem te nil moror nec lenonem alium
quemquam.
Lyco, numquid vis?

Bene vale.
Vale.
Heus tu, tibi ego dico.

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formally and legally sell, those you set free, those you order about. You have no title to them, and you yourselves can give no one else a title to them. In my humble opinion, the whole pimp tribe occupies the social position of flies, gnats, bugs, lice, and fleas: you are a pest, a plague, a general nuisance, of no good to anybody, and no decent person dares stand beside you in the forum. If anyone does, he is censured, eyed, condemned; he is on the road to ruin, they say, even though he has done nothing.

Lyco  (chuckling) Gad! You have a pretty acquaintance with pimps, in my opinion, One-eye.

Curc.  (turning on him with asperity) And by heaven, I put you people in the same class and category; you match them perfectly. They, at least, do business in private, you in the open forum. You mangle men with usury, they with vile solicitation and dens of vice. The people have passed bills without number against you, and once they pass them, you smash them; you always find some loophole. To you laws are like boiling water that soon grows cold.

Lyco  (aside, wryly) I wish I'd kept my mouth shut.

Ca.   (judicially, with a sour grin at Lyco) There is much hard thinking behind those hard words.

Curc.  Hard words are hard if spoken to those that do not deserve them, but if they do deserve them, soft—at least in my opinion. None of your surety for me, or any other pimp's either. (about to go) Anything else, Lyco?

Lyco  (eagerly) Good-bye, good-bye!

Curc.  Good-bye. (turns away, Planesium lingering tearfully)

Ca.   (to Curculio) Here, you! I say!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Curc. Eloquere, quid vis?
Ca. Quaeso, ut hanc cures, ut bene sit isti. bene ego istam eduxi meae domi et pudice.
Curc. Si huius miseret, ecquid das qui bene sit?
Ca. Malum.
Curc. Opust hoc qui te procures.
Ca. Quid stulta ploras? ne time, bene hercle vendidi ego te. fac sis bona frugi sies, sequere istum bella belle.
Lyco Summane, numquid nunciam me vis?
Curc. Vale atque salve, nam et operam et pecuniam benigne praebuisti.
Lyco Salutem multam dicitu patrono.
Curc. Nuntiabo.
Lyco Numquid vis, leno?
Ca. Istas minas decem, qui me procurem, dum melius sit mihi, des.
Lyco Dabuntur, cras peti iubeto.
Ca. Quando bene gessi rem, volo hic in fano supplicare. nam illam minis olim decem puellam parvolum emi, sed eum qui mi illam vendidit numquam postilla vidi; perissse credo. quid id mea refert? ego argentum habeo. quois homini di sunt propitii, lucrum ei profecto obiciunt. nunc rei divinae operam dabo. certumst bene me curare.

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CURCULIO

Curc. Out with it! What do you want?
Ca. (virtuously) Do take care that this girl be well treated. She was well brought up at my house, and modestly; I saw to it myself.
Curc. In case you pity her, what will you pay toward her being well treated?
Ca. (taken aback) Oh hang!
Curc. That is just what you need.
Ca. (to Planesium) What are you crying about, silly? Never you fear. Good heavens, I have disposed of you well. Now be a good girl, mind. Go along with him prettily, my pretty.

Lyco Well, Summanus, anything more I can do now?
Curc. Good-bye, and good luck to you, for you have been most accommodating with your time and money both.

Lyco Give my best regards to your patron.
Curc. I shall do so. [EXIT WITH Planesium AND SLAVE.

Lyco Anything further, pimp?
Ca. The payment of that forty pounds, so that I may look out for myself till things (groans) go better with me.

Lyco You'll be paid; send for it to-morrow. [EXIT Lyco.
Ca. (nearly contented) Seeing I have managed that affair well, I must go in the temple here and pray. Why, I bought that girl for forty pounds, long ago when she was only a little thing, but I have never set eyes on the seller since. Dead, I dare say. Well, what's the odds? I have the cash. When the gods are propitious to a man, they throw money in his way, they certainly do. Now to offer sacrifice. I am resolved to take good care of myself. [EXIT INTO TEMPLE.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

IV. 3.
Ther. Non ego nunc mediocri incedo iratus iracundia,
    sed eapse illa qua excidionem facere condidici
    oppidis.
nunc nisi tu mihi propere properas dare iam triginta
    minas,
quas ego apud te deposivi, vitam propera ponere.
Lyco Non edepol nunc ego te mediocri macto infortunio,
    sed eopse illo quo mactare soleo quoi nil debeo.
Ther. Ne te mi facias ferocem aut supplicare censeas.
Lyco Nec tu me quidem unquam subiges, redditum ut
    reddam tibi,
nec datus sum.
Ther. Idem ego istuc quom credebam credidi,
te nihil esse redditurum.
Lyco Quor nunc a me igitur petis?
Ther. Scire volo quoi reddidisti.
Lyco Lusco liberto tuo,
is Summanum se vocari dixit, ei reddidi.¹
Ther. Quos tu mihi luscos libertos, quos Summanos som-
nias?
nec mihi quidem libertus ullust.
Lyco Facis sapientius
quam pars² lenonum, libertos qui habent et eos
deserunt.
Ther. Quid nunc?³
Lyco Quod mandasti feci, tui honoris gratia,
tuom qui signum ad me attulisset, nuntium ne
    spernerem.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 545:
qui has tabellas obsignatas attulit.
Ther. Quas tu mihi tabellas ?

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CURCULIO

Scene 3. ENTER Therapontigonus AND Lyco.

Ther. (bellowing) 'Tis now in no common rage I ragefully stride on, but in that selfsame rage in which I have learned so well to root up cities. Now unless thou dost hastily make haste to give me the hundred and twenty pounds I left with thee, make haste to leave this life.

Lyco (mimicking him) And by heaven, 'tis now with no common warmth I'll make things warm for thee, but with that selfsame warmth with which I am wont to make things warm for him to whom—I owe nothing.

Ther. No insolence to me, fellow, and think not of entreaty!

Lyco And there'll be no forcing me, fellow, not me, to return you your money twice over; I won't do it.

Ther. (less violent) I expected this very thing when I trusted it to you—that never a penny would you return.

Lyco Then why do you come to me for it now?

Ther. I want to know to whom you returned it.

Lyco That one-eyed freedman of yours—said he was called Summanus—I returned it to him.

Ther. What one-eyed freedmen of mine, what Summanuses, are you dreaming of, man? Not a single freedman have I got.

Lyco You act more wisely than certain pimps who do have freedmen, and leave 'em in the lurch.

Ther. What does this mean?

Lyco It means I followed your instructions, out of regard for you, not to repudiate the man that brought me your own seal.

2 Corrupt (Leo): pars latronum Doua.
3 quid nunc Goetz: quid feci MSS.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

_Ther._ Stultior stulto fuisti, qui tabellis crederes.
_Lyco_ Quis res publica et privata geritur, nonne eis cre-
derem?

ego abeo, tibi res solutast recte. bellator, vale.

_Ther._ Quid valeam?
_Lyco_ Aut tu aegrota aetatem, si lubet, per me quidem.
_Ther._ Quid ego nunc faciam? quid refert me fecisse
regibus
ut mi oboedirent, si hic me hodie umbraticus deri-
serit?

IV. 4.

_Ca._ Quoi homini di sunt propitii, ei non esse iratos puto.
postquam rem divinam feci, venit in mentem mihi,
ne trapezita exulatum abierit, argentum ut petam,
ut ego potius comedim quam ille.

_Ther._ Iusseram salvere te. 560

_Ca._ Therapontigone Platagidore, salve; salvos quom
advenis
in Epidaurum, hic hodie apud me—numquam de-
linges salem.

_Ther._ Bene vocas, verum locata res est—ut male sit tibi.
sed quid agit meum mercimonium apud te?

_Ca._ Nil apud me quidem,
ne facias testis, neque equidem debeo quicquam.

_Ther._ Quid est?

_Ca._ Quod fui iuratus feci.

_Ther._ Reddin an non virginem,
prius quam te huic meae machaeræ obicio, mas-
tigia?

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CURCULIO

Ther. You ass of asses! to trust writing!
Lyco Not trust what public and private business all de-
pends on? (disgustedly) I'm going. Your account
is duly settled. Farewell, warrior. (turns away)
Ther. (hotly) "Farewell," is it?
Lyco (over his shoulder) Or fare the other way, to the
end of your life, if you like—little I care.

[Exit Lyco.

Ther. What shall I do now? What boots it to have
made monarchs my menials, if this cloistered
caitiff is to flout me thus?

Scene 4. ENTER CAPPADOX, WADDLING OUT OF THE TEMPLE.

Ca. (hopefully) When the gods are propitious to a
man, he is a man they—(sighing) are not angry
with, I think. After I offered sacrifice it occurred
to me that the banker might leave the country,
and I had better demand my money, so as to
let it go into my stomach rather than his.

Ther. (sternly) Good day to you, sir, good day, I say.
Ca. (without ardour) Good day, Therapontigonus
Smackahead. In honour of your safe arrival
in Epidaurus, here at my house to-day you shall
have—never a lick of salt.

Ther. Much obliged, only I have arranged to give you—
the very devil! Well, how about that merchan-
dise of mine you have?

Ca. I? I have nothing—(as Therapontigonus gets ex-
cited) no, no need of witnesses—and not a thing
do I owe you, not a thing.

Ther. How is this?
Ca. What I swore I'd do, I've done.

Ther. (grasping his sword hilt) Wilt hand over the maiden
or not, hangdog, ere I subject thee to this blade
of mine?

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ca. Vapulare ego te vehementer iubeo. ne me territes. illa abductast, tu auferere hinc a me, si perges mihi
male loqui, profecto, cui ego nisi malum nil debo. 570

Ther. Mihin malum minitare?

Ca. Atque edepol non minitabor, sed dabo, mihi si perges molestus esse.

Ther. Leno minitatur mihi, meaeque pugnae proeliare plurimae optrita
iacent? at ita me machaera et clupeus 1 bene iuvent pugnantem in acie: nisi mi virgo red-
ditur,
iam ego te faciam ut hic formicae frustillatim
differant.

Ca. At ita me volsellae, pecten, speculum, calamistrum
meum
bene me amassint meaque axitia linteumque ex-
tersui,
ut ego tua magnifica verba neque istas tus magnas
minas
non pluris facio quam ancillam meam quae latrinam
lavit.
ego illam reddidi qui argentum a te attulit. 580

Ther. Quis is est homo?

Ca. Tuum libertum esse aiebat sese Summanum.

Ther. Meum?

Ca. attat, Curculio hercle verba mihi dedit, cum cogito.
is mihi anulum subripuit.

Ther. Perdidistin tu anulum?

Ca. miles pulchre centuriatus est expuncto in manipulo.

Ther. Vbi nunc Curculionem inveniam?

Ca. In tritico facillume,

1 Leo notes lacuna here: (et lorica et cassida) Lambinus.

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CURCULIO

Ca. (coolly) A good sound hiding is what I recommend for you. You needn’t try to scare me. She has been taken away, and as for you, you shall be carried away, mark my words, if you go on abusing me, when all I owe you is a thrashing.

Ther. Me? You threaten me with a thrashing?

Ca. Yes, and by heaven, I won’t threaten—I’ll give you one, if you go on annoying me.

Ther. A pimp to threaten me? And my countless bellicose battles trampled in the dust? Now so help me well blade and shield, when I do battle on the field—unless the maiden is handed over to me, I will at once so serve thee that the ants will scatter thee hereabouts bit by bit.

Ca. (mimicking him) Now so love me well my depilatory tweezers, comb, mirror, curling tongs, shears, and bath towel—I no more bother about your braggadocio and bloody bluster than about my servant wench that cleans the privy. I have delivered that girl to the man that brought the cash from you.

Ther. Who is this man?

Ca. He said he was a freedman of yours, Summanus.

Ther. Of mine? (reflecting) Aha! By heaven, now I think it over, it is Curculio has tricked me! He stole my ring.

Ca. Lost your ring, have you? (aside) A fine commission our Captain has—in a company that draws no pay.1

Ther. Where shall I find Curculio now?

Ca. (appearing to misunderstand) Curculio? A weevil? In amongst the wheat, most likely; I warrant

1 Having lost his ring, the Captain loses money; hence, according to comedy logic, he belongs to a company which is in disgrace and draws no pay.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS
vel quingentos curculiones pro uno faxo reperias.
ego abeo, vale atque salve.

Ther. Male vale, male sit tibi.
quid ego faciam? maneam an abeam? sicin mi esse
os oblitum?
cupio dare mercedem qui illunc ubi sit common-
stret mihi.

ACTVS V

Curc. Antiquom poetam audivi scripsisse in tragoedia,
mulieres duas peiores esse quam unam. res itast.
verum mulierem peiorem quam haec amica est

Phaedromi
non vidi aut audivi, neque pol dici nec singi potest
peior quam haec est; quae ubi me habere hune
conspicatam anulum,
rogat unde habeam. “quid id tu quaeis?” “quia
mi quae sit opus.”
nego me dicere. ut eum eriperet, manum arripuit
mordicus.
vix foras me abripui atque effugi. apage istane
caniculam.

V. 2.

Plan. Phaedrome, propera.
Phaed. Quid properem?
CURCULIO

you will find five hundred curculios, for that matter, instead of one. (turning away) I am going, myself. (over his shoulder, patronizingly) Fare thee well, bless you!

Ther. Fare thee ill, curse you! [exit Cappadox] What shall I do? Stay, or go? I to have my face smeared in this fashion! Oh, I long to give a reward to the man that shows me where he is!

[exit, very bloodthirsty.

ACT V

ENTER Curculio precipitately from Phaedromus's house.

Curc. (bitterly) An old dramatist, so I've heard, once wrote in a tragedy\(^1\) that two women are worse than one. They are. But a worse woman than this wench of Phaedromus's I never did see or hear of, either, and by gad, a worse one can't be mentioned or even imagined! As soon as she notices I have this ring (showing the Captain's ring), she asks me where I got it. "What do you want to know for?" says I. "Because there's need I should," says she. I refuse to tell her. She tried to get it off and got her teeth in my hand in the process. I just managed to get myself out of the door and make my escape. Lord deliver me from such a little beast!

Scene 2. ENTER Planesium into doorway.

Plan. (excitedly) Hurry, Phaedromus!

ENTER Phaedromus into doorway.

Phaed. Hurry? Why?

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\(^1\) The source of the quotation is unknown.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Plan. Parasitum ne amiseris.

magna res est.

Phaed. Nulla est mihi, nam quam habui absumpsi celeriter.

Plan. Teneo.

Phaed. Quid negotist?

Plan. Rogita unde istunc habeat anulum.
Pater istum meus gestitavit.¹

Curc. At mea matertera.

Plan. Mater ei utendum dederat.

Curc. Pater ² vero is rusum tibi.


Curc. Soleo, nam propter eas vivo facilius.

Plan. Quid nunc? obsevro, parentes ne meos mihi prohibeas.

Curc. Quid ego? sub gemmane abstrusos habeo tuam matrem et patrem?

Plan. Libera ego sum nata.

Curc. Et alii multi qui nunc serviunt.

Phaed. Enim vero irascor.

Curc. Dixi equidem tibi, unde ad me hic pervenerit. quotiens dicendum est? elusi militem, inquam, in alea.

Ther. Salvos sum, eccum quem quaerebam. quid agis, bone vir?

Curc. Audio.

si vis tribus bolis, vel in chlamydem.

Ther. Quin tu is in malam crucem

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: gestitavit (olim) Leo.
² vero (is) Lindsay; wo is MSS.
CURCULIO

Plan. So as not to lose the parasite. It means everything.

Phaed. (dryly) And I have nothing, for everything I had I ran through in no time.

Plan. (seizing Curculio) I have him!

Phaed. What's it all about?

Plan. Ask him where he got that ring there. My father used to wear that ring.

Curc. Well, so did my mother's sister.

Plan. My mother let him take it.

Curc. (banteringly) And this father passed it on to you, no doubt.

Plan. You're talking nonsense.

Curc. A habit of mine—that is the way I pick up an easier living, you see.

Plan. (anxiously) Well? Well? For heaven's sake, don't keep me from my parents!

Curc. Eh? I? (examining the ring in mock consternation) Have I got your mother and father tucked away under the stone here?

Plan. I was born free.

Curc. So were lots of other folks that are slaving it now.

Phaed. (to Curculio, testily) Really now, this is too much.

Curc. Well, I told you how it came into my hands. How many times do you need to be told? I tricked a soldier at a game of dice, I say.

ENTER Therapontigonus dolefully.

Ther. (seeing Curculio) Saved! There he is, there is my man! (roaring) Ah, my good sir, what now?

Curc. (calmly) I'm all attention. Three throws, if you like, for—(scanning Captain with a grin) oh, well, for a military cloak.

Ther. You be damned, with all your throes of throat and
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

cum bolis, cum bulbis? redde mihi iam argentum aut virginem.

Curc. Quod argentum, quas tu mihi tricas narras? quam tu virginem me reposcis?

Ther. Quam ab lenone abduxiti hodie, seclus viri.

Curc. Nullam abduxi.

Ther. Certe eccistam video.

Phaed. Virgo haec libera est.

Ther. Mean ancilla libera ut sit, quam ego numquam emisi manu?


Ther. Ego quidem pro istac rem solvi ab trapezita meo. quam ego pecuniam quadruplicem abs te et lenone auferam.

Phaed. Qui scis mercari furtivas atque ingenuas virgines, ambula in ius.

Ther. Non eo.

Phaed. Licet 1 antestari?

Ther. Non licet.

Phaed. Iuppiter te, miles, perdat, intestatus vivito; at ego, quem licet, te accede huc.

Ther. Servom antestari?

Curc. Vide.

em ut scias me liberum esse. ergo ambula in ius.

Ther. Em tibi. 624, 625

Curc. O cives, cives.

1 Leo brackets following te.

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CURCULIO

belly! 1 Give me back my money or my girl this instant!

Curc. What money? What sort of bosh are you talking to me? What girl are you asking back from me?

Ther. The one you took from the pimp to-day, you enormity of a man!

Curc. Not one did I take.

Ther. I certainly see her (pointing to Planesium) right before my face!

Phaed. (urbanely) This young lady is free.

Ther. My maidservant free, when I never freed her?

Phaed. Who gave you any legal right to her? Whom did you buy her from? Inform me.

Ther. I? I settled for her through my banker. And I'll have the money, four times over, from you and the pimp.

Phaed. (blustering in turn) Come, you hardened trader in kidnapped and freeborn maidens, off to court with you!

Ther. Not I.

Phaed. (to Curculio) Can I call on you to testify?

Ther. (interrupting) You can not.

Phaed. Curse you, Captain! May you live without testes yourself, then! (to Curculio again) But I call on you, a man I can call on. Come here.

Ther. A slave testifying?

Curc. (allowing Phaedromus to touch his ear 2) Look! Here! Just to show you I am a free man! Now then, off to court with you!

Ther. (striking him) And here's one for you!

Curc. (bawling) Help, citizens, help!

1 It seems impossible to render the word-play closely. Bolis = both "throws" and "choice morsels," while bulbis = some sort of "onion."

2 The ordinary procedure in engaging a witness.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ther. Quid clamas?
Phaed. Quid tibi istum tactio est?
Ther. Quia mihi lubitum est.
Plan. Phaedrome, obsecro serva me.
Phaed. Tamquam me et genium meum. miles, quaeso te ut mihi dicas unde illum habeas anulum, quem parasitus hic te elusit.
Plan. Per tua genua te obsecro, ut nos facias certiores.
Ther. Quid istuc ad vos attinet? quaeratis chlamydem et machaeram hanc unde ad me pervenerit.
Curc. Vt fastidit gloriosus.
Ther. Mitte istum, ego dicam omnia.
Curc. Nihil est quod ille dicit.
Plan. Fac me certiorem, obsecro.

Ther. Ego dicam, surge. hanc rem agite atque animum advortite. pater meus habuit Periphanes
Plan. Pro Iuppiter.
Ther. Et isto me heredem fecit.
Plan. O Pietas mea, serva me, quando ego te servavi sedulo. frater mi, salve.

1 Periphanes Pius: Periplanæ MSS. 2 hem, Periphanes Acidalius: Planesium MSS.

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CURCULIO

Ther. What are you yelling for?
Phaed. What did you lay hands on him for?
Ther. Because I chose to.
Phaed. (aside) You come here, Curculio. (aside to Therapontigonus) I'll put that fellow into your hands. (to Curculio again) Be still!
Plan. (thinking that Phaedromus is yielding to the Captain) Phaedromus! for heaven's sake, save me!
Phaed. As I would my very soul! (to Therapontigonus, politely) Captain, pray tell me where you got that ring which the parasite here filched from you.
Plan. (falling at the Captain's feet) I beg you by these knees I clasp, do let me know!
Ther. (haughtily) How does that concern you two? Come, ask me where I obtained my cloak and this blade of mine.
Curc. (nursing his sore spots) The airs he gives himself, the braggart!
Ther. Unhand that fellow, (indicating Curculio) and I'll tell you all.
Curc. All he tells you amounts to nothing.
Plan. (motioning Curculio aside) Do let me know, I beg you!
Ther. (to Planesium) I will. Arise. Now then, attention, both of you! It belonged to my father, Periphanes——
Plan. What? Periphanes!
Ther. Before he died he quite properly gave it to me, as his own son.
Plan. Good heavens!
Ther. So he made me his heir.
Plan. Oh god of filial love, do keep me, for I have loyally kept thee in honour! (falling on the Captain's neck) Brother, my own dear brother!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

**Ther.** Qui credam ego istuc? cedo, si vera memoras, quae fuit mater tua?

**Plan.** Cleobula.

**Ther.** Nutrix quae fuit?

**Plan.** Archestrata.

ea me spectatum tulerat per Dionysia. postquam illo ventum est, iam, ut me collocaverat, exoritur ventus turbo, spectacula ibi ruunt, ego pertimesco. ibi me nescio quis arripit timidam atque pavidad, nec vivam nec mortuam. nec quo me pacto abstulerit possum dicere.

**Ther.** Memini istanc turbam fieri. sed tu die mihi, ubi is est homo qui te surripuit?

**Plan.** Nescio.

verum hunc servavi semper mecum una anulum; cum hoc olim perii.

**Ther.** Cedo, ut inspiciam. 

**Curc.** Sanan es, quae isti committas?

**Plan.** Sine modo.

**Ther.** Pro Iuppiter, hic est quem ego tibi misi natali die. tam facile novi quam me. salve, mea soror.

**Plan.** Frater mi, salve.

**Phaed.** Deos volo bene vortere istam rem vobis.

**Curc.** Et ego nobis omnibus: tu ut hodie adveniens cenam des sororam, hic nuptialem cras dabit. promittimus.

**Ther.** Tace tu.

**Curc.** Non taceo, quando res vortit bene. tu istanc desponde huic, miles. ego dotem dabo.

**Ther.** Quid dotis?

1 Leo brackets following tum.

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CURCULIO

Ther. (startled) How am I to believe that? Come, come, if you say true, who was your mother?

Plan. Cleobula.

Ther. And your nurse?

Plan. Archestrata. She had taken me out to see the show at the Dionysiac festival. We had scarcely arrived, and I been put in my place, when a perfect hurricane arose; the seats caved in—I was so terrified! Then someone or other seized me, scared and trembling as I was, neither alive nor dead. How he carried me off I can't say.

Ther. I remember the panic of that day. But tell me this—where is the man that stole you?

Plan. I don't know. But I have always kept this ring (holding out her hand) with me; I had it on when I was lost, long ago.

Ther. Give it here! Let me look at it!

Curc. (as Planesium takes it off) Are you crazy, to trust it to him?

Plan. Oh, let me be!

Ther. Great heavens! This is the ring I sent you on your birthday! I know it as well as I know myself. (embracing her) Ah, my sister!

Plan. Oh, my own dear brother!

Phaed. God bless you both in this!

Curc. God bless us all, I say. (to Therapontigonus) You, sir, should celebrate your arrival to-day by giving us a dinner, a sororal dinner; as for him, (indicating Phaedromus) to-morrow he will give us a nuptial dinner. (pauses) We accept the invitations.

Ther. Keep still, you!

Curc. I will not keep still, now that everything is ending happily. Captain, promise your sister to this gentleman. I will give her a dowry myself.

Ther. What dowry?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Curc. Egone? ut semper, dum vivat, me alat. verum hercle dico.

Ther. Me lubente feceris. sed leno hic debet nobis triginta minas.

Phaed. Quam ob rem istuc?

Ther. Quia ille ita repromisit mihi: si quisquam hanc liberali asseruisset manu, sine controversia omne argentum reddere. nunc eamus ad lenonem.

Curc. Laudo.

Phaed. Hoc prius volo, meam rem agere.

Ther. Quid id est?

Phaed. Vt mihi hanc despondeas.

Curc. Quid cessas, miles, hanc huic uxorem dare?

Ther. Si haec volt.

Plan. Mi frater, cupio.

Ther. Fiat.

Curc. Bene facis.

Phaed. Spondesne, miles, mi hanc uxorem?

Ther. Spondeo.

Curc. Et ego hoc idem una spondeo.

Ther. Lepide facis.

sed eccum lenonem, incedit, thensaurum meum.

V. 3.

Ca. Argentariis male credi qui aiunt, nugas praedicant. nam et bene et male credi dico; id adeo ego hodie expertus sum. non male creditur qui numquam reddunt, sed pror-sum perit. vel ille, decem minas dum solvit, omnis mensas transit. postquam nil fit, clamore hominem posco. ille in ius me vocat;
CURCULIO

Curc. I? An allowance—I will allow her to support me all her life. And by Jove, I mean it.

Ther. (to Curculio) You will do me pleasure. (to others) But the pimp here owes us one hundred and twenty pounds.

Phaed. How so?

Ther. Because he engaged, for his part, in case anyone claimed the girl as free born, to refund all the money without dispute. Now to the pimp!

Curc. Capital!

Phaed. But first I want to settle my own affair.

Ther. What is that?

Phaed. That you promise me your sister.

Curc. Hurry up, Captain, let him marry her.

Ther. If she wishes.

Plan. I long to, brother dear!

Ther. So be it.

Curc. (with dignity) I thank you.

Phaed. You consent to the marriage, Captain?

Ther. I consent.

Curc. And I—I consent to the arrangement, too.

Ther. Charming of you! (looking down street) But see! Up strides the pimp, my treasure! (they step back)

Scene 3.

ENTER Cappadox.

Ca. People that say bankers are ill trusted talk rubbish. Why, they are well and ill trusted both, I tell you—and what is more, I have proved it myself this very day. Money is not ill trusted to men that never repay you; it is gone for good. That Lyco, for example, in trying to raise forty pounds for me, went to every single bank. Nothing coming of it, I begin dunning him at the top of my lungs. He summons me before the
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

pessume metui, ne mihi hodie apud praetorem
solveret.

verum amici compulerunt; reddit argentum domo.
nunc domum properare certumst.

Ther. Heus tu, leno, te volo.

Phaed. Et ego te volo.

Ca. At ego vos nolo ambos.

Ther. Sta sis ilico,
atque argentum propere propera vomere.

Ca. Quid mecum est tibi?
aut tibi?

Ther. Quia ego ex te hodie faciam pilum cata-
pultarium
atque ita te nervo torquebo, itidem ut catapultae
solent.

Phaed. Delicatum te hodie faciam, cum catello ut accubes,
ferreo ego dico.

Ca. At ego vos ambo in robusto carcere
ut pereatis.

Phaed. Collum obstringe, abduce istum in malam crucem.

Ther. Quidquid est, ipse ibit potius.

Ca. Pro deum atque hominum fidem,
hocine pacto indemnum atque intestatum me
abripi?
obsecro, Planesium, et te, Phaedrome, auxilium ut
feras.

Plan. Frater, obsecro te, noli hunc condemnatum perdere.
bene et pudice me domi habuit.

Ther. Haud voluntate id sua.
Aesculapio huic habeto, quom pudica es, gratiam;
nam si valuisset, iam pridem quoquo posset mitteret.
CURCULIO

magistrate. I was horribly afraid he would settle with me in court. But his friends coerced him, and he paid me out of his own cash in hand. Now I must hurry home. (goes toward his house)

Ther. (stepping forward) Ah there, pimp, I want you!
Phaed. (joining the Captain) And I want you.
Ca. (without stopping) But I want neither of you.
Ther. (menacingly) Stop there, please, and hurry up and disgorge my money in a hurry.
Ca. (to Captain) What have you to do with me? (to Phaedromus) Or you?
Ther. This—to-day I intend to transform you into a catapeltic arrow, and send you spinning like a missile from a catapult.

Phaed. And to-day I intend to make quite a fop of you and make you sleep with a little dog—I mean dog-chain.
Ca. Yes, and I intend to put you both in a good stout cell to rot.

Phaed. Get him by the neck! Off to the gallows with him!
Ther. (seizing Cappadox roughly) He will prefer to go of his own accord, come what may.

Ca. (struggling) In the name of heaven and earth! Dragged off in this fashion, with no sentence, no witnesses against me! Planesium—and you, Phaedromus—for mercy's sake, help me!

Plan. Brother, I beg you! don't let him be condemned and ruined! I was well used, treated modestly, at his house.

Ther. Through no choice of his. You can thank Aesculapius here for that; for if he had been healthy, he would have packed you off anywhere he could, long ago.

1 Where by fraudulent means Lyco would escape payment.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Animum advortite, ego si possum hoc inter vos componere.
mitte instunc. accede huc, leno. dicam meam sententiam,
siquidem voltis quod decreo facere.

Ther. Tibi permittimus.
Ca. Dum quidem herele ita iudices, ne quisquam a me argentum auferat.

Ther. Quodne promisti?
Ca. Qui promisi?
Phaed. Lingua.
Ca. Eadem nunc nego.
dicendi, non rem perdendi gratia haec nata est mihi.

Phaed. Nihil agit, collum obstringe homini.
Ca. Iam iam faciam ut iusseris.
Ther. Quando vir bonus es, responde quod rogo.
Ca. Roga quod lubet.
Ther. Promistin, si liberali quisquam hanc assereret manu,
te omne argentum redditurum?

Ca. Non commemini dicere. 710
Ther. Quid? negas?
Ca. Nego herele vero. quo praesente? quo in loco?
Ther. Me ipso praesente et Lycone tarpezita.
Ca. Non taces?
Ther. Non taceo.
Ca. Non ego te flocci facio; ne me territes.
Ther. Me ipso praesente et Lycone factum est.

Phaed. Satis credo tibi.
nunc adeo, ut tu scire possis, leno, meam sententiam:
libera haec est, hic huius frater est, haec autem
illius soror,1

1 Corrupt (Leo): libera haec, hic huius frater est, haec
autem huius est soror Leo.

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CURCULIO

Phaed. (to the Captain and Cappadox) Give me your attention and let me see if I can settle your difficulties. (to Captain) Let go of him. (Therapontigonus does so) Come here, pimp. I'll state my opinion, that is, if you both are willing to accept my verdict.

Ther. We leave it to you——
Ca. That is, provided—Lord, yes!—provided you decide no one is to get away with my money.

Ther. Money you promised?
Ca. Promised? How?

Phaed. With your tongue.

Ca. I now deny it the same way. This tongue was given me to talk with, not to ruin myself with.

Phaed. It's no use. Get him by the neck.

Ca. (as Therapontigonus advances) Here, here, I'll do as you say!

Ther. Now that you are decent, answer me what I ask.

Ca. (sullenly) Ask what you like.

Ther. Did you not promise that, if anyone claimed this girl as free, you would refund all the money?

Ca. (tentatively) I don't recollect saying that.

Ther. What? You deny it?

Ca. (gaining courage) Yes, by gad, I do deny it. In whose presence? Where?

Ther. In my presence and in banker Lyco's.

Ca. Hold your tongue, will you?

Ther. I will not.

Ca. I don't care a straw for you, not I. You needn't try to scare me.

Ther. (to Phaedromus) In my own presence and Lyco's he did make that promise.

Phaed. I believe you fully. (judicially) Now, see here, pimp, to inform you of my opinion: this girl is free, this gentleman (indicating Therapontigonus) is her brother, she being his sister and about to be

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

haec mihi nubet; tu huic argentum redde. hoc iudicum meum est.

Ther. Tu autem in nervo iam iacebis, nisi mi argentum reditur.

Ca. Hercle istam rem iudicasti perfidiose, Phaedrome.
et tibi oberit et te, miles, di deaeque perduint. tu me sequere.

Ther. Quo sequar te?

Ca. Ad trapezitam meum ad praetorem. nam inde rem solvo omnibus quibus debeo.

Ther. Ego te in nervom, haud ad praetorem hinc rapiam,
ni argentum referis.

Ca. Ego te vehementer perire cupio, ne tu 1 nescias.

Ther. Itane vero?

Ca. Ita hercle vero.

Ther. Novi ego hos pugnos meos.

Ca. Quid tum?

Ther. Quid tum, rogitas? hisce ego, si tu me irritaveris,
placidum te hodiereddam.

Ca. Age ergo, recipe actum.

Ther. Licet.

Phaed. Tu, miles, apud me cenabis. Hodie sient nuptiae.

Ther. Quae res bene vortat mi et vobis.
spectatores, plaudite.

1 Leo brackets following me.
my wife; do you refund his money. This is my decision.

Ther. Yes, and you will soon make your bed in gaol, unless my money is refunded.

Ca. (ireful) By gad, Phaedromus, you have been a rotten judge! You shall rue it, too, and as for you, Captain, may all the powers above destroy you! (turning to go) Follow me, you.

Ther. Follow you where?

Ca. To my banker's, to the court! Yes, sir, there is where I settle with all my creditors.

Ther. It will be to gaol, not to court I drag you, unless you refund my money.

Ca. I hope to heaven you come to a bad end—and now you know my feelings!

Ther. So? Indeed?

Ca. Yes, by gad, so indeed.

Ther. (baring his arms) I do know these fists of mine.

Ca. (less vigorously) What then?

Ther. "What then," eh? Provoke me, and they will pacify you, my man, right speedily. (advances)

Ca. (as Phaedromus, too, looks threatening) Come on, then, take your money, quick!

Ther. (grandly, accepting it) Very well.

Phaed. Captain, you will dine with me. The wedding takes place to-day.

Ther. And may it turn out well for me and for both of you! (to audience) Spectators, your applause. [EXEUNT OMNES.]
EPIDICUS
ARGUMENTVM

Emit fidicinam, filiam credens, senex
Persuasu servi, atque conductam
Iterum pro amica ei subiecit filii.
Dat erili argentum. eo sororem destinat
Imprudens iuvenis. compressae ac militis
Cognoscit opera sibi senex os sublitum—
Vt ille amicam, haec quaerebat filiam—
Sed inventa gnata servolum emittit manu.

1 Corrupt (Leo): conductam (alteram) Leo.

PERSONAE

EPIDICVS SERVVS
THESPRIO SERVVS
STRATIPPOCLES ADVLESCENS
CHAERIBVLVS ADVLESCENS
PERIPHANES SENEX
APOECIDES SENEX
FIDICINA
MILES
PHILIPPA MVLIER
ACROPOLISTIS FIDICINA
DANISTA
TELESTIS VIRGO
ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

At the instance of his slave an old gentleman buys a music girl, believing her to be his daughter, and again this slave gulls him by palming off as his son's mistress a girl hired for the occasion. He gives the money to his master's son. With it the young man purchases his own sister, quite unwittingly. The old gentleman, by the help of a woman he had wronged and of a soldier—the one was searching for his mistress, the other for her child—learns that he has been played upon, but on finding his daughter he gives the tricky slave his freedom.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Epidicus, slave of Periphanes.
Thesprio, orderly to Stratippocles.
Stratippocles, son of Periphanes.
Chaeribus, a young gentleman of Athens, friend of Stratippocles.
Periphanes, an old gentleman of Athens.
Apoecides, an old gentleman, friend of Periphanes.
A music girl.
A captain.
Philippa, a woman of Epidaurus.
Acropolistis, a music girl.
A usurer, of Thebes.
Telestis, daughter of Philippa.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS I

Th. Quis properantem me reprehendit pallio?
Ep. Familiaris.
Th. Fateor, nam odio esnimium familiariter.
Th. Oh,
Ep. Epidicumne ego conspurgo?
Th. Satis recte oculis uteris.
Th. Salve.
Ep. Di dent quae velis.
venire salvum gaudeo.
Th. Quid ceterum?
Ep. Quod eo adsolet:
cena tibi dabitur.
Th. Spondeo.
Ep. Quid—
Th. Me accepturum, si dabis.
Ep. Quid tu agis? ut vales? exemplum adesse intel-
lego. euge,
corpulentior videre atque habitior.
Th. Huic gratia.
EPIDICUS

Scene:—Athens. A street in which stand the adjoining houses of Periphanes and Chaeribulus.

ACT I

ENTER, AT DOUBLE QUICK, Thesprio, in a slave's military costume, and laden with a bulging knapsack and wallet; followed by Epidicus, who catches up with him and seizes his cloak.

Ep. (imperiously) Hi there, young fellow!
Th. (petulantly, without turning his head) Who's that clinging to my cloak when I'm in a hurry?
Ep. One of the family.
Th. No doubt—the way you bother me is deucedly familiar.
Th. (surveying him phlegmatically) Oh, is this Epidicus I perceive?
Ep. Your eyesight is quite passable.
Th. Good day to you.
Ep. (nonchalantly) God grant your wishes. Glad you are safely back.
Th. What else?
Ep. The usual thing—you shall be given a dinner.
Th. I agree.
Ep. What——
Th. (interrupting) To accept—if you invite me.
Ep. What about yourself? Are you well? (scanning him) I see proof of that before me. (poking his ribs) Splendid! You seem quite plump and portly.
Th. (with an approving grin at his left hand) Thanks to this.

1 Often spoken of as the pilfering hand.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Quam quidem te iam diu perdidisse oportuit.

Th. Minus iam furticus sum quam antehac.

Ep. Quid ita?

Th. Rapio propalam.


nam ut apud portum te conspexi, curriculo occepi sequi;
vix adipiscendi potestas modo fuit.

Th. Scurra es.

Ep. Scio te esse equidem hominem militarem.

Th. Audacter quam vis dicito. quid ais? perpetuen valuisti?

Ep. Varie.

Th. Qui varie valent, capreaginum hominum non placet mihi neque pantherinum genus.


Th. Probe.

Ep. Quid erilis noster filius?

Th. Valet pugilice atque athletice. 20

Ep. Voluptabilem mihi nuntium tuo adventu adportas, Thesprio.
sed ubist is?

Th. Advenit simul.

Ep. Vbi is ergo est? nisi si in vidulo aut si in mellina attulisti.

Th. Di te perdant.

Ep. Te volo—percontari. operam da, opera reddetur tibi.

Th. Ius dicis.

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EPIDICUS

Ep.  (severely) Which is something you should have parted with long ago.

Th.  (virtuously) I'm not such a thief as I used to be.

Ep.  How is that?

Th.  (chuckling) I'm a highway robber.

Ep.  The everlasting powers blight you, such stupendous strides as you take! Why, when I spied you at the harbour I began to race after you, but it was only just now that I barely managed to overtake you.

Th.  (preening himself) Oh, you're a city chap.

Ep.  (pretending to be afraid of Thesprio) And you, you are certainly a military man, I see that.

Th.  (missing the point) You may say that boldly as you please. Well? Enjoyed good health all this time, have you?

Ep.  (casually) Oh, checkered.

Th.  (examining Epidicus's shoulders for whip marks) Folks of checkered health—your goatish or your panther-like\(^1\) variety—I can't abide.

Ep.  What do you want from me but facts? How about the campaign? Speak up.

Th.  First rate.

Ep.  And our young master?

Th.  In fighting trim, fit as an athlete.

Ep.  This is blissful news your arrival brings me, Thesprio. But where is he?

Th.  He arrived when I did.

Ep.  Then where is he? Unless you maybe brought him in your wallet or in your marten-skin knapsack.

Th.  You be damned!

Ep.  You be—communicative. Come, favour me and the favour will be returned.

Th.  (approvingly) You speak like a judge!

\(^1\) With mottled backs, as from blows.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Me decet.
Th. Iam tu autem nobis praeturam geris?
Ep. Quem dices digniorem esse hominem hodie Athenis alterum?
Th. At unum a praetura tua,
    Epidice, abest.
Ep. Quidnam?
    Scies:
Th. lictores duo, duo ulmi
    fasces virgarum.
Ep. Vae tibi.
Th. sed quid ais?
Ep. Quid rogas?
Th. Vbi arma sunt Stratippocli?
Ep. Pol illa ad hostis transfugerunt.
Th. Armante?
Ep. Atque equidem cito.
Th. Serione dicis tu?
Th. Edepol facinus improbum.
Ep. At iam ante alii fecerunt idem.
Th. erit illi illa res honoris.
Ep. Qui?
Th. Quia ante aliis fuit.
Ep. Mulciber, credo, arma fecit quae habuit Stratippocles:
    travolaverunt ad hostis.
Th. Tum ille prognatus Theti
Ep. sine perdat; alia apportabunt ei Nerei filiae.
    id modo videndum est, ut materies suppetat scutariis,
Th. si in singulis stipendiis is ad hostis exuvias dabit.

1 Used for whips.
2 Probably an allusion to the famous cases of Archilochus
**EPIDICUS**

*Ep.* (primly) The proper thing for me!

*Th.* (contemptuously) What, do you already hold the praetorship?

*Ep.* Who in all Athens is better qualified to hold it, should you say?

*Th.* Well, Epidicus, there's one thing missing from your praetorship.

*Ep.* So? What?

*Th.* I'll tell you: two lictors and two bundles of rods, elms.¹

*Ep.* Be hanged to you! (pausing) But I say

*Th.* Well, say what?

*Ep.* Where are the arms of Stratippocles?

*Th.* Gad! they deserted to the enemy.

*Ep.* His arms?

*Th.* Yes, and in a hurry, too.

*Ep.* Are you speaking seriously?

*Th.* Seriously, yes. The enemy have them.

*Ep.* By gad! Disgraceful!

*Th.* Well, others have done the same before now.

The circumstance will bring him honour.

*Ep.* How?

*Th.* Because that's been the result in previous cases.² I fancy Vulcan ³ made the arms Stratippocles had: they fairly flew to the enemy.

*Ep.* Then let him lose them—the son of Thetis! The Nereids will bring him some more. Only he must take care the shield makers have plenty of raw material, if he intends to present the enemy with spoils on each campaign.

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¹ (Crusius, Fr. 5: ἀσπίδι μὲν ζαλών τις ἄγαλλεται) and of Alcaeus (Strabo, 13, 38: Ἀλκαῖος σῶς, Ἀρεί ἤτσι), imitated by Horace (Od. 2. 7. 10: velicta non bene parmula).

² Vulcans work often possessed magic properties. The allusion is to the arms of Achilles. *cf. Iliad* xviii. 466 ff.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Th. Supersede istis rebus iam.
Ep. Tu ipse, ubi lubet, finem faciem.
Th. Desistete percontarier.
Ep. Loquere ipse. ubist Stratippocles? 40
Th. Est causa qua causa simul mecum ire veritust.
Ep. Quidnam id est?
Th. Patrem videre se nevolt etiam nunc.
Ep. Quapropter?
Th. Scies.
quia forma lepida et liberali captivam adulescen-
tulam
de praedae mercatust.
Ep. Quid ego ex te audio?
Th. Hoc quod fabulor.
Ep. Cur eam emit?
Th. Animi causa.
Ep. Quot illic homo animos habet?
nam certo, prius quam hinc ad legionem
abiiit domo,
ipsus mandavit mi, ab lenone ut fidicina,
quam amabat, emeretur sibi. id ei impetratum
reddidi.
Th. Vtcumque in alto ventust, Epidice, exim velum
vortitur.
Ep. Vae misero mihi, male perdidit me.
Th. Quid istuc? quidnam est? 50
Ep. Quid istanc quam emit, quanti eam emit?
Th. Vili.
Ep. Haud istuc te rogo.
Th. Quid igitur?
Ep. Quot minis?
Th. Tot—quadraginta minis.
id adeo argentum ab danista apud Thebas sumpsit
faenore,
in dies minasque argenti singulas nummis.
§80.
EPIDICUS

\textbf{Th.} Enough of this chaffing now.
\textbf{Ep.} End it yourself, when you please.
\textbf{Th.} Stop asking questions.
\textbf{Ep.} Talk yourself, then. Where is Stratippocles?
\textbf{Th.} \textit{(airily)} There’s a reason, by reason of which he was afraid to come along with me.
\textbf{Ep.} Eh? What is this?
\textbf{Th.} He doesn’t care to see his father just at present.
\textbf{Ep.} Why not?
\textbf{Th.} I’ll tell you. Because from the booty that was taken he bought a lovely, ladylike young miss.
\textbf{Ep.} \textit{(losing his usual coolness)} What’s this I hear?
\textbf{Th.} The tale I’m telling.
\textbf{Ep.} Why did he buy her?
\textbf{Th.} She won his heart.
\textbf{Ep.} How many hearts has that fellow got? Why, before he went away from here to the army, he certainly commissioned me himself to go to a pimp and buy him a music girl he was in love with. This commission I executed for him.
\textbf{Th.} The seaman sets his sails to suit the wind, Epidicus.
\textbf{Ep.} Dash my luck! He’s done for me in nice style!
\textbf{Th.} What’s that? What on earth’s the matter?
\textbf{Ep.} \textit{(musing)} The girl he bought—how much did she cost?
\textbf{Th.} He got her cheap.
\textbf{Ep.} I am not asking you that.
\textbf{Th.} What, then?
\textbf{Ep.} How many pounds?
\textbf{Th.} \textit{(counting on his fingers)} So many—one hundred and sixty. Yes, and he got the cash from a money-lender at Thebes on interest—two per cent. a day.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Papae.
Th. Et is danista advenit una cum eo, qui argentum petit.
Th. Quid iam? aut quid est, Epidice?
Ep. Perdidit me.
Th. Quis?
Ep. Ille qui arma perdidit.
Th. Nam quid ita?
Ep. Quia cottidie ipse ad me ab legione epistulas mittebat—sed taceam optumum est, plus scire satis quam loqui servom hominem. ea sapientia est.
Th. Nescio edepol quid tu timidus es, trepidas, Epidice, ita voltum tuum videor videre commercuisse hic me absentem in te aliquid mali.
Ep. Potin ut molestus ne sies?
Th. Abeo.
Ep. Asta, abire hinc non sinam.
Th. Quid nunc me retines?
Ep. Amatne istam quam emit de praeda?
Th. Rogas?
deperit.
Ep. Detegetur corium de tergo meo.
Th. Plusque amat quam te umquam amavit.
Ep. Iuppiter te perdit.
Th. Mitte nunciam,
nam ille me vetuit domum venire, ad Chaeribulum iussit huc in prox-y
umum;
ibi manere iussit, eo venturust ipsus.
1 Corrupt (Leo): in voltu tuo Leo.
2 Corrupt (Leo): degetur (igitur) Leo.
Epidicus

Ep. Whew!  
Th. And this money-lender's come along with him looking for his cash.  
Ep. Ye immortal gods! This puts a right royal end to me.  
Th. What now? What's wrong, Epidicus?  
Ep. He has done for me.  
Th. Who?  
Ep. The man that did for his arms.  
Th. Why, how so?  
Ep. Because he used to send me letters from the army every day—(aside) but best keep my mouth shut. A mere slave had better know too much than say too much. That is prudence. (paces back and forth cogitating)

Th. By Jove, Epidicus, you are in a fright and flurry over something; judging from your expression, I judge you've got into some scrape here in my absence.

Ep. (still thinking) Can you contrive not to be a nuisance?

Th. I'm going. (moves away)

Ep. (seizing his arm) Stop! You must not go.  
Th. What are you holding me for?  
Ep. Does he love that captive he bought?  
Th. Love her? He's daft over her.  
Ep. (aside, with sober conviction) My back is going to lose its skin roof.  
Th. He loves her more than he ever loved you.  
Ep. Blast you!  
Th. Let me go at once. You see, he told me not to go home; said I was to go to Chaeribulus's, next door here. I'm to wait there, and he's coming there himself.
Ep. Quid ita?
Th. Dicam:
quia patrem prius convenire se non volt neque
conspicari,
quam id argentum, quod debetur pro illa, denu-
meraverit.
Th. Mitte me ut eam nunciam.
Ep. Haecine ubi scibit senex,
puppis pereunda est probe.
Th. Quid istuc ad me attinet,
quo tu intereas modo?
Ep. Quia perire solus nolo, te cupio perire mecum,
benevolens cum benevolente.
Th. Abi in malam rem maxumam a me
cum istac condicione.
Ep. I sane, siquidem festinas magis.
Th. Numquam hominem quemquam conveni, unde
abierim lubentius.
Ep. Illic hinc abiit. solus nunc es. quo in loco haec
res sit vides,
Epidice: nisi quid tibi in tete auxili est, ab-
sumptus es.
tantae in te impendent ruinae; nisi suffulcis firmiter,
non potes subsistere, itaque in te inruont montes
mali.
neque ego nunc
quo modo
me expeditum ex impedito faciam, consilium placet.
ego miser
perpuli
meis dolis senem, ut censeret suam sese emere
filiam;
is suo
filio
EPIDICUS

Ep. Why so?
Th. This is why—because he doesn’t want his father to meet him or spy him before he’s paid up what he owes for that girl.

Ep. Heigh-ho! By gad, this is a pretty mess.
Th. Have done with me and let me go at once.

Ep. (half to himself) When the old man hears of this, I’m going to be an absolute wreck astern!
Th. What’s the odds to me how you expire?
Ep. This: I dislike to sink alone and yearn to have you sink with me—two devoted friends together.
Th. Leave me alone, and go to the devil along with that proposal of yours!

Ep. (politely) Do go, by all means, if you really are in such a hurry.
Th. (making for Chaeribulus’s door) I never met any man I was gladder to get away from. [EXIT.

Ep. (looking after him) The fellow’s gone. (meditating) Here you are alone, my lad. You see the situation, Epidicus: unless you have some strength within you, your hour has come. Above your head is a great big tottering mass; unless you prop it up firmly, you’ll not be able to keep your feet, with such mountains of misery toppling down on you. Not a decent idea have I now how to untangle myself from the tangle. I have cajoled the old man—worse luck!—into believing he was buying his own daughter; what he did buy was a music girl for his own son, a girl my master...
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

fidicinam emit, quam ipse amat, quam abiens mandavit mihi.

si sibi nunc
alteram

ab legione adduxit animi causa, corium perdid. nam ubi senex

senserit
sibi data esse verba, virgis dorsum despoliet meum. at enim tu

praecave.
at enim—bat enim, nihil est istuc. plane hoc corruptumst caput.

nequam homo es,

Epidice.

qui lubidost male loqui?
quia tu tete deseris.

quid faciam?

men rogas?
tu quidem antehac aliis solebas dare consilia mutua.
aliquid aliqua reperiundumst. sed ego cesso ire obviam

adulescenti, ut quid negoti sit sciam. atque ipse illie est.
tristis est. cum Chaeribulo incedit aequali suo.
huc concedam, orationem unde horum placide persecur.

I. 2.

Str. Rem tibi sum elocutus omnem, Chaeribule, atque admodum

meorum maerorum atque amorum summam edictavi tibi.

Chaer. Praeter aetatem et virtutem stultus es, Stratippocles. idne pudet te, quia captivam genere prognatam bono

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EPIDICUS

loved and consigned to me when he left. If he has brought back from the army now another wench that has won his heart, I have lost my hide. For let the old man find out he was fooled, and he will strip my dorsal regions with a stick. (pausing) Oh well, be on your guard, my lad. (after a moment's thought, disgustedly) "Oh well"—oh hell! It's no use! This head of mine is absolutely addled. You good-for-nothing, Epidicus! (pausing) Why should I enjoy abusing myself? (answering in another tone) Because you leave yourself in the lurch. What shall I do? Do you ask me? Why, you're the man that before this used to lend counsel to other folks. Some scheme must be found somewhere. But I must hurry up and meet my young sir and learn how matters stand. (glancing down the street) Ah, there he is himself! He looks glum. Paces slowly on with his mate Chaeribulus. (withdrawing into the doorway) I'll step back here where I can follow their remarks at my ease.

Scene 2. ENTER Stratippocles and Chaeribulus.

Str. (dolefully) I've told you the whole story, Chaeribulus, and stated to you the sum total of my afflictions and affections.

Chaer. (cheerfully) Stratippocles, you're more of a fool than even your youth and valour give you a right to be. Ashamed because you've bought a well-
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

de praeda es mercatus? quis erit, vitio quid id vortat tibi?

Str. Qui invident omnes inimicos mi illoc facto repperi; at pudicitiae eius numquam nec vim nec vitium attuli.

Chaer. Iam istoc probior\(^1\) meo quidem animo, cum in amore temperes.

Str. Nihil agit qui diffidentem verbis solatur suis; is est amicus, qui in re dubia re iuvat, ubi rest opus.

Chaer. Quid tibi me vis facere?

Str. Argenti dare quadraginta minas, quod danistae detur, unde ego illud sumpsi faenore.

Chaer. Si hercle haberem\(^2\)—

Str. Nam quid te igitur retulit beneficium esse oratione, si ad rem auxilium emorum est?

Chaer. Quin edepol egomet clamore differor, difflagitor.

Str. Malim istius modi mihi amicos furno mersos quam foro.

sed operam Epidici nunc me emere pretio pretioso velim.

quem quidem ego hominem irrigatum plagis pistori dabo,
nisi hodie prius comparassit mihi quadraginta minas,
quam argenti fuero elocutus ei postremam syllabam.

Ep. Salva res est: bene promittit, spero servabit fidem.
sine meo sumptu paratae iam sunt scapulis symbolae.

aggregiar hominem. advenientem peregre erum\(^3\)

Stratippoclem

impertit salute servos Epidicus.

Str. Vbi is est?

\(^{1}\) Leo brackets following es.

\(^{2}\) Leo notes lacuna here: haberem (pollliceret) Mueller.

\(^{3}\) Leo brackets following suum.
EPIDICUS

born captive lass from amongst the booty? Who
will there be to turn that to your discredit?

Str. Everyone that envies me has been made my
enemy by it; but never a thing have I done to
outrage or sully her innocence.

Chaer. Then the more credit to you, say I, for controlling
yourself when in love.

Str. (peevishly) It does no good to offer a fellow in
distress consoling words; his real friend in a pinch
is a friend in deed, when deeds are needed.

Chaer. What do you want me to do?

Str. To give me a hundred and sixty pounds to give
the money-lender from whom I got that sum at
interest.

Chaer. By Jove, if I had it——

Str. Well, then, what was the use of being bountiful
in talk, if all real help was dead in you?

Chaer. But, good heavens, I’m harassed, hounded, by
duns myself!

Str. (still sour) Friends of your sort I’d rather see in
blazes than in bankruptcy. Ah, I’d be willing to
pay a pretty price for Epidicus’s assistance now.
I’ll have that fellow flogged till he’s irrigated,
and then sent to the mill, unless he gets me a
hundred and sixty pounds to-day before the last
syllable of the sum has left my lips.

Ep. (aside, dryly) Saved! A pleasant promise, and
one he means to keep, I trust. Here’s a picnic
prepared for my shoulder-blades perfectly free of
charge. I’ll to him. (aloud, from the doorway,
with mock courtliness) To master Stratippocles
returning from abroad best wishes are extended
by servant Epidicus, sir.

Str. (looking about) Epidicus? Where?

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Ep. salvom hoc advenisse—
Str. Tam tibi istuc credo quam mihi.
Ep. Benene usque valuisti?
Str. A morbo valui, ab animo aeger fui.
Ep. Quod ad me attinuit, ego curavi; quod mandavisti mihi
impetratum est, empta ancilla, quod tute ad me
litteras
missiculabas.

Str. Perdisti omnem operam.
Ep. Nam qui perdidi?
Str. Quia meo neque cara est cordi neque placet.
Ep. Quid retulit
mihi tanto opere te mandare et mittere ad me
epistulas?
Str. Illam anabam olim, nunc iam alia curâ impedet
pectori.
Ep. Hercle miserum est ingratum esse homini id quod
facias bene.
ego quod bene feci male feci, quia amor mutavit
locum.
Str. Desipiebam mentis, cum illa scripta mittebam tibi.
Ep. Men piacularem oportet fieri ob stultitiam tuam,
ut meum tergum tuae stultitiae subdas succi-
daneum?
Str. Quid istic? verba facimus. huic homini opust
quadraginta minis
celeriter calidis, danistae quas resolvat, et cito.
Ep. Die modo unde auferre me vis. a quo trapezita
peto?
Str. Vnde libet. nam ni ante solem occasum e loculis
adferes,

\[1 \text{ e loculis adferes Lindsay: elo MSS.}\]
EPIDICUS

Ep.  (stepping out) Present. Your safe return is——
Str.  I believe you in that as I would myself.
Ep.  Have you been well, sir, to date?
Str.  In body, yes, but I've been sick at heart.
Ep.  I have attended to my part of the case, sir; your
commission is executed, the slave girl you yourself
were for ever writing about is bought.
Str.  All your labour has been lost.
Ep.  (apparently amazed) Lost? How?
Str.  Because I don't care about her and she doesn't
suit me.
Ep.  What was the point of your giving me such urgent
orders and sending me letters?
Str.  I loved her, then; (languishingly) now, now,
another love o'erhangs my heart.
Ep.  (with feeling) By Jove, it is hard when you do a
man a good turn and get no thanks for it. Here
is my good turn turned bad, all because your love
has shifted.
Str.  I was off my head when I kept sending you those
letters.
Ep.  And should I be the victim because you were a
fool, and let you substitute my back as a sacrifice
to your folly?
Str.  (impatient) Come, come! this is mere chatter. I
am a man that needs a hundred and sixty pounds
piping hot, in a hurry, to pay off a money-lender,
and no time to lose.
Ep.  (sarcastically) Simply say where you wish me to
get them. What banker shall I go to?
Str.  Where you please. For unless you bring them
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

meam domum ne inbitas: tu te in pistrinum conferas.¹

Ep. Facile tu istuc sine periculo et cura, corde libero
fabulare; novi ego nostros: mihi dolet cum ego
vapulo.

Str. Quid tu nunc? patierin ut ego me interimam?

Ep. Ne feceris.

Ego istuc accedam periculum potius atque audaciam.

Str. Nunc places, nunc ego te laudo.

Ep. Patiar ego istuc quod lubet. 150

Str. Quid illa fiet fidicina igitur?

Ep. Aliqua res reperibitur,

aliqua ope exsolvare, extricabor aliqua.

Str. Plenus consili es.
novi ego te.

Ep. Est Euboicus miles locuples, multo auro potens,
qui ubi tibi istam emptam esse scibit atque hanc
adductam alteram,
continuo te orabit ultro ut illam tramittas sibi.
sed ubi illa est quam tu adduxisti tecum?

Str. Iam faxo hic erit.

Chaur. Quid hic nunc agimus?

Str. Eamus intro huc ad te, ut hunc hodie diem
luculentum habeamus.

Ep. Ite intro, ego de re argentaria
iam senatum convocabo in corde consiliarium,
quo potissimum indicatur bellum unde argentum
auferam.

Epidice, vide quid agas, ita res subito haec obiect-
tast tibi;
non enim nunc tibi dormitandi neque cunctandi
copia est;

¹ (conferas) Lindsay.
EPIDICUS

from their coffers before sunset, you needn't enter my house—hie yourself off to the mill.

Ep. (indignant) Easy enough for you to run on like that, with no danger and worry, nothing on your mind! But I, I know our folks—it hurts me when I get thrashed.

Str. (pathetically) What then? Will you suffer me to destroy myself?

Ep. (patronizingly) No, not that. I'd sooner assume the risk myself—as well as the nerve!

Str. That's a good fellow, that's the way to act!

Ep. (warming up) I will suffer whatever comes.

Str. What'll be done with that music girl, then?

Ep. (easily) Some way shall be found; I will escape by some means, extricate myself somehow.

Str. You're full of ideas! I know you!

Ep. There is a rich Captain from Euboea, with no end of money, and the moment he learns you bought this girl there (pointing to the house) and have brought along that other one, he will come himself and beg you to pass the first one over to him. But where is that lady you brought home with you?

Str. She'll soon be here, I warrant.

Chaer. What are we to do here now?

Str. Let's go over to your house and make this a gala day. [Exeunt Chaeribulus and Stratippocles.

Ep. (as they disappear) Yes, go in; as for myself, I will now summon the senate inside my chest to consider matters of finance and decide who is the best party to declare war against and get money from. (after reflection) Look sharp, now, Epidicus, with such a sudden duty devolving upon you. I tell you what, there's no chance now for you to nap

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adeundumst. senem oppugnare certumst consilium mihi.
i abi intro atque adolescendi dic iam nostro erili filio,
ne hinc foras ambulet neve usquam obviam veniat seni.

ACTVS II

Ap. Plerique homines,
quos cum nil refert pudet,
ubi pudendum est
ibi eos deserit pudor,
quom usus est ut pudeat.
is adeo tu es. quid est quod pudendum siet,
genere natam bono
pauperem domum
ducere te uxorem?
praesertim eam, qua ex tibi commemores
hanc quae domist
filiam prognatam.

Per. Revereor filium.

Ap. At pol ego te credidi
uxorem, quam tu extulisti, pudore exsequi,
cuius quotiens sepulcrum vides, sacruficas
ilico Orco hostiis, neque adeo injuria,
quia licitumst eam tibi vivendo vincere.

Per. Oh,
Hercules ego fui, dum illa mecum fuit;
neque sexta aerumna acerbior Herculi, quam illa
mihi obiectast.


Per. Quae quidem pol non maritast. 180

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EPIDICUS

or hesitate. Forward! I'll storm the old man—my resolve is fixed. Off, be off inside with you, Epidicus, and tell the young master not to saunter out of the house here or cross the old chap's path anywhere. [Exit into house of Chaeribulus.

ACT II

ENTER Apocides and Periphanes

Ap. Most men that feel ashamed when there's no occasion for it, lose the feeling when they should have it, when shame is quite appropriate. And upon my word, you're one of them. What is there to be ashamed of in your marrying a poor woman that comes of good family? Especially when you tell me she's the woman that bore you this daughter of yours.

Per. I respect my son's feelings.

Ap. (laughing) Well, by gad! I supposed you were ashamed at the thought of your defunct wife, whose tomb you never see without offering victims to Pluto—and so you should, too, for having been allowed to get the better of her, in length of days.

Per. (wryly) Oh, I was a Hercules while she was with me! His sixth¹ labour was no heavier than the labour I was subjected to.

Ap. Lord, man, a fat dowry is good money.

Per. Gad, yes, if it comes without the wife.

¹ One is tempted to see here an allusion to Hercules' subjection to women, and particularly to Omphale. Kiessling (Rh. M. xxiii. 418) urged that this is one of the many cases where Plautus uses "sixth" causa exempli.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

II. 2

Ep.  St,
   tacete, habete animum bonum.
liquido exeo foras auspicio,    
   avi sinistra;
acutum cultrum habeo, senis qui exenterem mar-
suppium.
   sed eaccum ipsum ante aedis conspicor cum ¹
Apoecide  184, 185
   qualis volo vetulos duo.
iam ego me convortam in hirudinem atque eorum
   exsugebo sanguinem,
   senati qui column cluent.²


Per.  Laudo consilium tuum.  189, 190
nam ego illum audivi in amorem haerere apud
   nescio quam fidicinam,
id ego excrucior.

Ep.  Di hercle omnis me adiuvant augent amant.
ipsi hi quidem mihi dant viam, quo pacto ab se
   argentum auferam.
age nunciam orna te, Epidice, et palliolum in collum
   conice
itaque adsimulato quasi per urbem totam hominem
   quaesiveris.
age, si quid agis.  di immortales, utinam con-
   veniam domi
Periphanem, per omnem urbem quem sum defessus
   quaerere:
per medicinas, per tonstrinas, in gymnasio atque
   in foro,
per myropolia et lanienas circumque argentarias.
rogitando sum raucus factus, paene in cursu concidi.  200

¹ (cum) Apoecide Leo.  ² Leo notes lacuna here,
EPIDICUS

Scene 2. ENTER Epidicus into the doorway of Chaeribulus's house

Ep. (to Strattippocles and Chaeribulus within) Sh-h! Not a word. Keep your courage up. I go out with clear auspices, with a bird on my left; I have a good sharp knife to disembowel the old man's purse with. (aside) Aha, though! There he is himself in front of the house with Apoeicides—just such a pair of old dotards as I want. Now to turn myself into a leech and suck the blood out of these so-called pillars of the senate.

Ap. He ought to be married immediately.

Per. Just the thing! You see, I've heard he is entangled in an affair with some music girl or other, and it tortures me.

Ep. (aside, exultantly) By heaven, all the gods do aid, augment, and love me! Why these two old fellows themselves are showing me the way to get their money. Come now, Epidicus, come, put yourself in trim—bundle your cloak on your neck (doing so) and act as if you have been hunting the man all over the city. Now or never! (steps unseen out of doorway, panting and exhausted; then aloud) Ye immortal gods! Oh, to find Periphanes at home! I'm all tired out with looking for him through the whole city—in doctors' offices, barbers' shops, the gymnasiurn and forum, perfumers' stores and butchers' stalls and roundabout the banks. I'm hoarse with asking about him, I have almost collapsed in the chase.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Per. Epidice.

Ep. Epidicum quis est qui revocat?

Per. Ego sum, Periphanes.


Ep. Et ego quidem sum Epidicus. sed, ere, optuma vos video opportunitate ambo advenire.

Per. Quid rei est?

Ep. Mane dum, sine respirem quaeso.

Per. Immo adquiesce.

Ep. Animo malest.


Per. Clementer, requiesce.

Ep. Animum advortite.

Ap. a legione omnes remissi sunt domum Thebis.

Quis hoc dicit factum?

Ep. Ego ita factum esse dico.

Per. Scin tu istuc?

Scio.

Per. Qui tu scis?

Ep. Quia ego ire vidi milites plenis viis; arma referunt et iumenta ducunt.

Per. Nimis factum bene.

Ep. Tum captivorum quid ducent secum! pueros, virgines,

binos, ternos, alius quinque; fit concursus per vias,

filios suos quisque visunt.

Per. Hercle rem gestam bene.

Ep. Tum meretricum numerus tantus, quantum in urbe omni fuit,

obviam ornatae occurrebant suis quaeque amatoribus,

eos captabant. id adeo qui maxime animum ad- vorterim?
EPIDICUS

Per. (calling) Epidicus!
Ep. (without looking) Who is calling Epidicus back?
Per. I am, Periphanes.
Ep. And I, I am Epidicus. But, master, it's splendid luck seeing you two turn up!
Per. What is the matter?
Ep. (weakly) Wait a minute—let me have a breathing spell!
Per. No, no, take a real rest.
Ep. (tottering) I feel faint. (both old men support him)
Per. Easy, easy, rest yourself.
Ep. (recovering gradually) Listen here, sir. All the troops have been sent back home from Thebes.
Ap. Who says so?
Ep. I—I say so.
Per. You know that for a fact?
Ep. I do.
Per. How do you know it?
Ep. Because I saw the soldiers tramping through the crowded streets. They're bringing back arms and leading baggage animals.
Per. Ah, splendid, splendid!
Ep. And the captives they have in tow! Boys, girls,—two apiece, three apiece, another man with five! The streets are jammed, everyone going to see his son.
Per. By Jove! A fine campaign!
Ep. And then the harlots, sir—the whole city supply of 'em—all decked out, were running up to meet their own special lovers and trying to land them. And how did I come to notice this particularly?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

pleraeque eae sub vestimentis secum habebant retia.
quom ad portam venio, atque ego illam illi video praestolarier
et cum ea tibiciniae ibant quattuor.

Per. Quicum, Epidice?
Ep. Cum illa quam tuos gnatus annos multos deamat, deperit,
ubi fidemque remque seque teque properat perdere;
ea praestolabatur illum apud portam.

Per. Viden venesficam?
Ep. Sed vestita, aurata, ornata ut lepide, ut concinne,
ut nove.

Per. Quid erat induta? an regillam induculam an mendiculam?

Ep. Inpluviatam, ut istaec faciunt vestimentis nomina.

Per. Vtin inpluvium induta fuerit?

Ep. Quid istuc tam mirabile est?

quasi non fundis exornatae multae incedant per vias.
at tributus quom imperatus est, negant pendi potis; illis quibus tributus maior penditur, pendi postest. quid istae, quae vesti quotannis nomina inveniunt nova?
tunicam rallam, tunicam spissam, linteolum caesi-
cium,

indusiatam, patagiatam, caltulam aut crocotulam, subparum aut subnimium, ricam, basilicum aut
exoticum,
cumatile aut plumatile, carinum aut cerinum—
gerrae maxumae.
cani quoque etiam ademptumst nomen.

Per. Qui?

1 A play on subparum (linen garment) as if it were sub-parum.
EPIDICUS

Most of them had nets with 'em—under their clothes. When I come to the gate I—yes, sir—I see her waiting there, and four flute girls along with her.

Per. (blankly) With whom, Epidicus?
Ep. (excitedly) With that woman your son has been desperately, doingly in love with for years, sir; the woman he is rushing to wreck his reputation and his fortune and his life and your life for—she, she, was waiting for him at the gate!

Per. (to Apoecides, indignantly) Look at that, the murderess!
Ep. But the way she was dressed, bejewelled, bedecked, sir—so charmingly, so tastefully, so stylishly!

Per. (contemptuously) What did she have on? The Princess style of tunic, or the Beggarmaid?
Ep. The Sky-light—according to the way the women-folk name their garments.
Per. Eh? She wore a sky-light?
Ep. What's so remarkable in that, sir? As if lots of wenches weren't parading the streets with whole estates on their backs. But when the taxes are levied the men say they can't pay; the heavier tax levied by these wenches,—that can be paid all right. (scornfully) What are they at, sir, those women that invent new names for garments every year? The Looseknit tunic, the Closeknit tunic, the Linenblue, the Interior, the Goldedge, the Marigold or Crocus tunic, the Shift—or Shiftless¹—the Mantilla, the Royal or the Exotic, the Wavy or the Downy, the Nutty or the Waxy—and not a kernel of sense in all of it. They've even taken the name of a dog, sir.

Per. How?

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

haec vocabula auctiones subigunt ut faciant viros.

Ap. Quin tu ut occepisti loquere?

Ep. Ocepeper aliae mulieres
duae post me sic fabulari inter sese—ego abscessi
sciens
paulum ab illis, dissimulabam earum operam ser-
moni dare;

crac satis exaudibam, nec sermonis fallebar tamen,
qua loquerentur.

Per. Id lubidost scire.

Ep. Ibi illarum altera

dixit illi quicum ipsa ibat—

Per. Quid?

Ep. Tace ergo, ut audias—
postquam illam sunt conspicatae, quam tuos gnatus
deperit:
“quam facile et quam fortunate evenit illi, obsecre,
mulieri, quam liberare volt amator.” “quisnam
is est?”
inquit altera illi. ibi illa nominat Stratippoclem
Periphanaeum filium.

Per. Perii hercle. quid ego ex te audio?

Ep. Hoc quod actum est. egomet postquam id illas
audivi loqui,
coepi rursum vorsum ad illas pauxillatim accedere,
quasi retruderet hominum me vis invitum.

Per. Intellego.

Ep. Ibi illa interrogavit illam: “qui scis? quis id dixit

tibi?”

“quin hodie adlatae tabellae sunt ad eam a
Stratippocle,
eum argentum sumpsisse apud Thebas ab danista
faenore,
id paratum et sese ob eam rem id ferre.
EPIDICUS

Ep. Calling an article the Laconian.\(^1\) (profoundly) It is terms like these that bring husbands to bankruptcy.

Ap. Why don't you go on with your story?

Ep. Two other women began chattering behind me, (illustrating) so, I drew away a bit purposely, pretended not to notice their conversation; I couldn't catch all they said, but not much escaped me, just the same.

Per. I should very much like to know what it was.

Ep. Well, one of them said to the other one along with her——

Per. What?

Ep. Now do keep still, sir, and then you'll hear—afer they spied that girl your son is daft over: "Mercy me," says she, "the easy, lucky way things do come to that girl, with her lover wanting to set her free!" "Who on earth is he?" says the other. Then the first one names him—Stratippocles, the son of Periphanes.

Per. (wildly) Oh-h damnation! What's this I hear?

Ep. The facts in the case, sir. As for me, after I heard them talking like this I began to back up toward them little by little as if people were pushing me and shoving me back despite me.

Per. (impatiently) I understand.

Ep. Then the second one asked the first: "How do you know? Who told you?" "Why," says she, "this very day a letter was brought to her from Stratippocles saying he'd got money on interest from a money-lender at Thebes, that he had it in hand and was bringing it himself for this very purpose."

\(^1\) Both a kind of dog and a kind of tunic.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Per. Certo ego occidi.
Ep. Haec sic aibat; sic audivisse ex eapse atque epistula.
Per. Quid ego nunc faciam? consilium a te expetessso, 
Reperiamus aliquid calidi conducibilis consili.
nam ille quidem aut iam hic aderit, credo hercle, 
aut iam adest.
Ep. Si aequom siet 
me plus sapere quam vos, dederim vobis consilium 
catum,
quod laudetis, ut ego opino, uterque—
Per. Ergo ubi id est, Epidice?
Ep. Atque ad eam rem conducibile.
Ap. Quid istuc dubitas dicere?
Ep. Vos priores esse oportet, nos posterius dicere, 
qui plus sapitis.
Per. Eia vero, age dic.
Ep. At deridebitis.
Ep. Immo, si placebit, utitor, 
consilium si non placebit, reperitote rectius. 
mihi istic nec seritur nec metitur, nisi ea quae tu 
vis volo.
Per. Gratiam habeo; fac participes nos tuae sapientiae.
Ep. Continuo arbitretur uxor tuo gnato atque ut fidi- 
cinam
illam quam is volt liberare, quae illum corrumpit 
tibi, 
ulciscare atque ita curetur, usque ad mortem ut 
serviet.
Per. Facere cupio quidvis, dum id fiat modo.
EPIDICUS

Per. Death and damnation!
Ep. This was what she said; she had learned this from the girl herself and from the letter.
Per. What shall I do now? I look to you for advice, Apocides.
Ap. (looking wise) We must hit on some plan piping hot and to the point. For that young worthy will either be here soon, I suppose—gad, yes!—or is here already.
Ep. (diffidently) If it was proper for me to be wiser than you, sirs, I could provide you with an artful plan that you’d both approve of, as I think—
Per. Well then, where is it, Epidicus?
Ep. —and a plan quite to the point, too.
Ap. Why so slow to say what it is?
Ep. You gentlemen ought to speak first and I second, you being the wiser, sirs.
Per. (impatiently) Oh really now! Come, out with it.
Ep. (bashfully) But you two will make fun of me.
Ap. (patronizingly) No, no, upon my word.
Ep. Oh well, if my plan suits you, use it; if it doesn’t, look up a likelier one. It’s no crop of mine I’m sowing or reaping here, sir; I only want what you want.
Per. (ironically) I thank you. Make us sharers in your wisdom.
Ep. You should settle on a wife for your son at once, sir, yes, and as for that music girl he wants to set free, that girl who’s corrupting him for you, you ought to wreak vengeance on her and see that she slaves it to her very dying day.
Ap. (pleased at seeing his advice corroborated) Precisely, precisely.
Per. I’m eager to do anything you like, if it’s only possible.

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VOL. II.

X
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. nunc occasiost faciundi, prius quam in urbem ad-
venerit,
sicut cras hic aderit, hodie non venit.

Per. Qui scis?

Ep. Scio.

quia mihi alius dixit qui illice venit, mane hic
adfore.

Per. Quin tu eloquere, quid faciemus?

Ep. Sic faciundum censeo
quasi tu cupias liberare fideicinam animi gratia
quasique ames vehementer tu illam.

Per. Quam ad rem istuc refert?

Ep. Rogas?

ut enim praestines argento, prius quam veniat filius,
atque ut eam te in libertatem dicas emere—

Per. Intellego.

Ep. Vbi erit empta, ut aliquo ex urbe amoveas; nisi
quid est tua
secus sententia.

Per. Immo docte.

Ep. Quid tua autem, Apoeides?

Ap. Quid ego iam nisi te commentum nimis astute in-
tellego?

Ep. iam simul igitur amota ei erit omnis consultatio
nuptiarum, ne gravetur quod velis.

Per. Vive sapis,
et placet.

Ep. Tum tu igitur calide quidquid acturu's age.

Per. Rem hercle loquere.

Ep. Et repperi, haec te qui abscedat suspicio.

Per. Sine me scire.

Ep. Scibis, audi.


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EPIDICUS

**Ep.** There! Now's our chance to do it, before he reaches the city; he comes to-morrow, you understand, not to-day.

**Per.** How do you know?

**Ep.** I do know, sir. You see, another man from there told me he would arrive here in the morning.

**Per.** Speak out, will you? What shall we do?

**Ep.** I think you should act as if you longed to set the music girl free for your own enjoyment, sir, and as if you were violently in love with her yourself.

**Per.** What is the good of that?

**Ep.** The good? Why, so that before your son comes you may have her bought and paid for and say you purchased her to set her free—

**Per.** I understand.

**Ep.** —and once she is purchased, remove her from the city somewhere—supposing you have no different views, sir.

**Per.** No, no,—a good idea!

**Ep.** *(to Apaecides, deferentially)* And what do you say, sir?

**Ap.** I? What can I say, save that I consider your scheme very shrewd indeed?

**Ep.** Then all his qualms about marrying will be removed along with her, and he won't oppose your wishes.

**Per.** You're a perfect genius! Excellent!

**Ep.** Now then, sir, whatever you're going to do, do it in hot haste.

**Per.** By gad, you're right.

**Ep.** And I've found a way to leave you unsuspected in the matter.

**Per.** Let me hear it.

**Ep.** You shall, sir: listen.

**Ap.** The fellow is overflowing with wisdom.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Opus est homine qui illo argentum deferat pro fidicina;
    nam te nolo neque opus factost.

Per. Quid iam?    Ne te censeat

Ep. fili causa facere—

Per. Docte.

Ep. Quo illum ab illa prohibeas:
    ne qua ob eam suspicionem difficertas evenat.  290

Per. Quem hominem inveniemus ad eam rem utilem?

Ep. Hic erit optimus,
    hic poterit cavere recte, iura qui et leges tenet.

Per. Epidico habeas gratiam.

    ego illum conveniam atque adducam hunc ad eum quoadst fidicina,
    atque argentum ego cum hoc feram.

Per. Quanti emi potest minimo?

Ep. Illane?
    ad quadraginta fortasse eam posse emi minimo
    verum si plus dederis, referam, nihil in ea re captiost.
    atque id non decem occupatum tibi erit argentum
    dies.

Per. Quidum?

Ep. Quia enim mulierem alias illam adulescens
    deperit,
    auro opulentus, magnus miles Rhodius, raptor
    hostium,
    gloriosus. is emet illam de te et dabit aurum
    lubens.
    face modo, est lucrum hic tibi amplum.

Per. Deos quidem oro.

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EPIDICUS

Ep. We need a man to carry the money for the music girl to her owner; for you mustn’t, sir, yourself, and there’s no need of it, either.

Per. Why so, pray?

Ep. So that he won’t surmise you’re acting for your son’s welfare—

Per. Very prudent!

Ep. —with the idea of separating him from her; you don’t want any difficulty to arise from such a suspicion.

Per. Where shall we find a suitable man for this?

Ep. (pointing to Apoecides) Here, sir, the best possible man, a man who’ll be able to take due precautions, a man with legal matters and laws at his fingers’ ends.

Per. (to Apoecides, smiling) You ought to feel obliged to Epidicus.

Ep. But I, too, will do my very best in the matter, sir. I’ll meet the music girl’s owner and conduct this gentleman to him, and go along with him myself with the money.

Per. What’s the lowest price she can be bought for?

Ep. The girl? Oh, a hundred and sixty pounds, I daresay, at the lowest. However, if you give me more than enough, I’ll bring it back, sir. (as Periphanes looks doubtful) There’s no trap here. Besides, this money won’t be tied up for ten days.

Per. Eh, how’s that?

Ep. Why, sir, because there’s another young fellow daft over the girl, a fellow rolling in wealth, a mighty military man from Rhodes, a ravager of foemen, a braggart. He’ll buy her of you and give you his gold gladly. Just do your part; there are big profits for you in this, sir.

Per. I certainly pray Heaven there may be.
nullum esse opinor ego agrum in agro Attico
aeque feracem quam hic est noster Periphanes;
quin ex occluso atque obsignato armario
decutio argenti tantum quantum mihi lubet.
quod pol ego metuo si senex resciverit,
ne ulmos parasitos faciat, quae usque attondeant.
sed me una turbat res ratioque, Apoecidi
quam ostendam fidelinam aliquam conducticiam.
atque id quoque habeo. mane me iussit senex
conducere aliquam fidelinam sibi hue domum,
quae, dum rem dinam faceret, cantaret sibi;
ea conducetur atque ei praemonstrabitur
quo pacto fiat subdola adversus senem.
ibo intro, argentum accipiam ab damnoso sene.

ACTVS III

Str. Expectando exedor miser atque exenteror,
quo modo mi Epidici blanda dicta evenant.

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EPIDICUS

Ep. Your prayer is answered.
Ep. Don't you go away before I do meet you there.
Ap. I'll wait till then. [Exit.
Per. (entering his house) Come inside with me, you.
Ep. Go on, sir, count it out; don't let me detain you. [Exit Periphanes.

Scene 3.

(gleefully) I don't believe there is a single field in all Attica as fertile as this Periphanes of ours; why, though his chest is shut up and sealed, yet I shake the money out of it to any amount I like. (pauses) Gad, if the old fellow discovers it, I fear he'll make the elm switches cling to me like parasites and lick me to the bone. But the one really bothersome thing on my mind is what music girl to show Apoecides, some hired one. (meditates) Aha! I see my way there, too. This morning the old man told me to hire a music girl for him and bring her to the house here to play for him while he offered sacrifice. Hired she shall be, yes, and instructed beforehand how to pull the wool over his aged eyes. I'll go in and collect the cash from the old spendthrift.

[Exit.

ACT III

ENTER Stratippocles AND Chaeribulus FROM THE LATTER'S HOUSE.

Str. (desperately) Oh, I'm devoured, disembowelled, with this damnable waiting to see what Epidicus's smooth talk will actually bring me! The agony's

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nimis diu maceror; sitne quid necne sit, 
scire cupio.

**Chaer.** Per illam tibi copiam 
copiam parare aliam licet; scivi equidem in prin-
cipio ilico 
nullam tibi esse in illo copiam.

**Str.** Interi hercle ego.

**Chaer.** Absurde facis qui angas te animi; si hercle ego 
ilum semel prendero, 
numquam inridere nos illum inultum sinam servom 
hominem.

**Str.** Quid illum facere vis, qui, tibi quoivitiae domi 
maxumae sunt, 
is numnum numnum habes neque sodali tuo in te 
copiast. 329, 330

**Chaer.** Si hercle habeam, pollicear lubens, verum aliquid 
alia aliqua aliquid modo 
alicunde ab aliqui aliqua tibi spes est fore meliorem 
fortunam.

**Str.** Vae tibi, muricide homo.

**Chaer.** Qui tibi lubet mihi male loqui?

**Str.** Quippe tu mi aliquid aliqua modo alicunde ab ali-
quibus blatis 
quod nusquamst neque ego id inmitto in 
aures mea 
nec mihi plus adiumenti 1 ades, quam ille qui num-
quam etiam natust.

**III. 2.**

**Ep.** Fecisti iam officium tuum, me meum nune facere 
opertet. 
per hanc curam quieto tibi licet esse—hoc quidem 
iam perit.

1 Corrupt (Leo): adiumento Seyffert.
EPIDICUS

too long drawn out; good or bad, I do so want to know the result.

Chaer. As far as aid from him is concerned you might as well look elsewhere; as a matter of fact, I knew at the very outset there was no aid for you in him.

Str. Oh this is awful, awful!

Chaer. You're a fool to fret so. By gad, once I lay hands on him, that wretched slave shall never give us the laugh without paying for it!

Str. (bitterly) What do you want him to do, you, a man with all your money, and yet haven't got a penny for your friends and won't aid your own chum!

Chaer. Man alive, if I had it, I'd promise it to you gladly—but something, somehow, some way, from somewhere, from some one, there's some hope of your having better luck.

Str. Ugh! blast you! you chicken-hearted fellow!

Chaer. Why does it please you to abuse me?

Str. Why? With your babbling about something, some way, from somewhere, from some one—something that's nowhere, that I won't let you fill my ears with—and being of no more use to me than a man that was never born at all!

ENTER Epidicus, CARRYING A BAG OF MONEY, FROM

Scene 2. Periphanes's House.

Ep. (to Periphanes within) Yes, sir, you have done your part, and now I must do mine. You may rest easy as far as this is concerned—(waving the bag as the door closes) for really this is quite dead already.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ne quid tibi hinc in spem referas, oppido hoc pollinctum \(^1\) est.
crede modo mihi. sic ego ago, sic egerunt nostri. \(340\)
Pro di immortales, mihi hunc diem dedistis luculentum,
ut facilem atque impetrabilem! sed ego hinc migrare cesso,
ut importem in coloniam hunc meo auspicio commeatum?
mihi cesso, cum sto. sed quid hoc? ante aedis duo sodales,
erum et Chaeribulum, conspicor. quid hic agitis?
accipe hoc sis.

Str. Quantum hic inest?

decem minis plus attuli quam tu danistae debes.
dum tibi ego placeam atque obsequar, meum ter-
gum flocci facio.

Str. Nam quid ita?

Ep. Quia ego tuum patrem faciam parenticidam.

Str. Quid istuc est verbi?

Ep. Nil moror vetera et volgata verba. \(350\)
peratum ductarent; ego follitum ductitabo.
nam leno omne argentum abstulit pro fideicina—
ego resolvi,
manibus his denueravi—pater suam natam quam esse credit.
nunc iterum ut fallatur pater tibique auxilium
apparetur

\(^1\) pollinctum Goetz: politum or pollitum MSS.
EPIDICUS

Don't count on seeing any part of it again; it's all laid out for burial. Just trust me! This is my way and the way of my family.

Ye immortal gods! Such a dazzling day as you have given me, so easy-going, so compliant! But am I—I—delaying to migrate from here, and to convey this convoy, under my own auspices, to the colony? It's myself I delay, standing here. (looking toward Chaeribulus's house) What's this, though? The two chums, master and Chaeribulus, in front of the house! (approaching) What are you two doing here? (handing Stratippocles the bag with a grand air) Be good enough to take this.

Str. (eagerly) How much is there in it?

Ep. Enough, and more than enough—a superfluity. I have brought you forty pounds more than you owe the money-lender. Provided I please and oblige you, not a straw do I care for my own shoulders.

Str. Why, how so?

Ep. Because I am going to make your father a parenticide.

Str. What sort of a word is that?

Ep. None of your old and ordinary words for me! Others would have taken him off in a sack; I'll take him in in a money bag. Why, the pimp has his full price for the girl—paid him myself, counted down the cash with these hands—the music girl your father takes for his own daughter. And now I have found a way to fool him again and offer you a helping hand. You see, I persuaded the old man—indeed, I delivered an address on the

1 A part of the ancient punishment of parricides.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

inveni. nam ita suasi seni atque hanc habui orationem,¹
ut cum rediisses ne tibi eius copia esset.

Str. Euge.²

Ep. Ea iam domist pro filia.
Str. Iam teneo.
Ep. Nunc cautorem
dedit mihi ad hanc rem Apoeclidem, is apud forum
manet me,
 quasi qui a me³ caveat.

Str. Haud male.
Ep. Iam ipse cautor captust.
ipse in meo collo tuos pater cruminam collocavit ;
is adornat, adveniens domi extemplo ut maritus fias.
Str. Vno persuadebit modo, si illam, quae adducta est
 mecum,
 mi adempsit Orcus.
deveniam ad lenonem domum egomet solus, eum
ego docebo,
si quid ad eum adveniam, ut sibi esse datum argen-
tum dicat
pro fidecinam, argenti minas se habere quinquaginta—
quippe ego qui nudiustertius meis manibus denu-
meravi.
pro illa tua amica, quam pater suam filiam esse
retur—
ibi leno sceleratum caput suum imprudens alligabit,

¹ Leo notes lacuna following: ut praestinaret fidecinam
quam liberare velles, quasi liberare ipsus sibi eam cuperet.
² Leo notes lacuna following: (nunc super adducam
alia patri fidecinam; nam quam amabas) Leo.
³ quasi qui a me Buecheler: quasi quae amaret MSS.
subject  *  *  *\(^1\) so as not to let you have access to her on your return.

*Str.* Good! good!

*Ep.*  *  *  *\(^2\) This music girl is now at the house posing as his daughter.

*Str.* I see, I see.

*Ep.* Now he has given me Apoeides as supervisor in the transaction—he is waiting for me in the forum—with the idea of being on his guard against me.

*Str.* Not bad!

*Ep.* And here is the very guarde gulled! Your father himself decked my neck with the wallet; he is making preparations to get you married as soon as you reach home.

*Str.* (holy) There's only one way of inducing me to marry—Death must first deprive me of the girl I brought here with me!

*Ep.* Now here is the scheme I have devised. I myself will go down to the pimp's house all alone and coach him to say, in case I go to him about anything, that the money for the music girl has been paid him, that he has received the two hundred pounds—for, in fact, I did count him out the money with my own hands the day before yesterday, in payment for that old sweetheart of yours that your father thinks is his daughter—and then our pimp, without knowing what he is doing, will swear to it by his villainous head, giving the im-

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\(^1\) Leo suggests: "to purchase a music girl, whom you wanted to set free, he pretending that he longed to free her for his own satisfaction."

\(^2\) Leo suggests: "Now I'll fetch still another music girl to your father, for the one you used to love—"
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quasi pro illa argentum acceperit, quae tecum adducta nunc est.

Chae. Vorsutior es quam rota figuraris.

Ep. Iam ego parabo aliquam dolosam fidicinam, nummo conducta quae sit,
quae se emptam simulet, quae senes duo docte ludiscetur.
eam ducet simul Apocides ad tuum patrem.

Str. Vt parate.

Ep. Eam permeditatam, meis dolis astutiisque onustam mittam. sed nimis longum loquor, diu me estis
demorati.
haec scitis iam ut futura sint. abeo.

Str. Bene ambulantio.

Chae. Nimis doctus ille est ad male faciendum.

Str. Me equidem certo servavit consiliis suis.

Chae. Abeamus intro hinc ad me.

Str. Atque aliquanto lubentius quam abs te sum egressus intus;
virtute atque auspicio Epidici cum praedae in castra redeo.

III. 3.

Per. Non oris causa modo homines aequom fuit sibi habere speculum, ubi os contemplarent suom, sed qui perspicere possent cor sapientiae,\(^1\) ubi id inspexissent, cogitarent postea, vitam ut vixissent olim in adulcescentia. vel ego, qui dudum fili causa coeperam ego med excru ciare animi, quasi quid filius

\(^1\) Leo brackets following v., 385:

\textit{igitur perspicere ut possent cordis copiam.}

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EPIDICUS

pression that the money he received was for the
girl you have brought with you now.

Chaer. You're up to more turns than a potter's wheel.
Ep. Now I shall get hold of some sly music girl, one
that can be hired for a trifle, who will pretend she
has been bought and fool the two old fellows in
neat style. Apoecides shall take her along with
him to your father.

Str. (delighted) You're a ready one!
Ep. It will be a girl well rehearsed, well loaded with
my tricks and wiles, that I send him. But I am
talking too much; you have delayed me a long
time. Now you know how things will be. I'm
off. [EXIT

Str. A good trip to you!
Chaer. He's a precious clever mischief maker.
Str. He and his schemes have certainly been the salva-
tion of me, at any rate.

Chaer. (moving toward his door) Let's go into my house.
Str. Yes, and rather more cheerfully than I came out
of it. (exuberantly) Thanks to the valour and
auspices of Epidicus, I return to camp laden with
booty. [EXEUNT

Scene 3.

ENTER Periphanes.

(An hour has elapsed.)

Per. It would be a good thing for each man to have a
mirror, not only for his face, not only to scrutinize
that in, but one that would let him see into the
rationality of his wisdom; then, when they had
inspected that, they might next consider what
sort of life they had lived in the distant days of
their youth. Here's my own case—a while ago
I'd begun to torment myself about my son, as if
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

meus deliquisset me erga aut quasi non plurima
male facta mea essent solida in adolescents.
profecto deliramus interdum senes.¹
sed meas sodalis it cum praeda Apoeides.
venire salvum mercatorem gaudeo.
quid fit?

Per. Omen placet.
sed tu hanc iube sis intro abduci.
Per. Heus, foras
exite huc aliquis. duce istam intro mulierem.
atque audin?
Serv. Quid vis?
Per. Cave siris cum filia
mea copulari hanc neque conspicere. iam tenes?
in aediculam istane sorsum concludi volo.
divortunt mores virgini longe ac lupae.
Ap. Docte et sapienter dicis. numquam² nimi’ potest
pudicitiam quisquam suae servare filiae.
edepol ne istam temperi gnato tuo
sumus praemercati.
Per. Quid iam?
Ap. Quia dixit mihi
iam dudum se alius tuum vidisse hic filium;
hanc edepol rem apparabat.
Per. Planum hercle hoc quidem est.
Ap. Ne tu habes servum graphicum et quantivis preti,
non carust auro contra. ut ille fidelicam
fecit sese ut nesciret esse emptam tibi!

¹ Leo brackets following v., 393 :
   fuit conducibile hoc quidem mea sententia.
² numquam Fleckeisen: num MSS.
EPIDICUS

my son had committed some offence against me, or as if my own serious faults weren’t plentiful enough when I was a lad. We old fellows positively become delirious at times. (looking down the street) But there comes my good friend Apoeides with the booty. [ENTER Apoeides with a music girl.] (smiling as he approaches) Glad to see our merchant arriving safe! How goes it?

Ap. (pleased with himself) The gods and goddesses are with you.

Per. A good sign!

Ap. Yes, and a sign with signal luck to back it. But let this girl be conducted inside, if you please.

Per. (going to his door and calling) Hey! Come out here, some one! [ENTER a slave.] Take that woman inside. (slave leads the girl toward door) And then—are you listening?

Slave What do you want?

Per. Mind you don’t let her come in contact with my daughter, or set eyes on her. Understand now? I want her shut up in that little room apart from the rest. There’s a vast deal of difference between a maiden and a drab.

Ap. Well said, and wisely. No one can be too careful to preserve his daughter’s modesty. [EXEUNT SLAVE AND MUSIC GIRL.] By Jove, we surely forestalled your son just in time in buying that girl.

Per. Indeed? Why?

Ap. Because a man told me he had seen your son in town some time ago; and by gad, this (with a wave toward the door) was the business he was after!

Per. Clearly enough, by Jove, yes!

Ap. You certainly have a model slave, worth any price, cheap at his weight in gold. How he blinded the music girl to the fact she was bought for you!

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ita ridibundam atque hilaram huc adduxit simul.

Per. Mirum hoc qui potuit fieri.

Ap. Te pro filio
facturum dixit rem esse divinam domi,
quia Thebis salvos redierit.

Per. Rectam institit.

Ap. Immo ipsus illi dixit conductam esse eam,
quae hic administraret ad rem divinam tibi.\(^{1}\)
ego illic me autem sic assimulabam: quasi
stolidum, combardum me faciebam.

Per. Em istuc decet.

Ap. Res magna amici apud forum agitur, ei volo
ire advocatus.

Per. At quaeso, ubi erit otium,
revortere ad me extemplo.


Per. Nihil homini amicost opportuno amicius.
sine tuo labore quod velis actumst tamen.
ego si allegavissem aliquem ad hoc negotium
minus hominem doctum minusque ad hanc rem
callidum,
os sublitum esset, itaque me albis dentibus
meus derideret filius meritissumo.

sed quis hic est quem ego hoc advenientem con-
spicor,
suam qui undantem chlamydem quassando facit?

III. 4.

Mil. Cave praeterbitas uallas aedis, quin roges,
senex hic ubi habitat Periphanes Platenius.
icertus tuum cave ad me rettuleris pedem.

\(^{1}\) Leo brackets following v., 419:

facturum hoc dixit rem esse divinam tibi domi.

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EPIDICUS

The way he brought her along here—she laughing and merry as you please!

Per. It's surprising how that could be.

Ap. He said you were going to offer sacrifice at your house in honour of your son's safe return from Thebes.

Per. That was the line to take.

Ap. (chuckling) Why, the fellow actually told the pimp she was hired to assist you here in the sacrifice. As for me, I put on this sort of air with 'em (assuming a look of benign asininity)—made myself out to be a thick-witted simpleton.

Per. Ah! quite appropriate.

Ap. (with an overworked air) Well, a friend of mine has an important case coming up at the forum; I must go and give him my support.

Per. But come back to me the moment you're at leisure, I beg you.

Ap. Yes, yes, directly. [EXIT.

Per. (looking after him contentedly) A friend in need is a friend indeed! Without your turning your hand, your wishes are fulfilled just the same. I now—if I had employed in this business some man less shrewd, less wideawake in such matters—I should have been bamboozled, and then my son would show me his white teeth in a mocking laugh, precisely as I deserved. (looking down the street) But who's this I spy approaching with such a swinging stride that his cloak fairly undulates?

Scene 4. ENTER Captain AND HIS SERVANT.

Capt. (to servant, sternly) Mind, you are not to pass a single house without inquiring whereabouts old Periphanes Platenius lives. You are not to retreat to me, mind, till you have found out.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Per. Adulescens, si istunc hominem, quem tu quaeritas, tibi commonstrasso, ecquam abs te inibo gratiam?

Mil. Virtute belli armatus promerui, ut mihi omnis mortalis agere debeat gratias.

Per. Non repesseristi, adulescens, tranquillum locum, ubi tuas virtutes explices, ut postulas. nam strenuiori deterior si praedicat suas pugnas, de illius illae funt sordidae. sed istum quem quaeris Periphanem Platenium, ego sum, si quid vis.

Mil. Nempe quem in adulescentia memorant apud reges armis, arte duellica, divitias magnas indeptum?

Per. Immo si audias meas pugnas, fugias manibus dimissis domum.

Mil. Pol ego magis unum quaero, meas cui praedicem, quam illum qui memoret suas mihi.

Per. Hic non est locus; proin tu alium quaeras cui centones sarcias. aetque haec stultitiaest me illi vitio vortere 431 egomet quod factitavi in adulescentia, cum militabam. pugnis memorandis meis eradicabam hominum auris, quando occaperam. 434

Mil. Animum advorte, ut quod ego ad te advenio intellegas. 456 meam amicam audivi te esse mercatum.

Per. Attatae, nunc demum scio ego hunc qui sit: quem dudum Epidicus mihi praedicavit militem. adulescens, itast ut dicis, emi.

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EPIDICUS

**Per.** (banteringly) Young man, if I show you that gentleman you’re seeking, will it earn me any gratitude from you?

**Capt.** (haughtily) By my martial valour I have in arms earned the right to have all mankind pay due gratitude to me.

**Per.** You haven’t found a tranquil spot, young man, in which to deploy your valorous deeds, as you count on doing. When a sorry soldier recounts his battles to a brisker one, the comparison makes them lose their lustre. But as to that Perihpanes Platenius you look for, I am he, at your service.

**Capt.** (somewhat abashed) You mean the one that they say served with kings as a young man and made a great fortune by martial exploits and the art of war?

**Per.** Why, man alive, if you heard of my battles, you would race for home, using your arms like a sprinter.

**Capt.** Gad, I am looking for some man to recount my own battles to, rather than for one to tell me about his.

**Per.** You have come to the wrong place; so search out someone else to patch up your old rags for. *(aside)* And yet it’s foolish of me to find fault with him for doing what I was for ever doing myself when I was a young fellow and a soldier. I used fairly to uproot men’s ears with tales of my battles, once I’d begun.

**Capt.** *(stiffly)* Your attention, sir, so that you may understand the cause of this visit. I hear that you have purchased my mistress.

**Per.** *(aside)* Ohoho! Now at last I know who he is—the Captain that Epidicus announced a while ago. *(aloud)* Quite true, young man, I have.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mil. Volo te verbis pauculis, si tibi molestum non est.

Per. Non edepol scio, molestum necne sit, nisi dicis quid velis.

Mil. Mi illam ut tramittas, argentum accipias; adest nam quid ego apud te vera parcam proloqui? ego illam volo hodie facere libertam meam, mihi concubina quae sit.

Per. Te absolvam brevi. argenti quinquaginta mi illa empta est minis; si sexaginta mihi denumerantur minae, tuas possidebit mulier faxo ferias; atque ita profecto, ut eam ex hoc exoneres agro.

Mil. Estne empta mi istis legibus?

Per. Habeas licet.

Mil. Conciliavisti pulchre.

Per. Heus, foras educite quam introduxistis fidecinam. atque etiam fides, ei quae accessere, tibi addam dono gratiiis. age accipe hanc sis.

Mil. Quae te intemperiae tenent? quas tu mihi tenebras trudis? quin tu fidecinam produci intus iubes.

Per. Haec ergo est fideicina.

Mil. hic alia nullast.

Per. Non mihi nugari potes. quin tu hoc producis fidecinam Acropolistidem?

Per. Haec inquamst.

Mil. Non haec inquamst. non novisse me meam rere amicam posse?

Per. Hanc, inquam, filius meus deperibat fidecinam.
EPIDICUS

Capt. I want a few words with you, unless you object.
Per. Egad, I don’t know whether I object or not, unless you tell me what you want.

Capt. I want you to pass that girl over to me and let me pay for her; (showing a wallet) here is the money. Why should I mince matters with you? I want to make her my freedwoman at once and have her for a mistress.

Per. I’ll soon settle your business. She cost me two hundred pounds; count me down two hundred and forty, and the girl shall fill up all your spare time for you—yes, and on this condition, mind you, that you unload this region of her.

Capt. She is mine on those terms?
Per. You may have her.
Capt. You have made a fine bargain.
Per. (calling at his door) Hey there! Bring out that music girl you took inside. (to Captain) Yes, and I’ll throw in the lute that came with her, too, as a present to you, free of charge. [ENTER SLAVES WITH MUSIC GIRL.] Come, be good enough to take her.

Capt. (after an astonished glance at the girl) What are you raving about? What is this bagnio you are shoving off on me? Why don’t you order the music girl to be brought out?

Per. (surprised) Well, this is the music girl. There’s no other one here.

Capt. You cannot trifle with me. Why don’t you bring out the music girl Acropolistis?
Per. This is she, I tell you.
Capt. This is not she, I tell you. Do you suppose I can’t recognise my own mistress?
Per. I tell you this is the music girl my son doted on.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mil. Haec non est ea.

Per. Quid? non est?

Mil. Non est.

Per. Vnde haec igitur gentiumst?
equidem hercle argentum pro hac dedi.

Mil. Stulte datum
reor et peccatum largiter.

Per. Immo haec east.
nam servom misi, qui illum sectari solet
meum gnatum; is ipse hanc destinavit fidicinam.

Mil. Em istic homo te articulatum concidit, senex,
tuos servos.

Per. Quid concidit?

Mil. Sic suspiciost,
nam pro fidicina haec cerva supposita est tibi.

senex, tibi os est sublitem plane et probe.
egro illam requiram iam ubi ubi est.

Per. Bellator, vale.
euge, euge, Epidice, frugi es, pugnavisti, homo es,
qui me emunxisti mucidum, minimi preti.
mercatus te hodie est de lenone Apoecides?

Fid. Fando ego istunc hominem numquam audivi ante
hunc diem,
neque me quidem emere quisquam utla pecunia
potuit; plus iam sum libera quinquennium.

Per. Quid tibi negotist meae domi igitur?

Fid. Audies.

conducta veni, ut fidibus cantarem seni,
dum rem divinam faceret.
Epidicus

Capt. She is not the one.

Per. What? Not the one?

Capt. Not the one.

Per. Where in the world does she come from, then? I certainly paid out money for her, by Jove!

Capt. You paid it out like a fool, apparently, and botched things beautifully.

Per. No, no, she is the one. Why, I sent the servant that always attends my son; he bought this music girl himself.

Capt. Aha! the fellow has cut you up\textsuperscript{1} joint by joint, old gentleman, (derisively) that servant of yours.

Per. How "cut me up"?

Capt. So I suspect, for in place of the music girl, this hind\textsuperscript{2} has been palmed off on you. You have been hoaxed, old gentleman, plainly and properly hoaxed. As for me, I'll hunt her up now wherever she is. \textit{[Exeunt Captain and Servant.}

Per. (looking after him sourly) Farewell, warrior! (bitterly) Bravo, bravo, Epidicus! You are a worthy fellow, a fighter, a real man, to clean me up, drivelling dotard that I am! (to the girl) Did Apoecides purchase you from the pimp to-day?

Girl (pertly, seeing she has been found out) To-day is the very first time I ever heard tell of the man, and as for buying me, no one could, not for any money; for more than five years now I've been free.

Per. (staggered) What is your business at my house, then?

Girl You shall hear. I was hired to come and sing to lute accompaniment for an old man while he offered sacrifice.

\textsuperscript{1} An allusion to the legend of Pelias.

\textsuperscript{2} An allusion to the legend of Iphigeneia.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Per. Fateor me omnium hominum esse Athenis Atticis minimi preti. sed tu novistin fidicinam Acropolistidem?

Fid. Tam facile quam me.

Per. Vbi habitat?

Fid. Postquam liberast ubi habitet dicere admodum incerte scio.

Per. Eho an libera illa est? quis eam liberaverit, volo scire, si scis.

Fid. Id quod audivi audies. Stratippoclem aiunt Periphanai filium absentem curavisse ut fieret libera.

Per. Perii hercle, si istaece vera sunt; planissume meum exenteravit Epidicus marsuppium.

Fid. Haec sic audivi. numquid me vis ceterum?

Per. Malo cruciatus ut pereas atque abeas cito.

Fid. Fides non reddis?

Per. Neque fides neque tibiias. propera igitur fugere hinc, si te di amant.

Fid. Abiero.

flagitio cum maiore post reddes tamen.

Per. Quid nunc? qui in tantis positus sum sententiis,1 ei sic data esse verba praesenti palam! atque me minoris facio prae illo, qui omnium

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1 Corrupt (Leo): in antis . . . senatus Leo. Leo brackets following v. 518–520:

Camme ego sinam impune? immo etiam si alterum tantum perdandumst, perdam potius quam sinam me impune irrisum esse, habitum depeculatui.
EPIDICUS

Per. I'm the silliest dotard in all Attic Athens, I admit it! But you, do you know the music girl Acropolistis?

Girl As well as myself.

Per. Where does she live?

Girl I'm quite uncertain where to say she does live, now she's free.

Per. Eh? Eh? You mean to say she's free? I want to know who freed her, if you know.

Girl You may hear what I heard. They say that Stratippocles, the son of Periphanes, had her set free while he was away.

Per. (aside) Good Lord! This is terrible, if it's true! Epidicus has gutted my purse for me, clear as can be!

Girl This is what I heard. (giggling) There's nothing else I can do for you?

Per. (furious) Yes, go and be hanged, and be off with you, quick!

Girl Aren't you going to give me back my lute?

Per. Neither lutes nor flutes! So hurry up and get out of here, if the Lord loves you!

Girl (laughing contemptuously) Go I will. But you'll give it back later, though, to the tune of a bigger scandal.

[Exit.

Per. What now? I, a man whose name stands so often in the minutes of the senate,¹ to be imposed upon, in person, publicly! And yet my case is not so bad as his, with his being fooled—he with his reputation for being the maker and framer

¹ vv. 518–520: Shall I let her go unpunished? No, no, even if I had to lose the same amount again, lose it I would rather than let myself be laughed at with impunity, regarded as prey for swindlers!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

legum atque iurum fíctor, condítor cluet;  
is etiam sese sapere memorat.  malleum  
sapiențiorem vidi excusso manubrio.

ACTVS IV

Phil. Si quid est homini miseriarum quod miserescat,  
miser ex animost.  
id ego expeírior, cuí multa in unum locum  
confluunt, quae meum pectus pulsant simul.  
multiplex aerumna me exercitam habet,  
paupertas, pavor terrítat mentem animi,  
neque ubi meas spes collocem habeó usquam muní-  
tum locum.

ita gnata mea hostiumst potita, neque ea nunc ubi  
sit scio.

Per. Quis illaec est mulier, timido pectore peregré  
adveniens  
quae ipsa se miseratur?

Phil. In his dictust locis habítare mihi  
Periphanes.

Per. Me nominat haec; credo ego illi hospitio  
usus venit.

Phil. Pervelim mercedem dare, qui monstrét eum mihi  
husominem aut ubi habítet.

Per. Noscitó ego hanc, nam videor nescio ubi mi vidíssé  
príus.

estne ea an non east quam animus retur  
meus?

Phil. Di boni, visitavi1 antídhac?

Per. Certo east1 quam in Epídauro  
pauperculum memíni comprímere.  540

1 Leo notea lacuna following.
EPIDICUS

of laws and legal principles galore! He to talk about his own cleverness, too! I've seen hammers cleverer than he is, hammers with their handles off!

ACT IV

ENTER Philippa in great distress.

Phil. Ah, if human beings are in misery that deserves commiseration, they are in misery indeed! I am experiencing this myself, with so many things at once pouring in on me and beating on my breast together. Trouble in every shape keeps me harassed! Poverty and terror dismay all the thoughts of my mind, and not a safe place have I anywhere to put my hopes in. My daughter is in the hands of our enemies, and I know not where she is!

Per. (seeing her, aside) Who's this woman arriving from abroad in such a flurry and bemoaning her fate?

Phil. (scanning the houses) They told me it was about here that Periphanes lived.

Per. (surprised, aside) She spoke my name; she's in need of hospitality, I dare say.

Phil. I should be so glad to reward anyone for pointing him out to me or showing me where he lives.

Per. (aside) I'm trying to recognise her, for it does seem to me I've seen her before somewhere or other. (in sudden excitement) Is she the one my mind tells me she is, or not?

Phil. (with a start, on catching sight of him) Merciful heavens! Have I seen ** before?

Per. (aside) She is surely the one ** that poor girl I remember wronging in Epidaurus.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phil. Plane hicine est, qui mihi in Epidauro primus pudicitiam pepulist.

Per. Quae meo compressu peperit filiam quam domi nunc habeo.

quid si adeam—

Phil. Hau scio an congregiar—

Per. Si haec east.

Phil. Si is est homo, sicut anni multi dubia dant.

Per. Longa dies meum incertat animum. sin east quam incerte autumno,

hanc congredivar astu.

Phil. Muliebris adhibenda

mihi malitia nunc est

Per. Compellabo.

Phil. Orationis aciem contra conferam.

Per. Salva sis.

Phil. Salutem accipio mi et meis.

Per. Quid ceterum?

Phil. Salvos sis: quod credidisti reddo.

Per. Haud accuso fidem.

novin ego te?

Phil. Si ego te novi, animum inducam, ut tu noveris.

Per. Vbi te visitavi?

Phil. Inique iniuriu’s.

Per. Quid iam?

Phil. Quia tuae memoriae interpretari me aequom censes.

Per. Commode

phil. fabulata es.

Per. Mira memoras.

Phil. Te memini—

Em istue rectius.

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EPIDICUS

Phil. (aside) He certainly is the man that robbed me of my honour in Epidaurus!

Per. (aside) The one who bore me the daughter I have in my house this moment! What if I should step up—

Phil. (aside) I don't know whether to advance upon him—

Per. —if she is the one?

Phil. —if he is the man—and the lapse of all these years makes that doubtful.

Per. (aside) It's so long ago, I'm uncertain. But if she is the one I'm half-ready to pronounce her, I'll advance upon her warily.

Phil. (aside) Now I must bring my woman's cunning into play.

Per. (aside) I'll accost her.

Phil. (aside) I'll arm my tongue against him.

Per. (stepping up to her) Good day to you.

Phil. (primly) I accept your good wishes for me and mine, sir.

Per. (smiling) What else?

Phil. Good day to you—I repay your loan.

Per. Your honesty is above reproach. Don't I know you?

Phil. If I know you, I will persuade myself that you know me.

Per. Where have I seen you?

Phil. (lightly) You are shamefully unfair.

Per. Indeed? How?

Phil. In thinking I should play interpreter for your memory.

Per. There is point in what you say.

Phil. (smiling) An amazing admission!

Per. I remember you——

Phil. There! That's better!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Per. Meministin—
Phil. Memini id quod memini.
Per. At in Epidauro—
Phil. Ah, guttula pectus ardens mi aspersisti.
Per. Virgini pauperculae, tuaeque matri me levare paupertatem?
Phil. Tun is es, qui per voluptatem tuam in me aerumnam obsevisti gravem?
Per. Ego sum. salve.
Phil. Salva sum, quia te esse salvum sentio.
Per. Cedo manum.
Phil. Accipe. aerumnosam et miseriarum compotem mulierem retines.
Per. Quid est quod voltus turbatust tuos? 560
Phil. Filiam quam ex te suscepi—
Per. Quid eam?
Phil. Eductam perdidi.

Per. hostium est potita.
Habe animum lenem et tranquillum. tace. domi meae eccam salvam et sanam. nam post-
quam audivi ilico ex meo servo, illam esse captam, continuo argen-
tum dedi,
ut emeretur. ille eam rem adeo sobrie et frugaliter accuravit, utut ad alias res est impense inprobus.
Phil. Fac videam, si mea, si salva mihi sit.
Per. Eho, istinc, Canthara, iube Telestidem huc prodire filiam ante aedis meam,
ut suam videat matrem.
Phil. Remigrat animus nunc demum mihi.

IV. 2.

Acro. Quid est, pater, quod me excivisti ante aedis? 336
EPIDICUS

Per. Do you remember—
Phil. I remember what I remember.
Per. But in Epidaurus—
Phil. Ah, you've dashed water on my burning heart!
Per. —a poor girl, and your mother—you remember how I relieved you in your poverty?
Phil. Are you the man whose self-indulgence brought such heavy trouble on me?
Per. (moved) I am. God save you!
Phil. I am saved, now that I see you are safe.
Per. (warmly) Give me your hand!
Phil. Take it. (as he grasps it) It is the hand of a sorrowful and wretched woman that you hold.
Per. What is it makes you look so troubled?
Phil. The daughter I had by you—
Per. What about her?
Phil. I brought her up and—lost her. (crying) She's in the hands of the enemy.
Per. (cheerily) Set your mind at rest and calm yourself. Hush, hush! She's at my house, look! (pointing) safe and sound. Why, the moment I heard from my servant that she was captured, I at once gave him money to buy her. He managed this matter prudently and economically, despite his being a downright rascal in other matters.
Phil. (eagerly) Let me see if she is mine, if my darling girl is safe!
Per. (calling at door) Hullo! Canthara! Tell them to bring my daughter Telestis out here in front of the house to see her mother.
Phil. Now at last my spirit returns to me!

Scene 2. 

ENTER Acropolistis.

Acrv. What did you call me out here for, father?
Per.    Videas, aedes, advenienti des salutem atque osculum.

Acro.    Quam meam matrem?

Per.    Quae examinata exsequitur aspectum tuum.

Phil.   Quis istaec est quam tu osculum mihi ferre iubes?

Per.    Tua filia.

Phil.   Haecine?

Per.    Haec.

Phil.   Egone osculum huic dem?

Per.    Quor non, quae ex te nata sit?

Phil.   Tu homo insanis.

Per.    Egone?

Phil.   Tune.

Per.    Quor?

Phil.   Quia ego hanc quae siet
neque scio neque novi, neque ego hanc oculis vidi
ante hunc diem.

Per.    Scio quid erres: quia vestitum atque ornatum im-
mutabilem
habet haec,

Phil.¹ aliter catuli longe olent, aliter sues.²
ne ego³ me nego nosse hanc quae sit.

Per.    Pro deum atque hominum fidem,

quid? ego lenocinium facio, qui habeam alienas⁴
domi
atque argentum egurgitem domo prosus? quid tu,
quae patrem
tuom vocas me atque osculare, quid stas stupida?
quid taces?

Acro.    Quid loquar vis?

Per.    Haec negat se tuam esse matrem.

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.
² sues B²: suis MSS.
³ me nego nosse hanc quae sit Leo: ne ego eam novisse P.
⁴ alienas Douss: alienos P.
EPIDICUS

Per. To see your mother, to go up to her and greet her on her arrival, and give her a kiss.

Acro. My mother? Who?

Per. (pointing to the astonished Philippa) The mother who has almost given up her life in seeking the sight of you.

Phil. (to Periphanes) Who is that creature you ask to kiss me?

Per. (amazed) Your daughter.

Phil. What? She?

Per. She.

Phil. (scornfully) I kiss her?

Per. Why not, when she’s your own child?

Phil. Man, man, you’re insane!

Per. I?

Phil. Yes, you.

Per. Why?

Phil. Because I neither know this girl, nor recognise her, nor ever set eyes on her before to-day.

Per. (looking blank, then hopefully) I see your mistake—her changed dress and get-up.

Phil. (with a contemptuous appraisal of Acropolistas) Puppies and pigs have a very different odour. I certainly deny recognizing this girl at all.

Per. (violently) Heavens and earth! What’s all this? Am I playing the pimp, I with other people’s girls in my house, and absolutely egurgitating money out of my house? (to Acropolistas) Here, you, you that call me your father and kiss me, why do you stand there like an idiot? Why are you silent?

Acro. (cheerfully) What do you want me to say?

Per. This lady denies being your mother.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Acro. Ne fuat, si non volt. equidem haeq vita tamen ero matris filia.
non med istanc cogere aequom est meam esse matrem, si nevolt.
Per. Cur me igitur patrem vocabas?
Acro. Tua istaec culpast, non mea.
non patrem ego te nominem, ubi tu tuam me appellas filiam?
hanc quoque etiam, si me appellet filiam, matrem vocem.
negat haec filiam me suam esse; non ergo haec mater mea est.
postremo haec mea culpa non est; quae didici dixi omnia.
Epidicus mihi fuit magister.

Per. Perii, plaustrum perculi.
Acro. Numquid ego ibi, pater, peccavi?
Per. Si hercle te umquam aud ivero me patrem vocare, vitam tuam ego interimam.
Acro. Non voco. ubi voles pater esse, ibi esto; ubi noles, ne fueris pater.

Phil. Quid, si ob eam rem hanc emisti, quia tuam gnatam es ratus,
quibus de signis agnoscebas?

Per. Nullis.
Phil. Qua re filiam credidisti nostram?

Per. Servos Epidicus dixit mihi.
Phil. Quid si servo aliter visumst, non poteras novisse, obsecro? ¹


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EPIDICUS

Acro. She needn't be, if she doesn't wish. Really though, I shall be my mother's daughter in spite of her. It's not fair for me to compel that lady to be my mother against her will.

Per. Why did you keep calling me father, then?
Acro. (sweetly) That's your fault, not mine. Shouldn't I term you father, when you address me as your daughter? Why, even this lady, too—if she should address me as her daughter, I'd call her mother. She says I'm not her daughter; well, then, she's not my mother. In short, this isn't my fault; I've only repeated the lesson I learned. My teacher was Epidicus.

Per. (starting) Oh, confound it! I've capsized the cart!
Acro. (solicitously) I haven't done anything wrong, have I, father?

Per. (with a snort of rage) By the Lord, if I ever hear you call me father, I'll murder you!
Acro. (pathetically) I won't. When you wish to be father, be so; when you don't, don't be.

Phil. Well, if you bought her for this reason, because you thought she was your daughter, what means of identification did you have?

Per. (morose) None.

Phil. What made you believe she was our daughter?

Per. (grinding his teeth) My servant Epidicus told me she was.

Phil. But even though it seemed otherwise to this servant, couldn't you recognise her, for heaven's sake?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Per. Quid ego, qui illam ut primum vidi, numquam vidi postea?

Phil. Perii misera.
Per. Ne fle, mulier. intro abi, habe animum bonum. ego illam reperiam.

Phil. Hinc Athenis civis eam emit Atticus; adolescentem equidem dicebant emisse.
Per. Inveniam, tace. abi modo intro atque hanc asserva Circam Solis filiam.
ego relictis rebus Epidicum operam quae rendo dabo.
si invenio, exiabilem ego illi faciam hunc ut fiat diem.

ACTVS V

Str. Male morigerus mi est danista, qui a me argentum non petit
neque illam adducit quae empta ex praedast. sed eccum incedit Epidicus.
quld illuc est quod illi caperrat frons severitudine?

Ep. Si undecim deos praeter sese secum adducat Iuppiter,
ita non omnes ex cruciatu poterunt eximere Epidicus.
Periphanem emere lora vidi, ibi aderat una Apocides;
nunc homines me quaeritare credo. senserunt, sciunt
sibi data esse verba.

Str. Quid agis, mea commoditas?
EPIDICUS

Per. How, when I never saw her but once?

Phil. (breaking down) Oh, oh, this is dreadful.

Per. Don't cry, my girl. Go inside, keep your courage up. (with resolution) I will discover her.

Phil. It was someone from here, a citizen of Athens, that bought her—yes, and a young man, so they said.

Per. I'll find her. Hush! You just go inside and keep watch over this Circe,¹ this daughter of Sol. As for me, I'll drop everything else and devote myself to looking for Epidicus. (grimly) If I find him, I'll make this his day of doom. [Exeunt.

ACT V

(Several hours have elapsed.)

ENTER Stratippocles from the house of Chaeribulus.

Str. (impatient) That usurer is a most disobligeing rascal—not to come to me for his money or to bring the girl that was bought at the sale of the booty. (looking down street) Ah, but there's Epidicus pacing slowly along! Why is it his brow's so wrinkled with gloom?

ENTER Epidicus.

Ep. (disgustedly) Even if Jupiter should come along with his eleven gods, not even so, altogether, can they rescue Epidicus from torture. I saw Periphantes buying straps, and Apoecides was there, too; the pair of 'em are hunting me this minute, I suppose. They have found out, they know they've been taken in.

Str. (gaily) How dost thou, old Timeliness?

¹ Who knew neither her father nor mother.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Quod miser.

Ep. Quid est tibi?
Str. Quin tu mi adornas ad fugam viaticum, prius quam pereo? nam per urbem duo defloccati senes quaeritant me, in manibus gestant copulas secum simul.

Ep. Habe bonum animum.
Str. Quippe ego quo libertas in mundo sitast.

Ep. Ego te servabo.
Str. Edepol me illi melius, si nacti fuant. sed quis haec est muliercula et ille gravastellus qui venit?

Str. Hic est danista, haec illa est autem, quam emi de praeda.

Ep. Haecinest?
Str. Haec est. estne ita ut tibi dixi? aspecta et contempta, Epidice:

usque ab unguiculo ad capillum summumst festivissuma.
estne consimilis quasi cum signum pictum pulchre aspexeris?

Ep. Ex tuis verbis meum futurum corium pulchrum praedicas,

quem Apella atque Zeuxis duo pingent pigmentis ulmeis.

Str. Di immortales, sicin iussi ad me ires? pedibus plumbeis

qui perhibetur prius venisset quam tu advenisti mihi.

Dan. Haec edepol remorata med est.

\[1\text{ plumbeis Brix : pulmunes P.}\]
EPIDICUS

Ep. Like most other poor devils.
Str. What's wrong with you?
Ep. Come, furnish me with funds for my flight, will you, before my doom is sealed. Two de-fleeced old men are scouring the city for me and carrying thongs along with 'em, too.

Str. Cheer up.
Ep. (dryly) Yes, being a man who has liberty in store for him!

Str. I'll take care of you myself.
Ep. Gad! They will take better care of me, once they catch me. (looking down street) But who is this slip of a girl and that grey-headed little chap coming along?

Str. (looking, then excitedly) It's the money-lender, and she, she's the girl I bought at the sale of the spoils!

Ep. (regarding Telestis interestedly) This one here, eh?
Str. This one. Just the sort I told you, what? Gaze on her, contemplate her, Epidicus. Oh, she's perfectly delightful, from her little finger-tips to the topmost hair of her head! Isn't it just like gazing at a beautifully painted picture?

Ep. From what you say, my hide is about to be beautifully painted by Apelles and Zeuxis—the pair of 'em—painted with pigments of elm.

ENTER Usurer AND Telestis.

Str. (to Usurer, irritably) Ye immortal gods! Is this the way I told you to come to me? That fabled fellow with feet of lead\(^1\) would have arrived before you have.

Usurer Gad, sir, it was she (pointing to Telestis) delayed me.

\(^1\) The allusion is obscure.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Str.    Siquidem istius gratia
id remoratu's quod ista voluit, nimium advenisti
   cito.
Dan.    Age age, absolve me atque argentum numera, ne
   comites morer.
Str.    Pernumeratumst.
Dan.    Tene cruminam; huc inde.
Str.    Sapienter venis.
opperire, dum effero ad te argentum.
Dan.    Matura.
Str.    Domist.
Ep.     Satin ego oculis utilitatem optineo sincere an
   parum?
   videon ego Telestidem te, Periphani filiam,
ex Philippa matre natam Thebis, Epidauri satam?
Tel.    Quis tu homo es, qui meum parentum nomen
   memoras et meum?
Ep.     Non me nosti?
Tel.    Quod quidem nunc veniat in mentem mihi.
Ep.     Non meministi me auream ad te asserre natali die
   lunulam atque anellum aureolum in digitum?
Tel.    Memini, mi homo.
Ego sum, et istic frater, qui te mercatust, tuos.
1 alia matre, uno patre.
Tel.    Quid pater meus? vivit?
Tel.    Di me ex perdita servatam cupiunt, si vera autumas.

1Leo notes lacuna preceding: (he)m, m(eus) frater ille
ut (iat?) Leo.

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EPIDICUS

Str. (feasting his eyes on Telesis) Oh well, if you delayed to please her, to oblige her, you have arrived too soon.

Usurer Come, come, sir, settle up and count out my money so as not to make me detain my companions.

Str. It is all counted out.

Usurer Take this purse; (handing one to him) put it in it.

Str. Provident man! Wait till I bring the money out to you.

Usurer Be quick about it.

Str. It’s in the house. [EXIT INTO HOUSE OF CHAERIBULUS.

Ep. (scanning Telesis from head to foot and controlling himself with difficulty) Do I possess unimpaired eyesight, or no? Is this Telesis I see, the daughter of Periphanes and Philippa, born in Thebes and begot in Epidaurus?

Tel. (surprised) Who are you, sir, that speak of my parents and me by name?

Ep. You don’t recognise me?

Tel. Not so far as I can recollect at present, surely.

Ep. Don’t you remember my bringing you a little gold crescent on your birthday and a little gold ring for your finger?

Tel. I do remember! Oh, my dear man! Was that you?

Ep. It was, and the man that has bought you is your own brother by a different mother and the same father.

Tel. (eagerly) What about my father? Is he alive?

Ep. (patronizingly) Hush, hush! Be quite serene and tranquil.

Tel. It’s Heaven’s will that I be saved instead of lost, if your words are true!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Non habeo ullam occasionem, ut apud te falsa fabuler.

Str. Accipe argentum hoc, danista. hic sunt quadraginta minae.
    siquid erit dubium, immutabo.
    Bene fecisti, bene vale.

Str. Nunc enim tu mea es.

Tel. Soror quidem edepol, ut tu aeque scias.
    salve, frater.

Str. Sanan haec est?

Ep. Sana, si appellat suom.

Str. Quid? ego modo amator sum huic frater factus,
    dum intro eo atque exeo?

Ep. Quod boni est id tacitus taceas tute tecum et gaudeas.

Str. Perdidisti et repperisti me, soror.

Ep. Stultu’s, tace.
     tibi quidem quod ames domi praeestost, fidicina,
     opera mea;
     et sororem in libertatem idem opera concilio mea.

Str. Epidice, fateor—

Ep. Abi intro ac iube huic aquam calesieri.
    cetera haec posterius faxo scibis, ubi erit otium.

Str. Sequere hac me, soror.

Ep. Ego ad vos Thesprionem iussero
    huc transire. sed memento, si quid saevibunt senes,
    suppetias mihi cum sorore ferre.

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EPIDICUS

Ep. (dignified) I have no occasion to tell you falsehoods.

RE-ENTER Stratippocles WITH PURSE.

Str. Take the money, my man. Here are one hundred and sixty pounds. Any questionable coin I'll exchange.

Usurer (taking the purse and counting the money as he goes) Thanks. Good-bye and good luck to you, sir.

[exit.

Str. (to Telestis rapturously) Well, now you are mine!

Tel. (happily) Yes, indeed, your sister, that is—that you may know what I know. God bless you, brother!

Str. (to Epidicus) Is she sane?

Ep. (coolly) Quite so, if it is her brother she addresses.

Str. What? I, just now her lover, changed to her brother while I step in and out of the house?

Ep. (reprovingly) Take your good luck quietly, keep it quiet, and rejoice.

Str. (with a sigh) You have both lost and found me, sister.

Ep. Hush! You're a fool! Why, you have an object for your affections—the music girl—ready to hand at home, thanks to me. And thanks to me again, your sister is set at liberty.

Str. (apologetically) Epidicus, I admit——

Ep. (brusquely) In with you and order some water to be heated for this young lady. I will let you know about the rest of this business later when I am at leisure.

Str. (going toward his house) Come this way with me, sister.

Ep. (seeing them to the door) I will give Thesprio orders to join you here. Remember though, if the old men get at all savage, you and your sister are to succour me.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Str. Facile istuc erit.
Ep. Thesprio, exi istac per hortum, adfer domum auxilium mihi,
magnast res. minoris molto facio quam dudum senes.
remeabo intro, ut accurentur advenientes hospites.
eadem haec intus edocebo quae ego scio Stratip-
poclem.
non fugio, domi adesse certumst. neque ille haud
obiciet mihi
pedibus sese provocatum. abeo intro, nimis lon-
gum loquor.

V. 2.

Per. Satine illic homo ludibrio nos vetulos decrepitos
duos
habet?
Ap. Immo edepol tu quidem miserum med habes
miseris modis.
Per. Tace sis, modo sine me hominem apisci.
Ap. Dico ego tibi iam, ut scias:
 alium tibi te comitem meliust quaerere. ita, dum
te sequor,
lassitudine invaserunt misero in genua flemina.
Per. Quot illic homo Hodie me exemplis ludificatust
atque te,
ut illic autem exenteravit mihi opes argentarias!
Ap. Apage illum a me, nam ille quidem Volcani iratist
filius:
quaqua tangit, omne amburit, si astes, aestu cale-
facit.
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EPIDICUS

Str. That will be easy.

[Exeunt Stratippocles and Telestis.

Ep. (calling at Chaeribulus’s door) Thesprio! Go out the garden way and reinforce me at home. (soliloquizing) Big doings! I mind the old fellows much less than I did a while ago. I’ll return inside and attend to the arriving guests. At the same time I’ll coach Stratippocles in there on all I know about this. No running away for me; my mind’s made up to stay at home. Master shan’t throw it up to me that he was challenged to a foot race. (moving toward door) In I go; I’m doing too much talking.

[Exit.

Scene 2. Enter Periphanes and Apoeides, the former furious, the latter weary.

Per. So that rascal is making us two decrepit old fellows his butts, is he?

Ap. Good Lord, no! It’s you that are making me miserable with all this miserable business.

Per. Oh, do hold your tongue! Only let me get my hands on that fellow!

Ap. (indignantly) I tell you this now for your information: you’d better look up another companion for yourself. (groaning) I’ve grown so weary following you about that the swelling in my ankles has spread to my poor knees.

Per. The number of ways that fellow has made a fool of me to-day, and of you too! Yes, and how he did gut my exchequer!

Ap. No more of him for me! Why, it was Vulcan in his wrath begot that villain: whatever he touches he consumes entire; stand near him, and he gets you boiling hot.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Duodecim deis plus quam in caelo deorumst im-
mortalium
mihi nunc auxilio adiutores sunt et mecum militant,
quidquid ego malefeci, auxilia mi et suppetae sunt
domi,
apolactizo inimicos omnis.

Per. Vbi illum quaeram gentium?

Ap. Dum sine me quaeras, quaerias mea causa vel medio
in mari.

Ep. Quid me quaeris? quid laboras? quid hunc solli-
citas? ecce me.
num te fugi, num ab domo aspsum, num oculis con-
cessi tuis? 1
nec tibi supplico. vincire vis? em, ostendo manus;
tu habes lora, ego te emere vidi. quid nunc cessas?
colliga.

Per. Ilicet, vadimonium ultro mi hic facit.

Ep. Quin colligas?


Ep. Te prosecto, Apoeclides,
nil moror mihi deprecari.


Ep. Ecquid agis?

Per. Tuon arbitratu?

Ep. Meo hercle vero atque hau tuo
colligandae haec sunt tibi hodie.

Per. At non lubet, non colligo.

1 Leo notes lacuna following: nec mihi gratia neque
odiosus neque timorem mi exhibes Leo.
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EPIDICUS

ENTER Epidicus into doorway unseen.

Ep. (elated) All the immortal gods in Heaven and another dozen more are my aids, adjutants, and fellow fighters now! No matter what my misdeeds are, I have reserves and support of my own; I dismiss all my foes with a farewell kick.

Per. Where in the world shall I look for him?
Ap. So long as you look for him without my company, you can look in the middle of the sea, for all I care.

Ep. (to Periphanes, stepping out) Why look for me? Why trouble yourself? Why bother this gentleman? Behold me, sir! Have I run off? Am I away from home? Have I kept out of your sight? I am not on my knees to you, either. You want to tie me up? Here, here are my hands! (holding them out) You have straps; I saw you buy them. Why so backward now? Bind me.

Per. (puzzled) It’s no use—he even offers me bail of his own accord.

Ep. Why not bind me?
Ap. By gad! a villainous piece of property!
Ep. (ironically polite) You, certainly, Apoecides—I do not expect you to beg me off.
Ap. (bitingly) I will meet your expectations readily, Epidicus.

Ep. (to Periphanes, impatiently) Well, going to do anything?
Per. At your wish, eh?
Ep. Just so, by Jove, at my wish, and not at yours, are you to bind these hands to-day.
Per. (more puzzled) But I don’t choose to, I won’t bind them.

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VOL. II.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

_Ap._ Tragulam in te inicere adornat, nescio quam fabricam facit.

_Ep._ Tibi moram facis, cum ego solutus asto. age, inquam, colliga.

_Per._ At mihi magis lubet solutum te rogitare.

_Ep._ At nil scies.

_Per._ Quid ago?

_Ap._ Quid agas? mos geratur.

_Ep._ Frugi es tu homo, Apoecides.

_Per._ Cedo manus igitur.

_Ep._ Morantur nihil. atque arte colliga.

_Per._ Nihil moror.

_Ep._ Obnoxiose.

_Per._ Facto opere arbitramino.

_Ep._ Bene hoc habet. age nunciam ex me exquire, rogita quod lubet.

_Per._ Qua fiducia ausu's primum, quae emptast nudius-tertius, filiam meam dicere esse?

_Ep._ Libuit: ea fiducia.

_Per._ Ain tu? libuit?

_Ep._ Aio. vel da pignus, ni ea sit filia.

_Per._ Quam negat novisse mater?

_Ep._ Ni ergo matris filia est, in meum numnum, in tuom talentum pignus da.

_Per._ Enim istaec captiost.

sed quis east mulier?

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Ap.  (to Periphanes) He's making ready to open fire on you, he's devising some artifice or other.

Ep.  (to Periphanes) And you are delaying yourself, letting me stand here loose. Come on, I tell you; bind me!

Per.  But I prefer to question you loose as you are.

Ep.  But you will learn nothing.

Per.  (to Apoeides) What shall I do?

Ap.  Do? Let him have his way.

Ep.  You are a discreet man, Apoeides.

Per.  Out with your hands, then.

Ep.  (obeying) No delay on their part! And bind them tightly, too.

Per.  (pulling the thongs viciously) No delay on my part!

Ep.  (scoffingly) You are too timid.

Per.  (pulling still harder) You can judge of that when the job is done. (finishes the operation as painfully as possible)

Ep.  (scrutinizing the knot) Ah, good! Come now, examine me, ask anything you please.

Per.  First, on what assurance did you dare tell me that the girl that was bought the day before yesterday was my daughter?

Ep.  (indifferently) It was my humour—on that assurance.

Per.  (angrily) So, you say? Your humour, was it?

Ep.  Just so. Come on, make a bet she is not—a (slurring the "a") daughter.

Per.  When her mother denies recognising her?

Ep.  Well then, make your bet—two hundred pounds to my two shillings—that she is not her mother's daughter.

Per.  I see! A catch! But who is this woman?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Tui gnati amica, ut omnem rem scias.

Per. Dedin tibi minas triginta ob filiam?

Ep. Fateor datas
et eo argento illam me emisse amicam fili fidicinam
pro tua filia. is te eam ob rem tetigi triginta minis.

Per. Quo modo me ludos fecisti de illa conducticia
fidicina?


Per. Quid postremo argento factum est quod dedi?

Ep. Dicam tibi:
neque malo homini neque maligno tuo dedi Stratipp-
pocli.

Per. Quor dare ausu's?

Ep. Quia mi libitum est.

Per. Quae haec, malum, impudentiast? 710

Ep. Etiam in clamitor quasi servos?

Per. Cum tu es liber, gaudeo.

Ep. Merui ut fierem.

Per. Tu meruisti?

Ep. Vise intro; ego faxo scies
hoc ita esse.

Per. Quid est negoti?

Ep. Iam ipsa res dicet tibi.

abi modo intro.

Ap. Ei, non illuc temerest.

Per. Adserva istum, Apoecides.

Ap. Quid illuc, Epidice, est negoti?

Ep. Maxima hercule iniuria
vincitus asto, cuius haec hodie opera inventast filia.
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EPIDICUS

Ep. Your son’s mistress, to inform you fully.

Per. (dangerously) I gave you that hundred and twenty pounds for my daughter, did I not?

Ep. (unruffled) To be sure, and I took the money and bought that music girl, your son’s mistress, in place of your daughter. I did you out of your hundred and twenty pounds in the transaction.

Per. Just as you made game of me in the case of that hired music girl, eh?

Ep. Gad, yes, so I did, and a good job, too, in my opinion.

Per. What was done with the last money I gave you?

Ep. I will tell you: (significantly) it was no good-for-nothing niggard I gave it to, but your son Stratippocles.

Per. How did you dare give it away?

Ep. Because it was my humour.

Per. The confounded impudence of the fellow!

Ep. What! Am I scolded as if I were a slave?

Per. (ironically) I am happy to hear that you are free.

Ep. I have deserved to be set free.

Per. You have deserved it—you?

Ep. Go look inside; you will see it is so, I warrant you.

Per. What does this mean?

Ep. The facts will speak for themselves. Just you go inside.

Ap. (impressed) Go; it’s not for nothing he says that.

Per. Keep your eye on the fellow, Apoecides.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.

Ap. What does all this mean, Epidicus?

Ep. It is a crying injustice, by Jove, for me to be standing here tied up when, thanks to my efforts, this daughter of his has been discovered to-day.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ap. Ain tu te illius invenisse filiam?

Ep. Inveni, et domi est.

Ap. sed ut acerbum est, pro bene factis cum mali messim metas.

Ep. Quamne hodie per urbem uterque sumus defessi quaerere?

Per. Ego sum defessus reperire, vos defessi quaerere. 720

Per. Quid isti oratis opere tanto? mi orandum esse intellego,

Per. ut liceat merito huius facere. cedo tu ut exsolvam manus.

Ep. Ne attigas.

Per. Ostende vero.


Per. Non aequom facis.

Ep. Numquam hercle hodie, nisi supplicium mihi das,

Per. me solvi sinam.

Per. Optumum atque aequissumum oras soccos, tunici-

Per. cam, palliumi
tibi dabo.

Ep. Quid deinde porro?

Per. Libertatem.

Ep. At postea?

Per. novo liberto opus est quod pappet.


Per. Numquam hercle hodie, nisi me orassis, solves.

Ep. Oro te, Epidice,

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EPIDICUS

Ap. (startled) You say you’ve discovered his daughter—you?

Ep. Discover her I did, and she is at home. Ah, the bitterness of it, when you reap a crop of cruelty from seeds of kindness!

Ap. You mean the girl we both wore ourselves out in looking for all over the city to-day?

Ep. (superior) I wore myself out in finding her, you wore yourselves out in looking for her.

RE-ENTER Periphanes.

Per. (to his son and daughter within) What need of all those entreaties of yours? I see it’s from me must come the entreaties—that I may be permitted to do what he deserves. (to Epidicus, remorsefully) Here, my man, let me untie your hands.

Ep. (very patient and dignified) Do not touch them.

Per. Come, come, hold them out.

Ep. I have no wish to.

Per. That’s not fair of you.

Ep. (in righteous wrath) By the Lord, I will not let myself be loosed, never, unless you make amends to me.

Per. (humbly) Perfectly just and fair! I’ll give you some shoes, a tunic, and a cloak.

Ep. (somewhat interested) Yes, and what besides?

Per. Your liberty.


Per. You shall have some; I’ll provide you with food.

Ep. (sulking again) By the Lord, you shall not loose me, never, unless you entreat me.

Per. (more humbly) I do entreat you, Epidicus,—to
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

mihi ut ignoscas, siquid imprudens culpa peccavi mea.
at ob eam rem liber esto.

Ep. Invitus do hanc veniam tibi, nisi necessitate cogar. solve sane, si lubet.

POETA

Hic is homo est qui libertatem malitia invenit sua, plaudite et vilete, lumbos porgite atque exsurgite.
EPIDICUS

forgive me, if I have unwittingly been to blame and done you an injury. But in recompense, you are free.

Ep. (loftily) I dislike to pardon you—but circumstances compel me. (extending his hands) Very well, loose me—if it is your humour.

[EXEUNT OMNES.

EPILOGUE

(Spoken by the Author.)

Here is a fellow who won his liberty by his craft. Give us your applause and fare you well. Stretch your limbs and rise.
MENAECHMI

OR

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES
ARGUMENTVM

Mercator Siculus, quos erant gemini filii,
Ei surrumpo altero mors optigit.
Nomen surrepticii illi indit qui domist
Avos paternus, facit Menaechmum e Sosicle.
Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quaerit at
Circum omnis oras. post Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat alitus ille surrepticius.
Menaechmum omnes civem credunt advenam
Eumque appellant meretrix, uxor et socer.
I se cognoscunt fratres postremo invicem.

PERSONAE

PENICULVS PARASITVS
MENAECMVSVS ADVLESCENTES
MENAECMVSVS
EROTIVM MERETRIX
CYLINDRVS COCVS
MESSENIO SERVVS
ANCILLA
MATRONA
SENEX
MEDICVS
ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

A Sicilian merchant, who had twin sons, died after one of them had been stolen. To the boy who was left at home his paternal grandfather gave the name of the stolen brother, calling him Menaechmus instead of Sosicles. And this boy, after he grew up, began searching for his brother in every land. At last he comes to Epidamus: here it was that his stolen brother had been brought up. Everyone takes the stranger for a fellow-citizen Menaechmus, and he is assisted by his brother's mistress, wife, and son-in-law. At last the brothers recognise each other.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Peniculus, a parasite.
Menaechmus, a young gentleman living in Epidamus.
Menaechmus (Sosicles), a young gentleman of Syracuse.
Erottium, a courtesan.
Cylindrux, her cook.
Messenio, slave of Menaechmus (Sosicles).
Maid, in the service of Erotium.
Wife of Menaechmus.
Father-in-Law of Menaechmus.
A doctor.
PROLOGVS

Salutem primum iam a principio propitiam
mihi atque vobis, spectatores, nuntio.
apporto vobis Plautum, lingua non manu,
quaeso ut benignis accipiatis auribus.
nunc argumentum accipite atque animum
vortite;
quam potero in verba conferam paucissuma.

Atque hoc poetae faciunt in comoediis:
omnis res gestas esse Athenis autumant,
quo illud vobis graecum videatur magis;
egro nusquam dicam nisi ubi factum dicitur.
atque adeo hoc argumentum graecissat, tamen
non atticissat, verum sicilicissat.
huic argumento antelogium hoc fuit;
nunc argumentum vobis demensum dabo,
non modio, neque trimodio, verum ipso horreo;
tantum ad narrandum argumentum adest be-
nignitas.

Mercator quidam fuit Syracusis senex,
ei sunt nati filii gemini duo,
ita forma simili pueri, ut mater sua
non internosse posset quae mammam dabat,
neque adeo mater ipsa quae illos pepererat,
ut quidem ille dixit mihi, qui pueros viderat;
egro illos non vidi, ne quis vostrum censeat.
postquam iam pueri septuennes sunt, pater
onervavit navem magnam multis mercibus;
Scene:—Epidamnus. A street in which stand the houses of Menacechmus and Erotium.

PROLOGUE

First and foremost, spectators, I am the bearer of the very best wishes for—myself and—you. I bring you Plautus, orally, not corporally, and I pray you receive him with amiable ears. Lend me your attention and learn our argument now; I will frame it in the fewest possible words.

Now writers of comedy have this habit: they always allege that the scene of action is Athens, their object being to give the play a more Grecian air. As for me, I will report the scene as being nowhere, save where, by report, the events occurred. And though this argument is à la Greek, yet it is not à l'Attic but rather à la Sicilian. So much by way of antelude to this argument; now I will give you your rations of the argument itself, not by the peck or three peck measure, but by the very granary—such is my generosity in giving arguments!

There was a certain old merchant in Syracuse who had twin sons born him, so much alike that their foster mother who suckled them could not distinguish them, nor even their real mother who gave them birth—so I was told, at least, by a man who had seen the boys; I myself have not seen them, and none of you is to suppose I have. When the boys were now seven years old, their father loaded a large ship with many articles of
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

imponit geminum alterum in navem pater, Tarentum avexit secum ad mercatum simul, illum reliquit alterum apud matrem domi. Tarenti ludi forte erant, cum illuc venit. mortales multi, ut ad ludos, convenerant; puer aberravit inter homines a patre. Epidamniensis quidam ibi mercator fuit, is puerum tollit avehitque Epidamnum. pater eius autem postquam puerum perdidit, animum despondit, eaque is aegritudine paucis diebus post Tarenti emortuost.

Postquam Syracusas de ea re rediit nuntius ad avom puerorum, puerum surruptum alterum patremque pueri Tarenti esse emortuom, immutat nomen avos huic gemino alteri. ita illum dilexit, qui subruptust, alterum: illius nomen indit illi qui domi est, Menaechmo, idem quod alteri nomen fuit; et ipsus eodem est avos vocatus nomine—propterea illius nomen memini facilius, quia illum clamore vidi flagitarier. ne mox erretis, iam nunc praedico prius: idem est ambobus nomen geminis fratribus.

Nunc in Epidamnum pedibus redeundum est mihi, ut hanc rem vobis examussim disputem. si quis quid vestrum Epidamnum curari sibi velit, audacter imperato et dico, sed ita ut det unde curari id possit sibi. nam nisi qui argentum dederit, nugas egerit; qui dederit, magis maiores nugas egerit. verum illuc redeo unde abii, atque uno asto in loco.
merchandise; one twin he put aboard and took away with himself to Tarentum, his place of trade, the other being left with his mother at home. At Tarentum it happened they were having a festival when he arrived. Many people had congregated, as they do at festivals; the boy strayed from his father in the crowd. A certain merchant of Epidamnus was there; this merchant picked the boy up and took him off to Epidamnus. As for the father, after he lost his son he was broken-hearted and died of grief at Tarentum a few days later.

When news of all this—how the boy was stolen and his father dead at Tarentum—got back to Syracuse to the boys' grandfather, he changed the name of this other twin. See what a deep affection he had for that other boy, the stolen one! He gave that boy's name to the one at home, calling him Menaechmus, the name of his lost brother. This was the name of the grand-father himself, too,—(confidentially) I remember his name the more easily for having seen him vociferously dunned. To keep you from going astray later, I herewith forewarn you—both twins have the same name.

Now I must (chuckling) foot it back to Epidamnus so as to clarify this situation for you perfectly. If any one of you should want any business transacted for him in Epidamnus, command me freely and speak out—that is, in case you furnish the wherewithal for the transaction. For if a man has not furnished the necessary funds, it will come to nothing; if he has furnished them, it will come to—less than nothing. However, I return to the place I left, yes, and without stirring a step.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Epidamniensis ille, quem dudum dixéram, geminum illum puerum qui surrupuit alterum, ei liberorum, nisi divitiae, nil erat. adoptat illum puerum surrumpicium sibi filium eique uxorem dotam dedit, eumque heredem fecit, quom ipse obiit diem. nam rus ut ibat forte, ut multum pluerat, ingressus fluvium rapidum ab urbe haud longule, rapidus raptoris pueri subduxit pedes abstraxitque hominem in maximam malam crucem. illi divitiae evenerunt maximae. is illic habitat geminus surrumpicicis.

Nunc ille geminus, qui Syracusis habet, hodie in Epidamnum veniet cum servo suo hunc quaeritatum geminum germanum suom. haec urbs Epidamnus est, dum haec agitur fabula; quando alia agetur, aliud fiet oppidum. sicut familiae quoque solent mutarier: modo hic habitat\(^1\) leno, modo adultescens, modo senex, pauper, mendicus, rex, parasitus, hariolus\(^2\)

\(^1\) *hic habitat* Schoell: *ni caditat* P.
\(^2\) Leo notes lacuna following.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

That Epidamnian I mentioned some time ago, who stole that other twin, had no children at all except his money. He adopted that kidnapped boy and gave him a wife with a dowry, and made him his heir by his own demise. For he happened one day to be going to the country after a heavy rain, and while he was trying to ford a rapid stream quite near the city, the rapids rapt the feet of the boy's abductor from beneath him and swept him off to perdition. His enormous fortune fell to his adopted son. And there it is (pointing to house) that this stolen twin lives.

Now that twin whose home is in Syracuse will come to-day to Epidamnus, with his servant, in search of this twin brother of his. This city (with a wave toward the houses on the stage) is Epidamnus, during the presentation of this play; when another play is presented it will become another town. It is quite like the way in which families, too, are wont to change their homes: now a pimp lives here, now a young gentleman, now an old one, now a poor man, a beggar, a king, a parasite, a seer
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS I

Pen. Iuventus nomen fecit Peniculo mihi,
ideo quia mensam, quando edo, detergeo.
homines captivos qui catenis vinciant
et qui fugitis servis indunt compedes,
nimis stulte faciunt mea quidem sententia.
nam homini misero si ad malum accedit malum,
maior lubido est fugere et facere nequiter.
nam se ex catenis eximunt aliquo modo.
tum compediti anum lima praeterunt
aut lapide executiunt clavom. nuga sunt eae.
quem tu ad servare recte, ne aufugiat, voles,
esca atque potione vinciri decent.
apud mensam plenam homini rostrum deliges;
dum tu illi quod edit et quod potet praebas,
suo arbitratu adfatim cotti die,
nunquam edepol fugiet, tam etsi capital fecerit;
facile adservabitis, dum eo vinclo vincies.
ita istaec nimis lenta vincla sunt escaria:
quam magis extendas, tanto adstringunt artius.
nam ego ad Menaechmum hunc eo, quo iam diu
sum iudicatus; ultro eo ut me vinciat.
nam illic homo homines non alit, verum educat,
recræeatque; nullus melius medicinam facit.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

ACT I

ENTER Peniculus, looking dejected.

Pen. The young fellows have given me the name of Brush,¹ the reason being that when I eat I sweep the table clean. (with fervour) Men that bind prisoners of war with chains and fasten shackles on runaway slaves are awful fools, at least in my opinion. Why, if the poor devil has this extra trouble on his shoulders, too, he's all the keener for escape and mischief. Why, they get out of their chains somehow. As for those in shackles, they file away the ring, or knock the rivet off with a stone. Nonsensical measures! The man you really want to keep from running off ought to be bound with (sighing) food and drink. A loaded table—(smack-ing his lips) tie his snout to that! Just you deal him out meat and drink to suit his pleasure and his appetite each day, and he'll never run—Lord, no!—no matter if he's done a deed for hanging. You'll keep him easily so long as you bind him with these bonds. They're such extraordinarily tenacious bonds, these belly-bands: the more you stretch 'em, the closer they cling. Here's my case—I'm going to Menaechmus here (pointing to house), whose bond servant I've been for many a day, going of my own accord to let him bind me. Why, (enthusiastically) that man doesn't merely feed men, he nurtures them and re-creates them; a better doctor can't be found. Here's the

¹ The meaning of Peniculus.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ita est adulescens: ipsus escae maxumae

cerialis cenas dat, ita mensas exstruit,
tantas struices concinnat patinarias:
standumst in lecto, si quid de summo petas.

sed mi intervallum iam hos dies multos fuit;
domi domitus sum usque cum caris meis.

nam neque edo neque emo nisi quod est carissum-
mum.

id quoque iam, cari qui instruontur deserunt.
nunc ad eum inviso. sed aperitur ostium.
Menaechmum eccum ipsum video, progreditur
foras.

I. 2.

Men. Ni mala, ni stulta sies, ni indomita imposque animi,

quod viro esse odio videas, tute tibi odio habeas.

praeterhac si mihi tale post hunc diem
faxis, faxo foris vidua visas patrem.

nam quotiens forsas ire volo,

me retines, revocas, rogitas,

quo ego eam, quam rem agam, quid negoti

geram,

quid petam, quid feram, quid foris egerim.

portitorem domum duxi, ita omnem mihi

rem necesse eloqui est, quidquid egi atque ago.
nimium ego te habui delicatam; nunc adeo ut

facturus dicam.

quando ego tibi ancillas, penum,

lanam, aurum, vestem, purpuram

bene praebeo nec quicquam eges,
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

sort of young fellow he is: a splendid trencherman himself; he gives you dinners fit for the festival of Ceres; piles up the courses so, erects such heaps of lovely panny things, you must stand on your couch if you want anything from off the top. (pauses, then sadly) But for now these many days there has been a gap in my invitations; and all this time I've kept fast at home with my (lingeringly) dear ones. For not a thing do I eat or buy that isn't, oh, so dear! And now another point is—these dears I've marshalled are deserting me. (looking towards Menaechmus's house) So here's for a call on him. But the door's opening! Aha! I see Menaechmus himself! he's coming out! (steps back)

Scene 2. ENTER Menaechmus, FOLLOWED TO THE DOORWAY
BY HIS WIFE.

Men. (angrily) If you weren't mean, if you weren't stupid, if you weren't a violent virago, what you see displeases your husband would be displeasing to you, too. Now mark my words, if you act like this toward me after to-day, you shall hie yourself home to your father as a divorcée. Why, whenever I want to go out, you catch hold of me, call me back, cross-question me as to where I'm going, what I'm doing, what business I have in hand, what I'm after, what I've got, what I did when I was out. I've married a custom-house officer, judging from the way everything—all I've done and am doing—must be declared. I've pampered you too much; now then, I'll state my future policy. Inasmuch as I keep you well provided with maids, food, woollen cloth, jewellery, coverlets, purple dresses, and you lack for
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malo cavebis si sapis,
virum observare desines.
atque adeo, ne me nequiquam serves, ob eam indi-
dustriam
hodie ducam scortum ad cenam atque aliquo con-
dicam foras.

Pen. Illic homo se uxori simulat male loqui, loquitur
mihi;
nam si foris cenat, profecto me, haud uxorem,
ulciscitur.

Men. Euax, iurgio hercle tandem uxorem abegi ab ianua.
ubi sunt amatores mariti? dona quid cessant mihi
conferre omnes congratulantes, quia pugnavi for-
titer?
hanc modo uxori intus pallam surrupui, ad scortum
fero.
sic hoc decet, dari facete verba custodi catae.
hoc facinus pulchrumst, hoc probumst, hoc lepi-
dumst, hoc factumst fabre.
meo malo a mala abstuli hoc, ad damnum deferetur.
avorti praedam ab hostibus nostrum salute socium.

Pen. Heus adulescens, ecqua in istac pars inest praeda
mihi?

Men. Perii, in insidias deveni.

Pen. Immo in praesidium, ne time.

Men. Quis homo est?

Pen. Ego sum.

Men. O mea Commoditas, o mea Opportunitas,
salve.

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nothing, you *(with emphasis)* will look out for trouble if you're wise, and *cease* spying on your husband. *(in lower tone as his wife goes back inside)* And furthermore, that you may not watch me for nothing, I'll reward your diligence by taking a wench to dinner and inviting myself out somewhere.

*Pen.* *(aside, mournfully)* The fellow pretends to be abusing his wife, when he is abusing me; for if he dines out, it's certainly me, not his wife, he punishes.

*Men.* *(elated)* Hurrah! By Jove, at last my lecture has driven her away from the door! Where are your married gallants? Why don't they all hurry up with gifts and congratulations for my valiant fight?

*(showing a woman's mantle worn underneath his cloak)* This mantle I just now stole from my wife inside there, and *(gleefully)* it's going to a wench. This is the way to do—to cheat a cunning gaoler in such elever style! Ah, this is a beautiful job, a handsome job, a neat job, a workmanlike job! I've done the wretch out of this—*(dryly)* and done myself, too!—and it's on the road to *(glancing at Erotium's house)* ruin. *(pauses, then cheerfully)* I have taken booty from the enemy without loss to my allies.

*Pen.* *(loudly, from his retreat)* Hi, sir! Is there some share in that booty for me?

*Men.* *(startled and covering mantle again)* Good Lord! Detected!

*Pen.* Oh no, protected! Never fear!

*Men.* Who goes there?

*Pen.* *(stepping forward)* I.

*Men.* *(vastly relieved)* Ah there, old Timeliness! Ah there, old Opportunity! Good day! *(extends his hand)*
Salve.

Quid agis?

Teneo dextera genium meum.

Non potuisti magis per tempus mi advenire quam advenis.

Ita ego soleo; commoditatis omnis articulos scio.

Vin tu facinus luculentum inspicere?

Quis id coxit coquos?
iam sciam, si quid titubatum, ubi reliquias videro.

Dic mi, enumquam tu vidisti tabulam pictam in pariete,
ubi aquila Catameitum raperet aut ubi Venus Adoneum?

Saepe. sed quid istae picturae ad me attinent?

ecquid adsimulo similiter?

Quis istest ornatus tuos?

Dic hominem lepidissimum esse me.

Vbi essuri sumus?

Dic modo hoc quod ego te iubo.

Dico: homo lepidissime.

Ecquid audes de tuo istuc addere?

Atque hilarissime.

Perge porro.

Non pergo hercle, nisi scio qua gratia.

litigium tibi est cum uxore, eo mi abs te caveo cautius.

Clam uxoremst ubi pulchre habeamus atque hunc comburamus diem.

Age sane igitur, quando aequom oras, quam mox incendo rogum?
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Pen. (taking it) Good day, sir.
Men. And what are you doing with yourself?
Pen. Shaking hands with my guardian angel.
Men. You couldn’t have arrived at a more fitting time for me.
Pen. A habit of mine; I know every juncture of timeliness.

Men. Do you want to set your eyes on a rich treat?
Pen. What cook cooked it? I shall know if there has been a culinary slip as soon as I see the leavings.
Men. Tell me, have you ever seen a wall painting showing the eagle making off with Catameitus,¹ or Venus with Adonis?
Pen. Often. But what have such pictures got to do with me?

Men. (revealing the mantle) Come, cast your eye on me. Do I look at all like them?
Pen. What sort of a get-up is that?
Men. Say that I’m a splendid fellow.
Pen. (suspiciously) Where are we going to eat?
Pen. (listlessly) I do—splendid fellow.
Men. Won’t you add something of your own?
Pen. (with a sigh) The jolliest sort of fellow, too.
Men. Go on, go on!
Pen. (indignant) By gad, I will not go on, without knowing what good it does me. You and your wife are at odds, so I am on my guard against you all the more guardedly.

Men. (reassuringly) But there’s a place she’s unaware of, where we can have a beautiful time and fairly burn up this day.

Pen. (eagerly) Come, come, then, by all means! fairly spoken! Now how soon shall I kindle the pyre?

¹ Ganymede, carried up to Jupiter.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

dies quidem iam ad umbilicum est dimidiatus mortuos.

Men. Te morare, mihi quom obloquere.
Pen. Oculum eceodito per solum mihi, Menaechme, si ullum verbum faxo nisi quod iussersis.
Men. Concede huc a foribus.
Pen. Fiat.
Men. Etiam concede huc.
Pen. Licet.
Men. Etiam nunc concede audacter ab leonino cavo.
Pen. Eu edepol ne tu, ut ego opinor, esses agitator probus.
Men. Quidum?
Pen. Ne te uxor sequatur, respectas identidem.
Men. Sed quid ais?
Pen. Egone? id enim quod tu vis, id aio atque id nego.
Men. Ecquid tu de odore possis, si quid forte olfeceris, facere coniecturam?\(^1\)
Pen. captum sit collegium.
Men. Agedum odorare hanc quam ego habeo pallam, quid olet? apstines?
Pen. Summum olfactare oportet vestimentum muliebre, nam ex istoc loco spurcatur nasum odore inlutili,\(^2\)
Men. Olfacta igitur hinc, Penicule. lepide ut fastidis.
Pen. Decet.

\(^1\) Leo notes lacuna following.
\(^2\) inlutili Ritschl: inlucido P.
THE TWO MENAÉCHMUSES

Why the day is half dead already, dead down to its navel.

Men. You delay yourself by interrupting me.

Pen. Knock my eye clean through its socket, Menaechmus, if I utter a single word—without your orders.

Men. (edging away from his house) Come over here away from the door.

Pen. (obeying) All right.

Men. (elaborately cautious) Here, still farther.

Pen. Very well.

Men. (still retreating) Be a man—come still farther from that lioness's lair.

Pen. (laughing) Bravo! Gad, you certainly would make a fine charioteer, I do believe.

Men. Why so?

Pen. You look back so often to make sure your wife is not catching up with you.

Men. But what do you say——


Men. If you happened to smell something, would the odour enable you to conjecture?

Pen. * * * the Board of Augurs should be consulted.

Men. (holding out the lower edge of the mantle) Come, on now, test the odour of this mantle I have. What does it smell of? (as Peniculus draws back) Holding off?

Pen. The upper part of a woman's gown is the part to sniff; why, that part there taints the nose with an odour that's indetergible.

Men. (holding out another part) Sniff here, then, Peniculus. What dainty airs you give yourself!

Pen. So I should. (sniffs warily)
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS


Pen. tibi fuant

Men. Elocutus, nam
nunc ad amicam deferetur hanc meretricem Erotium.
mihi, tibi atque illi iubebo iam adparari prandium.

Pen. Eu.

Men. Inde usque ad diurnam stellam crastinam potabimus.

Pen. Eu,
expedite fabulatu's. iam fores ferio?

Men. Feri.
vel mane etiam.

Pen. Mille passum commoratu's cantharum.

Men. Placide pulta.

Pen. Metuis, credo, ne fores Samiae sient.

Men. Mane, mane obsecro hercle: coapse eccam exit.
oh, solem vides
satin ut occaecatust prae huius corporis candoribus?

1. 3.

Erot. Anime mi, Menaechme, salve.

Pen. Quid ego?

Erot. Extra numerum es mihi.

Pen. Idem istuc aliis adscriptivis fieri ad legionem solet.

Men. Ego istic mihi hodie adparari iussi apud te proelium.

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Erot. Hodie id fiet.

Men. In eo uterque proelio potabimus;
uter ibi melior bellator erit inventus cantharo,
tua est legio: 1 adiudicato cum utro hanc noctem
sies.

1 tua est legio Lindsay: tuest legio P.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES


Pen. A raid! a jade! a meal! I hope you have * * *

Men. Right you are! Yes, I’ll take it to my mistress Erotium, the courtesan here (pointing) at once; I’ll order luncheon to be prepared for us immediately, for me and you and her.

Pen. Capital!

Men. Then we’ll drink and keep on drinking till the morrow’s star of morn appears.

Pen. Capital! You talk to the point. (eyeing Erotium’s door anxiously) Shall I knock now?

Men. Knock away. (maliciously, as Peniculus hurried to the door) Or, rather, wait a bit.

Pen. (gloomily) You’ve put the tankard back a mile.

Men. Knock gently:

Pen. I dare say you fear the door is made of Samian crockery. (about to knock lustily when the door moves)

Men. (rapturously) Wait, wait, for heaven’s sake, wait! Look! she’s coming out herself! Ah, you see the sun—is it not positively bedimmed in comparison with the brilliance of her body?

Scene 3.

ENTER Erotium.

Erot. (fondly) My darling Menaechmus! Good day!

Pen. What about me?

Erot. (disdainfully) You don’t count.

Pen. (cheerfully) A statement that applies in the army, too—it has its supernumeraries.

Men. I should like to have a (with a nod at Peniculus) battle prepared for me at your house there to-day.

Erot. (puzzled, then with a smile) To-day you shall have one.

Men. In this battle we’ll both (indicating parasite) drink; whichever proves himself the better tankard fighter is your army: you be the judge as to—
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ut ego uxorem, mea voluptas, ubi te aspicio, odi male.

Erot. Interim nequís quin eius aliquid indutus sies. quid hoc est?

Men. Induviae tuae atque uxorís exuviae, rosa.

Erot. Superas facile, ut superior sis mihi quam quisquam qui impetrant.

Pen. Meretrix tantisper blanditur, dum illud quod rapiat videt;
nam si amabas, iam oportebat nasum abreptum •mordieus.

Men. Sustine hoc, Penicule; exuvias facere quas vovis volo.

Pen. Cedo; sed obsecro hercle, salta sic cum palla postea.

Men. Ego saltabo? sanus hercle non es.

Pen. Egone an tu magis?
si non saltas, exue igitur.

Men. Nimio ego hanc periculo surrupui hodie. meo quidem animo ab Hippolyta subcingulum

Hercules haud aeque magno umquam abstulit periculo.

cape tibi hanc, quando una vivis meis morigera moribus.

Erot. Hoc animo decet animatos esse amatores probos.

Pen. Qui quidem ad mendicitatem se proreptent detru-
dere.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

which you're to spend the night with. (gazing at her amorously) Oh, how I do hate my wife when I look at you, precious!

Erot. (spying the fringe of the mantle) Meanwhile you can't keep from wearing part of her wardrobe! (examining it) What is this?

Men. (lifting his cloak) You're array'd and my wife's raided, rosey.

Erot. (pleased) Oh, of all my lovers you make me love you most, easily!

Pen. (aside) A courtesan is all cajolery as long as she sees something to seize upon. (to Erotium) Why, if you really loved him, you ought to have bitten his nose off by now.¹

Men. (removing his cloak) Hold this, Peniculus; I want to make the offering I vowed.

Pen. Give it here; (grinning at him) but do, for heaven's sake, dance just as you are, with the mantle on, afterwards. (takes cloak)


Pen. Which is more so, you or I? If you won't dance,² take it off, then.

Men. (removing mantle) It was an awful risk I ran stealing this to-day. It's my opinion Hercules never ran such a tremendous risk when he got away with the girdle of Hippolyta. (handing it to Erotium) Take it for your own, seeing you are the only living soul that likes to do what I like.

Erot. (petting him) That's the spirit that should inspire nice lovers.

Pen. (aside, dryly) At least such as are over-eager to plunge themselves into beggary.

¹ i.e. by kissing him passionately.
² The lewd stage dancers (cinaedi) wore the palla.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. Quattuor minis ego emi istanc anno uxori meae.
Pen. Quattuor minae perierunt plane, ut ratio redditur.
Men. Scin quid volo ego te accurare?
Erot. Scio, curabo quae voles.
Men. Iube igitur tribus nobis apud te prandium accurrarier
atque aliquid seitamentorum de foro opsonarier,
glandionidam suillum, lardium pernonidam,
aut sincipitamenta porcina aut aliquid ad eum modum,
madida quae mi adposita in mensa miluinam suggerant;
atque actutum.
Erot. Licet ecastor.
Men. Nos prodimus ad forum.
iam hic nos erimus; dum coquetur, interim potabimus.
Erot. Quando vis veni, parata res erit.
Men. Propera modo.
sequere tu.
Pen. Ego hercle vero te et servabo et te sequar,
neque hodie ut te perdam, meream deorum divitias mihi.
Erot. Evocate intus Culindrum mihi coquom actutum
foras.

I. 4.

sportulam cape atque argentum. eccos tris nummos habes.
Cyl. Habeo.
Erot. Abi atque obsonium adfer; tribus vide quod
sit satis:
neque defiat neque supersit.
Cyl. Cuius modi hi homines erunt?
Erot. Ego et Menaechmus et parasitus eius.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. I bought that mantle last year for my wife, and it stood me in sixteen pounds.

Pen. (aside) Sixteen pounds indubitably done for, according to account rendered!

Men. Do you know what I want you to see to?

Erot. I know, I'll see to what you want.

Men. Well, then, have luncheon prepared for the three of us at your house, and have some real delicacies purchased at the forum—(looking amused at the intent Peniculus) savoury kernelets of pork, dried hammylets, half a pig's head, or something of the sort—things that make me hungry as a kite when served up to me well-done. And quickly, too!

Erot. Oh yes, by all means.

Men. We'll go over to the forum. Soon we'll be back here; while things are cooking we'll employ the time in drinking.

Erot. Come when you wish; we'll get ready for you.

Men. Only do hurry. (to Peniculus, unceremoniously) Follow me, you. (going)

Pen. (at his heels) That I will, by Jove! Watch you and follow you, both! I wouldn't take the treasures of heaven on condition of losing you this day.

[EXEUNT.]

Erot. (going to her door and speaking to the maids within) Call my cook Cylindrus out here at once.

Scene 4. ENTER Cylindrus.

Erot. Take a basket and some money. (counting out some coins) There! That's six shillings for you.

Cyl. Right, ma'am.

Erot. Go and get some provisions; see you get enough for three—neither too little nor too much.

Cyl. What sort of folks will they be?

Erot. I and Menaechmus and his parasite.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

(Cyl.) Iam isti sunt decem, nam parasitus octo hominum munus facile fungitur

(Erot.) Elocuta sum convivas, ceterum cura.

(Cyl.) Licet.

cocta sunt, iube ire accubitum.

(Erot.) Redi cito.

(Cyl.) Iam ego hic ero.

ACTVS II

Men. S. Voluptas nullast navitis, Messenio, maior meo animo, quam quem ex alto procul terram conspiciunt.

Mes. Maior, non dicam dolo, 1 si adveniens terram videas quae fuerit tua. sed quaesum, quam ob rem nunc Epidamnum venimus?

an quasi mare omnis circumimimus insulas?

Men. S. Fratrem quaesitum geminum germanum meum.


hominem inter vivos quaeritanus mortuom; nam invenissemus iam diu, si viveret.

1 Leo brackets preceding quam.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Cyl. That makes ten already, ma’am; for a parasite easily does the duty of eight men.

Erot. I have told you about the guests; attend to the rest.

Cyl. (bustling off importantly) Of course, ma’am. The meal is cooked; tell ’em to go in and take their places.

Erot. Come back quickly.

Cyl. I’ll be here directly. [Exeunt.

ACT II

(Half an hour has elapsed.)

ENTER Menaechmus Sosicles and Messenio,
FOLLOWED AT DISTANCE BY SLAVES WITH LUGGAGE.

Men. S. There is no pleasure sailors have, in my opinion, Messenio, greater than sighting from the deep the distant land.

Mes. (sulky) It’s a greater one, to put it plainly, if the land you see, as you near the shore, was once your own. But look here, sir, why have we come now to Epidamnus? Or are we, like the sea, to go around all the islands?

Men. S. To hunt for my own twin brother.

Mes. Well, what’s to be the limit to hunting for him? This is the sixth year we’ve been at the job. Istrians, Spaniards, Massilians, Illyrians, the entire Adriatic, and foreign Greece¹ and the whole coast of Italy—every section the sea washes—we’ve visited in our travels. If you were hunting for a needle you’d have found it long ago, I do believe, if it existed. It’s a dead man we keep hunting for amongst the living; why, we should have found him long ago if he were alive.

¹ Magna Graecia.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Ergo istuc quaero certum qui faciat mihi, qui sese dicat scire eum esse emortuom; operam praeterea numquam sumam quaerere. verum aliter vivos numquam desistam exsequi. ego illum scio quam cordi sit carus meo.

Mes. In scruplo nodum quaeris. quin nos hine domum redimus, nisi si historiam scripturi sumus?

Men. S. Dictum facessas, datum edis, caveas malo. molestus ne sis, non tuo hoc fiet modo.

Mes. illoc enim verbo esse me servum scio. non potuit paucis plura plane proloqui. verum tamen nequeo contineri quin loquar. audin, Menaechme? quom inspicio marsuppium, viaticati hercle admodum asteive sumus. ne tu hercle, opinor, nisi domum reverteris, ubi nihil habebis, geminum dum quaereres, gemes. nam ita est haec hominum natio: in Epidamnieis volupartii atque potatoes maxumi; tum sycophantae et palpatores plurumi in urbe hac habitant; tum meretrices mulieres nusquam perhibentur blandiores gentium. propterea huic urbi nomen Epidamno inditumst, quia nemo ferme huc sine damno devortitur.

Men. S. Ego istuc cavebo. cedo dum huc mihi marsuppium.

Mes. Quid eo vis?

Men. S. Iam aps te metuo de verbis tuis.

Mes. Quid metuis?
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. Well then, I'm hunting for someone who can prove that to me, who can say he knows my brother is dead; I'll never take up again the task of hunting for him after that. But failing that, I'll never abandon it so long as I'm alive. I alone know how dear he is to me.

Mes. (impatiently) You're hunting for a knot in a bulrush. Why don't we go back home—that is, unless we're going to write a book of travels?

Men. S. (sharply) Do what you're told, eat what you're given, and beware of trouble. Don't annoy me—this business will not be conducted to suit you.

Mes. (aside, peevishly) There you are! Talk like that shows me I'm a slave. He couldn't make the case clear more concisely. But just the same I can't keep from speaking out. (aloud) Listen to me, sir, will you? By gad, when I inspect the wallet, our touring fund looks precious sumerly. Unless you return home, by gad, I warrant you when your cash gives out while you're hunting for your twin, you'll certainly have a twinge. I tell you what, the sort of people you find here is this: in Epidamnus are the very worst of rakes and drinkers. And then the swindlers and sharpers that live in this city, no end to 'em! And then the harlot wenches—nowhere on earth are they more alluring, people say! This city got its name of Epidamnus for just this reason—because almost everyone that stops here gets damaged.

Men. S. (dryly) I shall look out for that. Come, hand the wallet over to me.

Mes. What do you want with it?

Men. S. I have my fears of you now, from what you say.

Mes. Fears of what?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. √ Ne mihi damnum in Epidamno duas.
tu magnus amator mulierum es, Messenio,
eco autem homo iracundus, animi perdit;
id utrumque, argentum quando habebo, cavero,
ne tu delinquas neve ego irascar tibi.
Mes. Cape atque serva. me lubente feceris.

II. 2.

Cyl. Bene opsonavi atque ex mea sententia,
bonum anteponam prandium pransoribus.
sed eccum Menaechmum video. vae tergo meo,
prius iam convivae ambulant ante ostium,
quam ego opsonatu redeo. adibo atque alloquar.
Menaechme, salve.

Men. S. Di te amabant quisquis es.
Cyl. Quisquis quis ego sim ?

Men. S. Non hercle vero.
Cyl. Vbi convivae ceteri ?

Men. S. Quos tu convivas quaeris ?
Cyl. Parasitum tuom.

Mes. Dixin tibi esse hic sycophantas plurumos ?

Men. S. Quem tu parasitum quaeris, adulescens, meum ?
Cyl. Peniculum.
Mes. Eccum in vidulo salvom fero.

1 Leo notes lacuna following: quisquis sum ? non tu scis,
Menaechme, quis ego sim ? Leo.
2 Leo notes lacuna following.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. Of your doing me some damage in Epidamnus. You, Messenio, are a great lover of the ladies, while I am a choleric man, of ungovernable temper; so long as I hold the money I'll guard against both dangers—a slip on your part, and resultant choler on my own.

Mes. (hanging him the wallet, aggrieved) Take it and keep it, do. Delighted that you should.

Scene 2. ENTER Cylindrus WITH PROVISIONS.

Cyl. (stopping and examining the contents of his basket approvingly) Good marketing, this, and just to my taste, too. I'll set a good lunch before the lunchers. (looking about) Hullo, though! There's Menaechmus! Oh, my poor back! The guests are strolling about in front of the door before I'm back with the provisions! I'll up and speak to him. (approaches) Good day, Menaechmus.

Men. S. (surprised) The Lord love you, my man, whoever you are!

Cyl. (surprised in turn) Whoever? Who I am?

Men. S. Gad! Indeed I don't know!

Cyl. (deciding he jokes) Where are the other guests?

Men. S. What guests are you looking for?

Cyl. (grinning) Your parasite.

Men. S. My parasite? (to Messenio) The fellow is certainly insane.

Mes. Didn't I tell you there was no end of swindlers here?

Men. S. What parasite of mine are you looking for, young man?

Cyl. Brush.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Cyl. Menaechme, numero huc advenis ad prandium.
nunc opsonatu redeo.

Men. S. Responde mihi,
adulescens: quibus hic pretiis porci veneunt
sacres sinceri?

Cyl. Nummis.

Men. S. Numnum a me accipe; 290
iube te piari de mea pecunia.
nam equidem insanum esse te certo scio,
qui mihi molestus homini ignoto, quisquis es.

Cyl. Cylindrus ego sum. non nosti nomen meum?

Men. S. Si tu Cylindrus seu Coriendrus, perieris.
egro te non novi, neque novisse adeo volo.

Cyl. Est tibi Menaechmo nomen, tantum quod sciam.

Men. S. Pro sano loqueris quom me appellas nomine.
sed ubi novisti me?

Cyl. Vbi ego te noverim,
qui amicam habes eram meam hanc Erotium? 300

Men. S. Neque hercle ego habeo, neque te quis homo sis
scio.

Cyl. Non scis quis ego sim, qui tibi saepissime
cyathisso apud nos, quando potas?

Mes. Ei mihi,
quom nihil est qui illi homini diminuam caput.

Men. S. Tun cyathissare mihi soles, qui ante hunc diem
Epidamnum numquam vidi neque veni?

Cyl. Negas?

Men. S. Nego hercle vero.

Cyl. Non tu in illisce aedibus

1 habitas?

Men. S. Di illos homines, qui illic habitant, perduint.

Cyl. Insanit hic quidem, qui ipse male.dicit sibi.
audin, Menaechme?

1 Corrupt (Leo): habes Seyffert.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Cyl. (paying no attention to him) You've come here to lunch too soon, Menaechmus. I'm just getting back with the provisions.

Men. S. (gravely) Answer me this, young man: how much do pigs cost here, sound pigs, for sacrifice?

Cyl. (mystified) Two shillings.

Men. S. Take two shillings from me; get yourself purified at my expense. For really it's quite clear you are insane—to bother an unknown man like me, whoever you are.

Cyl. But I'm Cylindrus. Don't you know my name?

Men. S. (bored) Whether you are Cylindrus or Pistonus, be hanged to you! I don't know you, and more than that, I have no wish to know you.

Cyl. Your name is Menaechmus, at least as far as I know.

Men. S. You talk rationally when you call me by name. But where did you know me?

Cyl. Where did I know you, when my mistress is your sweetheart Erotium here? (indicating house)

Men. S. Not mine, by gad! And as for you, I don't know who you are.

Cyl. Don't know who I am, I, who serve you your wine—so often when you are drinking there?

Mes. (hotly) Oh, blast it! Not to have a thing to smash in the fellow's head with!

Men. S. You accustomed to serve me my wine, when I never saw or set foot in Epidamnus before this day?

Cyl. You deny it?

Men. S. Gad! Indeed I do deny it!

Cyl. Don't you live in that house yonder?

Men. S. (wrathful) Heaven's curse light on those that do live there!

Cyl. (aside) He's the insane one, to be cursing his own self! (aloud) Listen here, Menaechmus.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Quid vis?

Cyl. Si me consulas,
numnum illum quem mihi dudum pollicitu's dare—
nam tu quidem hercle certo non sanu's satis,
Menaechme, qui nunc ipsus male dicas tibi—
iubeas, si sapias, porculum adferri tibi. 310, 314, 315

Mes. Eu hercle hominem multum, et odiosum mihi.

Cyl. Solet iocari saepe mecum illoc modo.
quam vis ridiculus est, ubi uxor non adest.
quid ais tu?

Men. S. Quid vis, inquam.

Cyl. Satin hoc quod vides
tribus vobis opsonatumst, an opsono amplius,
tibi et parasito et mulieri?

Mes. Quas 1 mulieres,
quos tu parasitos loquere?

Men. S. Quod te urget scelus,
qui huic sis molestus?

Cyl. Quid tibi mecum est rei?

Mes. Non edepol tu homo sanus es, certo scio.

Cyl. Iam ergo haec madebunt faxo, nil morabitur.
proin tu ne quo abeas longius ab aedibus.
numquid vis?

Men. S. Vt eas maximam malam crucem.

Cyl. Ire hercle meliust te interim atque accumbere,
dum ego haec appono ad Volcani violentiam.
ibo intro et dicam te hic adstare Erotio,
us te hinc abducat potius quam hic adstes foris.

Mes. Iamne abiit illic? edepol haud mendacia
tua verba experior esse.

1 Leo brackets following tu.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men.S. What is it?

Cyl. If you asked my advice, sir, you'd take that two
shillings you recently promised me—for, by gad,
it's certainly you that are lacking in sanity, to
curse your own self a moment ago—and order a
porker to be brought to you, if you have any sense.

Mes. Hear that! By gad, what a windy chap! He
makes me tired.

Cyl. (to audience) He often likes to joke with me this
way. He's ever so humorous—when his wife's
not by. (to Menaechmus) I say, sir.

Men.S. Well, what do you want?

Cyl. (pointing to basket) Are these provisions you see
enough for the three of you, or shall I get more,
for you and the parasite and the lady?

Men.S. What ladies, what parasites, are you talking about,
man?

Mes. What possesses you, to bother this gentleman?

Cyl. (to Messenio, irately) What have you to do with
me? I don't know you; I'm talking with this
gentleman I do know.

Mes. Lord, man, you're not sane; I know that for sure.

Cyl. (to Menaechmus) Well, sir, these things shall be
cooked directly, I promise you, without delay.
So don't wander too far from the house. (about
to go) Anything more I can do for you?

Men.S. Yes, go straight to the devil. (turns away)

Cyl. (vehemently) By gad, you'd better go, meanwhile,
yourself—to the couch, while I (superbly, with a wave
toward the basket) expose these things to Vulcan's
violence. I'll go inside and tell Erotium you're
here, so that she may bring you in rather than
leave you standing here outside. [EXIT.

Men.S. Gone now, has he? By Jove! I perceive those
statements of yours were no lies.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mes. Observato modo;
nam istic meretricem credo habitare mulierem,
ut quidem ille insanus dixit, qui hinc abiit modo.

Men. S. Sed miror qui ille noverit nomen meum.

Mes. Minime hercle mirum. morem hunc meretrices habent:
ad portum mittunt servolos, ancillulas;
si quae peregrina navis in portum advenit,
rogitant cuiatis sit, quid ei nomen siet,
postilla extemplo se applicant, agglutinant.

→ si pellexerunt, perditum amittunt domum.
nunc in istoc portu stat navis praedatoria,
aps qua cavendum nobis sane censeo.

Men. S. Mones quidem hercle recte.

Mes. Tum demum sciam
recte monuisse, si tu recte caveris.

Men. S. Tace dum parumper, nam concrepuit ostium:
videamus qui hinc egreditur.

asservatote haec sultis, navales pedes.

II. 3.

Erot. Sine fores sic, abi, nolo operiri.
intus para, cura, vide,
    quod opust fiat.
stenite lectos,
    incendite odores; munditia
    inlecebra animost
    amantium.

amanti amoenitas malost, nobis lucrost.
sed ubi ille est, quem coquos ante aedis esse ait?
atque eccum video,

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THE TWO MENAECMUSES

Mes. Just you keep your eyes open; for I do believe some harlot wench lives there, precisely as that madman, who just now left us, said.

Men.S. But I wonder how he knew my name?

Mes. (with an air of vastly superior wisdom) Lord, sir, nothing wonderful in that! This is a custom harlots have: they send their artful slaves and maids down to the port; if any foreign ship comes in, they inquire where she hails from and what her owner's name is, and then they immediately affix themselves, glue themselves fast to him. Once he's seduced, they send him home a wreck. Now in that port there (pointing to Erotium's house) lies a pirate bark that I surely think we'd better beware of.

Men.S. Gad, that's certainly good advice you give.

Mes. (dissatisfied) I'll know it's good advice when you take good care, and not before.

Men.S. (listening) Sh-h! Keep still a moment! The door creaked—let's see who is coming out.

Mes. (dropping the knapsack) Meanwhile I'll put this down. (to the sailors, superciliously, pointing to luggage) Kindly watch this stuff, ye ship propellers.

Scene 3. ENTER Erotium INTO THE DOORWAY.

Erot. (to maids within) Leave the door so; go along, I don't want it shut. Get ready inside, look out for things, see to things, do what's necessary. (to other maids) Cover the couches, burn some perfumes; daintiness is what lures lovers' hearts. Attractive surroundings mean the lovers' loss and our gain. (looking about) But where is that man the cook said was in front of the house? Ah yes.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

qui mi est usui et plurimum prodest.
item hinc ultero fit, ut meret, potissimus
nostrae domi ut sit;
nunc eum adibo, adloquar ultero.
animule mi, mihi mira videntur,
te hic stare foris, fores quoi pateant,
magis quam domus tua domus quem haec
tua sit.
omne paratumst, ut iussisti
atque ut voluisti, neque tibi
ulla morast intus.
prandium, ut iussisti, hic curatumst;
ubi lubet, ire licet accubitum.

Men. S. Quicum haec mulier loquitur?
Erol. Equidem tecum.
Men. S. Quid mecum tibi
fuit umquam aut nunc est negoti?
Erol. Quia pol te unum ex omnibus
Venus me voluit magnificare, neque id haud im-
merito tuo.
nam ecastor solus benefactis tuis me florentem facis.
Men. S. Certo haec mulier aut insana aut ebria est, Mes-

senio,
quae hominem ignotum compellet me tam famili-
ariter.
Mes. Dixin ego istaec hic solere fieri? folia nunc cadunt,
praecut si triduum hoc hic erimus; tum arbores in
te cadent.
nam ita sunt hic meretrices: omnes elecebrae
argentariae.
sed sine me dum hanc compellare. heus mulier,
tibi dico.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

I see him—it's the friend I find so useful, so uncommonly helpful. And accordingly I let him quite lord it in my house as he deserves. I'll step up to him at once and give him a welcome. (approaching Menaechmus) Why, you darling boy, it surprises me that you should stand here outdoors when my doors are open for you and this house is more yours than your own house is. Everything is ready as you ordered and wished, and you'll meet with no delay inside. Our luncheon here has been seen to, as you ordered; you may go in and take your place when you like.

Men. S. (to Messenio, mystified) To whom is this woman talking?

Erot. (surprised) To you, of course.

Men. S. What have you had to do with me, now or ever?

Erot. (gaily, thinking he jests) Why, bless your heart, it has pleased Venus that I should prize you as the one man of men—and not without your deserving it. For, mercy me! you alone, with all your generosity, make me prosper.

Men. S. (aside to Messenio) This woman is certainly either insane or drunk, Messenio, to address a stranger like me so familiarly.

Mes. Didn't I tell you that was the way they did here? These are mere falling leaves compared with what'll happen if we stay here the next three days; then trees will fall on you. Yes, sir, harlots are like that here—they're all silver seductresses. But you just let me have a word with her. (to Erotium, who has been looking in at her door) Hey there, madam! I am speaking to you.
Titus Maccius Plautus

Erot. Quid est?
Mes. Vbi tu hunc hominem novisti?
Erot. Ibidem ubi hic me iam diu, in Epidamno.
Mes. In Epidamno? qui hue in hanc urbem pedem, nisi hodie, numquam intro tetulit?
Erot. Heia, delicias facis. mi Menaechme, quin, amabo, is intro? hic tibi erit rectius.
Men. S. Haec quidem edepol recte appellat meo me mulier nomine.
nimis miror, quid hoc sit negoti.
Mes. Oboluit marsuppium-huic istuc quod habes.
Men. S. Atque edepol tu me monuisti probe.
accipe dum hoc. iam scibo, utrum haec me mage amet an marsuppium.
Erot. Eamus intro, ut prandeamus.
Men. S. Bene vocas; tam gratiast.
Erot. Cur igitur me tibi iussisti coquire dudum prandium?
Men. S. Egon te iussi coquire?
Erot. Certo, tibi et parasito tuo.
Men. S. Cui, malum, parasito? certo haec mulier non sanast satis.
Erot. Peniculo.
Men. S. Quis iste est Peniculus? qui extergentur baxeae?
Erot. Scilicet qui dudum tecum venit, quom pallam mihi detulisti, quam ab uxore tua surrupui.
Men. S. Quid est? tibi pallam dedi, quam uxori meae surrupui?
sanan es?
certe haec mulier cantherino ritu astans somniat.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Erot. What is it?
Mes. Where did you know this gentleman?
Erot. In the same place where he has long known me, in Epidamnus.
Mes. Epidamnus? When he's never set foot in this town except to-day?
Erot. Tut, tut, my smart sir! Menaechnus mine, come inside, why don't you, there's a dear. You'll find it nicer in here.

Men.S. (aside to Messenio) Good Lord! Now here's this woman calling me by my right name! I certainly do wonder what in the world it all means.

Mes. She's scented the wallet you have.

Men.S. By Jove, yes, you have warned me wisely! Here, you take it. (hands wallet to Messenio) Now I'll know whether it's me or my wallet she's in love with.

Erot. (taking his arm) Let's go in and have luncheon.

Men.S. (puzzled) Very kind of you; no, thanks.

Erot. Then why did you order me to cook luncheon for you a while ago?

Men.S. I ordered you to cook it?

Erot. Certainly, for you and your parasite.

Men.S. What parasite, confound it? (aside to Messenio) There's certainly something wrong with the woman's wits.


Men.S. What brush is that? One you clean your shoes with?

Erot. Why, the one, of course, that came with you a while ago when you brought me the mantle you stole from your wife.

Men.S. What's this? I gave you a mantle I stole from my wife? Are you sane? (to Messenio) At any rate, this woman dreams standing up, horse fashion.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Erot. Qui lubet ludibrio habere me atque ire infinitias mihi
facta quae sunt?

Men. S. Dic quid est id quod negem quod fecerim?

Erot. Pallam te hodie mihi dedisse uxoris.

Men. S. Etiam nunc nemo.

Egot quidem neque unquam uxor habui neque habeo, neque hoc
unquam, postquam natus sum, intra portam penetra pedem.
prandi in navi, inde hoc sum egressus, te conveni.

Erot. Eccere,

perii misera, quam tu mihi nunc navem narras?

Men. S. Ligneam,
saepe tritam, saepe fixam, saepe excussam malleo; quasi supellex pellionis, palus palo proxumust.

Erot. Iam, amabo, desiste ludos facere atque i hac mecum
semul.

Men. S. Nescio quem, mulier, alium hominem, non me
quaeritas.

Erot. Non ego te novi Menaechmum, Moscho prognatum
patre,
qui Syracusis perhibere natus esse in Sicilia,
ubi rex Agathocles regnator fuit et iterum
Phintia,
tertium Liparo, qui in morte regnum Hieroni
tradidit,
nunc Hiero est?

Men. S. Haud falsa, mulier, praedicas.

Mes. Pro Iuppiter,

num istaec mulier illinc venit, quae te novit tam
cate?

Men. S. Hercle opinor, pernegari non potest.

Mes. Ne feceris. 414, 415

periisti, si intrassis intra limen.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Erot. (a little irritated) Why is it you like to make a laughing-stock of me and deny what you did?

Men.S. Tell me what it is I did and deny.

Erot. Giving me your wife’s mantle to-day.

Men.S. I deny it still. Why, I never had a wife, and have none now, and never from the day I was born have I put a foot within your city gate here. I lunched on board ship, then came ashore here, and met you.

Erot. (aside, alarmed about him) Look at that! Oh dear, this is dreadful! (to Menaechmus) What is this ship you’re telling me of?

Men.S. (flippantly) A wooden affair, often battered about, often nailed, often pounded with a hammer; it’s like a furrier’s furniture, peg close to peg.

Erot. (relieved by his jocularity and drawing him toward her door) Now, now, do stop joking, there’s a dear, and come along this way with me.

Men.S. (releasing himself) It is some other man you are looking for, madam, not me.

Erot. I not know you—(playfully, as if repeating a lesson) Menaechmus, the son of Moschus, born, so they say, in Syracuse in Sicily, where King Agathocles reigned, and after him Phintia, and thirdly Liparo, who at his death left his kingdom to Hiero, the present ruler?

Men.S. (more perplexed) You are quite correct, madam.

Mes. (aside, to Menaechmus) Great Jupiter! The woman doesn’t come from there, does she, to have your history so pat?

Men.S. By gad, I fancy I can’t go on refusing her. (moves toward her door)

Mes. (alarmed) Don’t do that! You’re lost, if you cross that threshold!

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Quin tu tace modo. bene res geritur. adsentabor quidquid dicet mulieri, si possum hospitium nancisci. iam dudum, mulier, tibi non imprudens advorsabar; hunc metuēbam, ne meae 419, 420 uxori renuntiaret de palla et de prandio.
nunc, quando vis, eamus intro.

Erot. Etiam parasitum manes?

Men. S. Neque ego illum maneō, neque flocci facio, neque, si venerit, eum volo intromitti.

Erot. Ecastor haud invita fecero. sed scin quid te amabo ut facias?

Men. S. Impera quid vis modo.

Erot. Pallam illam, quam dudum dederas, ad phrygionem ut deferas, ut reconcinnetur atque ut opera addantur quae volo.

Men. S. Hercle qui tu recte dicis; eadem ignorabitur, ne uxor cognoscat te habere, si in via conspexerit.

Erot. Ergo mox auferto tecum, quando abibis.

Men. S. Maxime. 430

Erot. Eamus intro.

Men. S. Iam sequar te. hunc volo etiam conloqui. eho Messenio, accede huc.

Mes. Quid negoti est?

Men. S. Sussili.¹

Mes. Quid eo opust?

Men. S. Opus est. scio ut me dices.

¹ sussili Bothe: susciri MSS.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. See here now, you shut up. Things are going well. I'll assent to whatever the wench says, if I can come in for entertainment here. (confidentially to Erotium, motioning Messenio back) I kept contradicting you a while ago purposely, my girl; I was afraid of this fellow (indicating Messenio)—that he might inform my wife of the mantle and the luncheon. Now when you wish let's go inside.

Erot. Shall you wait any longer for the parasite?

Men. S. Not I—I neither wait for him nor care a straw for him, nor want him admitted if he does come.

Erot. Goodness me, I'll see to that without reluctance! (fondling him) But do you know what I should love you to do?

Men. S. Whatever you wish—you have only to command me.

Erot. Take that mantle you gave me a while ago to the embroiderer, so as to have it repaired and have some trimmings I want added.

Men. S. Right you are, by Jove! That will make it look different, too, and my wife won't recognize it on you, if she notices it on the street.

Erot. Well then, take it with you later when you leave me.

Men. S. By all means.

Erot. Let's go in.


Mes. (morose) What's all this?

Men. S. (elated) Dance a jig!

Mes. What's the need of that?

Men. S. There is need. (rather apologetic) I know what you'll call me,
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mes. Tanto nequior.

Men. S. Habeo praedam: tantum incepi operis. ei quantum potes, 434, 435
abduec istos in tabernam actutum devorsoriam.
tum facito ante solem occasum ut venias advorsum mihi.

Mes. Non tu istas meretrices novisti, ere.

Men. S. Tace, inquam 1
mihi dolebit, non tibi, si quid ego stulce fecero.
mulier haec stulta atque inscita est; quantum
perspexi modo,
est hic praeda nobis.

ducit lembum dierectum navis praedatoria.

sed ego inscitus qui domino me postulem moderarier;
dicto me emit audientem, haud imperatorem sibi.
sequimini, ut, quod imperatum est, veniam advorsum temperi.

ACTVS III

Pen. Plus triginta annis natus sum, quom interea loci,
umquam quicquam facinus feci peius neque scelestius,
quam hodie, quom in contionem median me immeri miser.
ubi ego dum hieto, Menaechmus se subterduxit
mihi
atque abiit ad amicam, credo, neque me voluit ducere. 450

1 Leo notes lacuna here: (atque hinc abi) Ritschl.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Mes. So much the worse of you.

Men.S. The booty's mine! Such siegeworks as I've begun! Be off as fast as you can; take those fellows (pointing to sailors) to an inn at once. Then see you come to meet me before sunset.

Mes. You don't know those harlots, master.

Men.S. Hold your tongue, I tell you. It will hurt me, not you, if I play the fool. This woman is a fool, and a silly one; from what I've just observed, there's booty for us here. [EXIT INTO THE HOUSE.

Mes. (as if to call him back) Oh Lord! You're gone already? Lord help him! The pirate bark is towing our yacht to perdition. But I'm a silly one to expect to manage my master; he bought me to obey his orders, not to be his commander-in-chief. (to the sailors) Follow me, so that I can come to meet him in season as he commanded.

[EXEUNT.

ACT III

(Several hours have elapsed.)

ENTER Peniculus.

Pen. (in high dudgeon) More than thirty years I've lived, and never in all that time have I done a worse or more accursed deed than to-day when I immersed myself, poor fool, in the middle of that public meeting. While I was gaping there, Menaechmus gave me the slip, and made off to his mistress, I suppose, without caring to take me
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

qui illum di omnes perduint, qui primus comment-
tust\(^1\)
contionem habere, qui homines occupatos occupat.
non ad eam rem otiosos homines decuit deligi,
qui nisi adsint quam citentur, census capiat ilico?\(^2\)
adfatem est hominum, in dies qui singulas escas
edint,
quibus negoti nihil est, qui eorum neque vocantur
neque vocant;
eos oportet contioni dare operam atque comitiis.
si id ita esset, non ego hoc praelevisse praedium,
quoi tam credo\(^3\) datum voluisse quam me video
vivere.
ibo; etiamnum reliquiarum spes animum oblectat
meum.
wend quid ego video? Menaechmus cum corona
exit foras.
sublatum est convivium, edepol venio adversum
temperi.
observabo, quid agat, hominem. post adibo atque
adloquar.

III. 2.

Men. S. Potine ut quiescas? ego tibi hanc prae
elipseaque concinnatam referam temperi.
non faxo eam esse dices: ita ignorabitur.

Pen. Pallam ad phrygionem fert confecto prandio
vinoque expoto, parasito excluso foras.
non hercle is sum qui sum, ni hanc iniuriam
meque ultus pulchre fuero. observa quid dabo.

\(^1\) Leo notes lacuna here: \textit{primus (hoc) Vahlen.}
\(^2\) Leo notes lacuna following.
\(^3\) Corrupt (Leo): \textit{credo halatum oluisse Schoell.}
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

along. May all the powers above consume the fellow that first devised the holding of public meetings, to busy busy men! Shouldn't they choose men with nothing to do for that sort of thing, and fine 'em forthwith if they fail to appear at the roll call? There's a plenty of men that get edibles to eat only once a day, men with no business on hand, men that are neither invited out nor invite anyone in to eat: they're the ones that ought to devote themselves to public meetings and assemblies. If this had been the rule, I shouldn't have lost my lunch to-day—for sure as I'm alive I believe he was willing to give me one. I'll join him; even now I have my sweet hopes of the leavings. (goes toward Erotium's house as Menaechmus Sosicles comes into the doorway, wreathed and carrying the mantle) But what do I see? Menaechmus coming out with a garland on! (grimly) The banquet's cleared away, and, by gad, I've come just in time to see him home! (withdrawing) I'll observe what the fellow's up to. Then I'll up and have a word with him.

Scene 2.

Men.S. (to Erotium within) Can't you rest easy? I'll bring this back to you to-day in good season, all put in trim nicely and prettily. (chuckling to himself) You'll say you haven't got this one, I warrant,—it will look so unfamiliar.

Pen. (aside, angrily) He's carrying the mantle to the embroiderer's, now the lunch is finished and the wine drunk, while the parasite's been shut out of doors! By heaven, I'm not the man I am if I don't avenge this injury and myself in beautiful style! You watch what I'll give you!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

\textit{Men. S.} Pro di immortales, quoi homini umquam uno die boni dedistis plus, qui minus speraverit? prandi, potavi, scortum accubui, apstuli hanc, quios heres numquam erit post hunc diem.

\textit{Pen.} Nequeo quae loquitur exaudire clanculum; satur nunc loquitur de me et de parti mea?

\textit{Men. S.} Ait hanc dedisse me sibi, atque eam meae \textit{uxo.}i surrupuisse. quoniam sentio errare, extemplo, quasi res cum ea esset mihi, coepi adsentari; mulier quidquid dixerat, idem ego dicebam. quid multis verbis opust? minore nusquam bene fui dispindio.

\textit{Pen.} Adibo ad hominem, nam turbare gestio.

\textit{Men. S.} Quis hic est, qui adversus it mihi?

\textit{Pen.} Quid ais, homo levior quam pluma, pessime et nequissime, flagitium hominis, subdole ac minimi preti? quid de te merui, qua me causa perderes? ut surrupuisti te mihi dudum de foro! fecisti funus med absente prandio. cur ausu's facere, quoi ego aequo heres eram?

\textit{Men. S.} Adulescens, quaeo, quid tibi mecum est rei, qui mihi male dicas homini ignoto insciens? an tibi malam rem vis pro male dictis dari?

\textit{Pen.} \textit{1} Pol eam quidem edepol te dedisse intellego.

\textit{Men. S.} Responde, adulescens, quaeo, quid nomen tibist?

\textit{Pen.} Etiam derides, quasi nomen non noveris?

\textit{Men. S.} Non edepol ego te, quod sciam, umquam ante hunc diem

\textit{1} Corrupt (Leo): \textit{quidem modo te Schoell.}

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men.S. (leaving the doorway, jubilant) Ye immortal gods! Did ye ever in a single day bestow more blessings on any man who hoped for less? I've lunched, drunk, enjoyed the wench, and made off with this mantle whose owner will never see it more.

Pen. (aside) I can't quite catch what he's talking about from this hiding-place; is it about me and the part I played, now that he's stuffed himself?

Men.S. She said I gave this to her, yes, and stole it from my wife! Seeing she was making a mistake, I at once began to agree with her, as if I had had dealings with her; whatever she said, I'd say the same. In short, I never had a good time anywhere at less expense.

Pen. (aside, his anger rising) I'll up to the fellow! Oh, I'm aching for a row! (steps forward)

Men.S. (aside) Who's this advancing on me?

Pen. See here, you rascal lighter than a feather, you base, villainous scoundrel, you outrage of a man, you tricky good-for-nothing! What have I ever done to you that you should spoil my life? How you sneaked off from me at the forum a while ago! You've interred the luncheon, and I not there! How did you dare do it, when I was as much its heir as you?

Men.S. (with dignity) Sir, what have you to do with me, pray, that I, a perfect stranger, should meet with your abuse? (dangerously) Or do you want to be given a bad time in return for this bad language?

Pen. (groaning) Oh Lord! You've given me that already, I perceive, good Lord, yes!

Men.S. Pray answer me, sir, what is your name?

Pen. What? Making fun of me, as if you didn't know my name?

Men.S. Good Lord, man, I have never seen you or known
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

vidi neque novi; verum certo, quisquis es,
si aequom facias, mihi odiosus ne sies.

Pen. Menaechme, vigila.

Men. S. Vigilo hercle equidem, quod sciam.

Pen. Non me novisti?

Men. S. Non negem, si noverim.

Pen. Tuom parasitum non novisti?

Men. S. Non tibi
sanum est, adulescens, sinciput, intellego.

Pen. Responde, surrupuistin uxori tuae
pallam istanc hodie atque dedisti Erotio?

Men. S. Neque hercle ego uxorem habeo neque ego Erotio
dedi nec pallam surrupui.

Pen. Satin sanus es? 510
occisast haec res. non ego te indutum foras
exire vidi pallam?

Men. S. Vae capiti tuo.
omnis cinaedos esse censes, tu quia es?
tun med indutum fuisse pallam praedicas? 514, 515

Pen. Ego hercle vero.

Men. S. Non tu abis quo dignus es?
aut te piari iube, homo insaniisse.

Pen. Numquam edepol quisquam me exorabit, quin tuae
uxori rem omnem iam, uti sit gesta, eloquar;
omnes in te istaec recident contumeliae; 520
faxo haud inultus prandium comedesis.

Men. S. Quid hoc est negoti? satine, ut quemque conspicor,
ita me ludificant? sed concrepuit ostium.

III. 8.

Anc. Menaechme, amare ait te multum Erotium,
ut hoc una opera sibi ad aurificem deferas,
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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

you before this day, so far as I know; but—whatever you are, thus much is sure—if you want to do the decent thing, don’t annoy me.

Pen. Wake up, Menaechmus!

Men.S. Gad! why, I am awake, so far as I know.

Pen. You don’t know me?

Men.S. I should not deny it, if I did know you.

Pen. Not know your own parasite?

Men.S. Sir, your headpiece is out of order, I perceive.

Pen. Answer me—didn’t you steal that mantle from your wife to-day and give it to Erotium?

Men.S. Lord, Lord! I neither have a wife, nor gave the mantle to Erotium, nor stole it.

Pen. Really, are you sane? (aside, in despair) My business is done for! (aloud). Didn’t I see you come outdoors wearing the mantle?

Men.S. Curse you! Do you think all of us follow the women, just because you do? You declare that I was wearing the mantle?

Pen. Gad, yes, of course.

Men.S. Go to—where you belong, will you! Or else get yourself purified, you utter idiot!

Pen. (incensed) By the Lord, no one shall ever induce me not to tell your wife everything, just as it happened! All this abuse of yours shall fall back on yourself; you shall suffer for devouring that lunch, I promise you.

[EXIT Peniculus INTO HOUSE OF Menaechmus.

Men.S. (bewildered) What does this mean? So everyone I set eyes on tries to make a fool of me, eh? (listening) But the door creaked!

Scene 3.

ENTER MAID FROM Erotium’s HOUSE.

Maid Menaechmus, Erotium says she would very much like you to take this bracelet (showing it) to the
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

atque huc ut addas auri pondo unciam
iubebasque spinter novom reconcinnarier.

Men. S. Et istuc et aliaud, si quid curari volet,
me curaturum dicito, quidquid volet.

Anc. Scin quid hoc sit spinter?

Men. S. Nescio, nisi aureum. 530

Anc. Hoc est quod olim clanculum ex armario
te surrupuisse aiebas uxori tuae.

Men. S. Numquam hercle factum est.

Anc. Non meministi, obsecro?
redde igitur spinter, si non meministi.

Men. S. 

immo equidem memini. nempe hoc est, quod illi
dedi.

Anc. Istuc.

Men. S. Vbi illae armillae sunt, quas una dedi?

Anc. Numquam dedisti.

Men. S. Nam pol hoc unum dedi.

Anc. Dicam curare?

Men. S. Dicito; curabitur.
et palla et spinter faxo referantur simul. 539, 540

Anc. Amabo, mi Menaechme, inauris da mihi
faciendas pondo duom nummum, stalagmia,
utt te libenter videam, quom ad nos veneris.

Men. S. Fiat. cedo aurum, ego manupretium dabo.

Anc. Da sodes abs te; ego post reddidero tibi.

Men. S. Immo cedo abs te; ego post tibi reddam duplex.

Anc. Non habeo.

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jeweller's at the same time and add an ounce of gold to it and have it made over new.

Men.S. (taking it with alacrity) Tell her I'll take care of that and whatever else she wants taken care of—anything she likes.

Maid Do you know what bracelet this is?

Men.S. No, only that it's gold.

Maid It's the one you said you stole long ago on the sly from your wife's chest.

Men.S. Good Lord, I never did!

Maid For heaven's sake, you don't remember? Give me back the bracelet, then, if you don't remember.

Men.S. (thinking hard) Wait! Yes, yes, I do remember, to be sure! Of course, this is the one I gave her.

Maid The very one.

Men.S. (interestedly) Where are those armlets I gave her along with it?

Maid You never gave her any.

Men.S. That's right, by gad; this was all I gave her,

Maid Shall I say you'll take care of it?

Men.S. (hiding a smile) Do. It shall be taken care of. I'll see she gets the bracelet back at the same time she gets the mantle.

Maid (coaxingly) Menaechmus dear, do have some earrings made for me—there's a nice man!—the pendant kind, with four shillings' worth of gold in them, so that I'll be glad to see you when you visit us.

Men.S. (heartily) Surely. Give me the gold; I'll pay for the making, myself.

Maid You furnish the gold, please do; I'll pay you back later.

Men.S. No, no, you give me the gold; I'll pay you back later, twice over.

Maid I haven't it.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. At tu, quando habebis, tum dato.
Anc. Numquid vis?
Men. S. Haec me curaturum dicitum—
ut quantum possint quique liceant veneant.
imne abiiit intro? abiiit, operuit fores.
di me quidem omnes adiuvant, augent, amant.
sed quid ego cesso, dum datur mi occasio
tempusque, abire ab his locis lenoniis?
propra, Menaechme, fer pedem, confer gradum.
demam hanc coronam atque abiciam ad laevam
manum,
ut, siquis sequatur, hac me abiiisse censeant.
ibo et conveniam servom, si potero, meum,
ut haec, quae bona dant di mihi, ex me sciat.

ACTVS IV

Mat. Egone hic me patiari frustra in matrimonio,
ubi vir compilet clanculum quidquid domist
atque ea ad amicam deferat?
Pen. Quin tu taces?
manestfecto faxo iam opprimes; sequere hac modo.
pallam ad phrygionem cum corona ebrius
ferebat, hodie tibi quam surrupuit domo.
sed eccam coronam quam habuit. num mentior?
em hac abiit, si vis sequi vestigiis.
atque edepol eccum optume revertitur;
sed pallam non fert.
Mat. Quid ego nunc cum illoc agam?

1 Leo brackets following me.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

MEN. S. Well, you give it to me when you do have it.

Maid  (turning to go) Is there anything else, sir?

MEN. S. Say I'll take care of these things.—(aside, as maid leaves) take care they're sold as soon as possible for what they'll bring. [EXIT Maid.] (looking after her) Gone now, has she? Gone! She's shut the door. (jubilant) Well, well, all the gods do aid, augment, and love me! But I must hurry up and leave these harlot haunts while time and circumstance permit. Quick, Menaechmus! forward, march! I'll take off this garland and throw it away to the left (does so) so that if anyone follows me, they may think I have gone this way. (going in the opposite direction) I'll go meet my servant, if I can, and let him know how bountiful the gods have been to me. [EXIT.

ACT IV

ENTER Menaechmus's Wife FROM THE HOUSE,
FOLLOWED BY Peniculus.

Wife  (tempestuous) Shall I let myself be made a fool of in such a married life as this, where my husband slyly sneaks off with everything in the house and carries it to his mistress?

Pen. Hush, hush, won't you? You shall catch him in the act now, I warrant you. Just you follow me this way. Drunk and garlanded, he was carrying to the embroiderer's the mantle he stole from you and carried from the house to-day. (seeing the garland) But look here! Here is the garland he had! Now am I a liar? There! he went this way, if you want to track him. (looking down the street) Yes, and by Jove, look! Splendid! He is coming back! But without the mantle!

Wife How shall I act toward him now?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pen.  Idem quod semper: male habeas; sic censeo. 
huc concedamus; ex insidiis aucupa.  570

IV. 2.

Men.  Ut hoc utimur maxime more moro 
molestoque multum, atque uti quique sunt 
optumi, maxume morem habent hunc, 
clientes sibi omnes volunt esse multos; 
bonine an mali sint, id haud quaeritant; 
res magis quaeritur quam clientum fides 
cuius modi clueat.

si est pauper atque haud malus, nequam 
habetur,

'\textit{sin dives malust, is cliens frugi habetur.}'

qui neque leges neque aequom bonum usquam co-

lunt,

solicitios patronos habent.\

datum denegant quod datum est, litium

pleni, rapaces

viri, fraudulenti,

qui aut faenore aut periuriis

habent rem paratam,

mens est in \textit{1 quo lis est.}  584\,\textsuperscript{a}

eis ubi dicitur dies, simul patronis dicitur.\textit{2}

aut ad populum aut in iure aut apud aedilem

res est.

sicut me hodie nimis sollicitum cliens quidam

habuit, neque quod volui

agere aut quicum licitumst, ita med attinuit, ita

detinuit.

apud aediles pro eius factis plurumisque pessu-

misque

dixi causam, condiciones tetuli tortas, confagosas;

\textsuperscript{1} \textit{quo lis est} Leo: MSS. readings various.

\textsuperscript{2} Leo brackets following v., 586:

\textit{quippe qui pro illis loquimur quae male fecerunt.}

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Pen. (dryly) The same as always—make him miserable; that is my advice. Let's step aside here; (drawing her back between the houses) catch him from ambush.

Scene 2. ENTER Menaechmus in a bad temper.

Men. What slaves we are to this consummately crazy, confoundedly chasing custom! Yes, and it's the very best men amongst us that are its worst slaves. A long train of clients—that's what they all want; whether good men or bad is immaterial; it's the wealth of the clients they consider, rather than their reputation for probity. If a man's poor and not a bad sort, he's held to be worthless; but if he's rich and is a bad sort, he's held to be an admirable client. But clients that have absolutely no regard for law, or for what is just and fair, do keep their patrons worried. They deny honest debts, are for ever at law, they're rapacious, fraudulent fellows whose money was made by usury or perjury and whose souls are centred in their lawsuits. When the day of trial is set for them, it's set for (with increased bitterness) their patrons, too. Up comes the case before the people, or the court, or the aedile. That's the way a certain client of mine has kept me confoundedly worried to-day, and I haven't been able to do what I wanted or have the company I wanted, he has so delayed and detained me. Before the aediles I spoke in defence of his countless atrocities, and proposed provisos that

1 The sponsio (settlement) was a kind of legal wager, each party putting up a sum of money which belonged to the party who succeeded in establishing his condicio (proviso). The winner of the sponsio also won the whole case. Menaechmus' client foolishly insisted upon a regular legal course and therefore praedem dedit (named a bondsman). 421
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

aut plus aut minus quam opus fuerat dicto dixeram 1 controversiam, ut sponsio fieret. quid ille? qui 2 praedem dedit. nec magis manufestum ego hominem umquam ullam teneri vidi; omnibus male factis testes tres aderant accerrumi. di illum omnes perdant, ita mihi hunc hodie corrupti diem, meque adeo, qui hodie forum umquam oculis inspexi meas. diem corrupti optimum. iussi adparari prandium, amica exspectat me, scio. ubi primum est licitum, ilico properavi abire de foro. iratas, credo, nunc mihi; placabit palla quam dedi, quam hodie uxori abstuli atque huic detuli Erotio. 601A

Pen. Quid ais?
Mat. Viro me malo male nuptam.
Pen. Satin audis quae illic loquitur?
Mat. Satis.
Men. Si sapiam, hinc intro abeam, ubi mi bene sit.
Pen. Mane; male erit potius.
Mat. Ne illam ecastor faenerato abstulisti.
Pen. Sic datur.
Mat. Clanculum te istaec flagitia facere censebas potis?
Men. Quid illuc est, uxor, negoti?
Mat. Men rogas?

1 Corrupt (Leo): computerae Leo.
2 Leo notes lacuna here: qui(n ultro) Leo.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

were intricate and difficult; I had put the case more or less as was necessary to have a settlement made. But what did he do? (hotly) What? Named a surety! And never have I seen any man more manifestly caught; every one of his crimes was sworn to by three witnesses of the stoutest sort. (pausing) Heaven curse the man, with the way he's spoiled this day for me; yes, and curse me, too, for ever taking a look at the forum to-day! Such a splendid day as I have spoiled! A luncheon ordered, and a mistress no doubt waiting for me! At the earliest possible moment I hurried away from the forum. She's angry with me now, I suppose; (hopefully) my gift will mollify her—that mantle I took from my wife and brought to Erotium here.

Pen. (triumphantly to wife, aside) What do you say?
Wife (indignant) That he's a wretch who has me for his wretched wife!
Pen. You quite hear what he says?
Wife Quite.
Men. If I had any sense, I should move on and go inside where I'll have a good time. (passes his own house and goes towards Erotium's door)
Pen. (stepping forward) You wait! It will be a bad time, instead.
Wife (stepping forward on the other side) You shall certainly pay interest on that theft, I swear you shall!
Pen. (gleefully) Take that!
Wife Did you think you could commit such outrages on the sly?
Men. (guileless) What do you mean by that, my dear?
Wife You ask me?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. Vin hunc rogem?
Mat. Aufer hinc palpationes.
Pen. Perge tu.
Men. Quid tu mihi tristis es?
Mat. Te scire oportet.
Pen. Sei, sed dissimulat malus.
Men. Quid negotist?
Mat. Pallam—
Men. Pallam?
Mat. Quidam pallam—
Pen. Quid paves?
Men. Nil equidem paveo.
Pen. Nisi unum: palla pallorem incutit. 610
at tu ne clam me comesses prandium. perge in
virum.
Men. Non taces?
Pen. Non hercle vero taceo. nutat, ne loquar.
Men. Non hercle ego quidem usquam quicquam nuto
neque nicto tibi.
Pen. Nihil hoc confidentius, qui quae vides ea pernegat.
Men. Per Iovem deosque omnis adiuro, uxor,—satin hoc
est tibi?—
me isti non nutasse.
Pen. Credit iam tibi de isto. illuc redi.
Men. Quo ego redeam?
Pen. Equidem ad phrygionem censeo. ei,
pallam refer.
Men. Quae istaec palla est?
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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. Do you want me to ask him? (pointing to Peniculus)

Wife (as he tries to fondle her) None of your caresses!

Pen. (to wife) Keep at him, keep at him!

Men. Why are you cross at me?

Wife You ought to know!

Pen. He does know, but he's pretending, the rascal.

Men. What does this mean?

Wife A mantle—

Men. (worried) A mantle?

Wife A mantle someone—

Pen. (to Menaechmus) What are you frightened at?


Pen. (triumphantly, pointing to Menaechmus's face, which has turned pale) Barring this: the mantle unmans you. Now none of your eating up the lunch behind my back! (to wife) Keep at the fellow!

Men. (aside to Peniculus) Keep still, won't you? (shakes his head at him)

Pen. (loudly) Indeed I will not keep still, by Jove! (to wife) He's shaking his head at me not to speak.

Men. Not I, not a bit of it, by Jove! I'm not shaking my head at all, or winking at you, either.

Pen. Well, of all the cheek! To deny flatly what you see with your own eyes!

Men. My dear, I swear by Heaven and all that's holy—is that strong enough for you?—I did not shake my head at him.

Pen. Oh, she takes your word for that forthwith! Get back to the point.

Men. Back to what point?

Pen. Why, to the embroiderer's shop, I should say. Go, bring back the mantle.

Men. Mantle? What mantle?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pen. Taceo iam, quando haec rem non meminit suam. 619

Mat. Ne ego mecastor mulier misera. 614


Mat. Nugas agis.

Men. Tristis admodum es. non mi istuc satis placet. Nugas agis.


Men. Num mihi es irata saltem?

Mat. Nunc tu non nugas agis.


Men. Dic, mea uxor, quid tibi aegre est?

Pen. Bellus blanditur tibi.

Men. Potin ut mihi molestus ne sis? num te appello?

Mat. Aufer manum.

Pen. Sic datur. properato absente me comesse prandium, post ante aedis cum corona me derideto ebrios.

Men. Neque edepol ego prandi neque hodie huc intro tetuli pedem. 630

Pen. Tun negas?


Pen. Nihil hoc homine audacius. non ego te modo hic ante aedis cum corona florea

1 Kiessling puts v. 614 after 619: Leo marks lacuna after 619.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Pen. (disgusted at wife’s tearful futility) I say no more, seeing she doesn’t remember her own affairs.

Wife (in tears) Oh Heavens! I surely am an unhappy woman!

Men. (solicitously) How are you unhappy? Tell me all about it. (to wife, tenderly) Has any one of the slaves been at fault? Do the maids or men-servants talk back to you? Do speak out. They shall pay for it.

Wife Nonsense!

Men. You’re awfully cross. I don’t quite like that.

Wife Nonsense!

Men. It must be some one of the servants you’re angry with.

Wife Nonsense!

Men. You’re not angry at me, anyhow, are you?

Wife There now! That’s sense.

Men. Good Lord! I haven’t been at fault!

Wife Aha! back to your nonsense!

Men. (patting her) Do tell me what troubles you, my dear.

Pen. (scornfully) He’s soft-soaping you, the sweet thing!

Men. (to Peniculus) Can’t you stop annoying me? I’m not addressing you, am I? (tries to caress his wife)

Wife Take your hand away! (slaps him)

Pen. Take that! Now be in a hurry to eat up the lunch in my absence, now get drunk and appear in front of the house with a garland on and give me the laugh!

Men. Good heavens! I haven’t eaten lunch, and I’ve never set foot inside this house to-day.

Pen. You deny it?

Men. Indeed I do, gad, yes.

Pen. Well, of all the brazenness! Didn’t I just now see you in front of the house here wearing a

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

vidi astare? quom negabas mi esse sanum sinciput, et negabas me novisse, peregrinum aibas esse te?

Men. Quin ut dudum diverti abs te, redeo nunc demum domum.

Pen. Novi ego te. non mihi censebas esse, qui te ulciscerer.
omenia hercle uxor dixi.

Men. Quid dixisti?

Pen. Nescio,

eam ipsus roga.

Men. Quid hoc est, uxor? quidnam hic narravit tibi? quid id est? quid taces? quin dicis quid sit?

Mat. Quasi tu nescias.

Men. me rogas?

Pen. Pol haud rogem te, si sciam.

Men. O hominem malum, ut dissimulat. non potes celare; rem novit probe. omnia hercle ego edictavi.

Men. Quid id est?

Mat. Quando nil pudet neque vis tua voluntate ipse profiteri, audi atque ades.
et quid tristis sim et quid hic mihi dixerit, faxo scias.
palla mi est domo surrupta.

Men. Palla surruptast mihi?

nam profecto tibi surrupta si esset—salva non foret.

Men. Nil mihi tecum est. sed tu quid ais?

1 Leo assumes lacuna here and brackets following v., 639a:
palla mi est domo surrepta.

Men. Palla surrepta est tibi?

which he thinks interpolated (cf. 645) to fill the gap.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

garland of flowers? When you told me that my headpiece was out of order and that you didn’t know me, and said you were arriving from abroad?

-Men. Why, I’m only this moment getting home after parting company with you a while ago.

-Pen. (angrily) I know you! You didn’t count on my having a way to get even with you. By gad, I’ve told your wife everything!

-Men. What have you told her?

-Pen. Oh, I don’t know; ask her yourself.

-Men. (to his wife, bravely) What’s all this, my dear? What sort of a tale has he been relating to you? What is it? Why are you silent? Why don’t you tell me what it is?

-Wife As if you didn’t know! Asking me!

-Men. Bless my soul! I shouldn’t ask you if I did know.

-Pen. Oh the villain! How he plays the innocent! (to Menaechmus) You can’t conceal it; she understands the matter beautifully. I have told her the whole story, by Jove!

-Men. What does this mean?

-Wife (with acerbity) Since you have no sense of shame and no wish to confess of your own free will, listen, and listen closely. I’ll soon let you know why I’m cross and what he told me. A mantle has been stolen from me at home.

-Men. (indignant) A mantle stolen from me?

-Pen. See how the rascal is trying to catch you? (to Menaechmus) It was stolen from her, not from you. Why, if it was stolen from you, it would certainly be—lost.¹

-Men. (to Peniculus) I have nothing to do with you. (to wife) But you, what are you saying?

¹ And not safe at the embroiderer’s.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mat. Palla, inquam, periit domo.
Men. Quis eam surrupuit?
Mat. Pol istuc ille scit qui illam abstulit.
Men. Quis is homo est?
Mat. Menaechmus quidam.
Men. Edepol factum nequiter. 650 quis is Menaechmust?
Mat. Tu istic, inquam.
Men. Egone?
Mat. Tu.
Men. Quis arguit?
Mat. Egomet.
Pen. Et ego. atque huic amicae detulisti Erotio.
Men. Egon dedi?
Mat. Tu, tu istic, inquam.
Pen. Vin adferri noctuam, quae "tu tu" usque dicat tibi? nam nos iam de-
fessi sumus. 1
Men. Sed ego illam non condonavi, sed sic utendam dedi.
Mat. Equidem ecstor tuam nec chlamydem do foras
nec pallium
cu quam utendum. mulierem aequom est vesti-
mentum muli bre
dare foras, virum virile. quin refers pallam domum? 660
Men. Ego faxo referetur.
Mat. Ex re tua, ut opinor, feceris;
nam domum numquam introibis, nisi feres pallam
simul.
ei domum.

1 Leo brackets following vv., 655–656 :
Men. Per Iovem deosque omnis adiuro, uxor (satin hoc est tibi?)
non dedisse.
Mat. Immo hercle vero, nos non falsum dicere.
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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Wife A mantle, I tell you, has disappeared from the house.

Men. Who stole it?

Wife Goodness me! The man who took it knows that.

Men. Who is this man?

Wife A certain Menaechmus.

Men. It's a scurvy trick, by Jove! Who is this Menaechmus?

Wife You yourself, I tell you.

Men. I?

Wife You.

Men. Who's my accuser?

Wife I am.

Pen. Yes, and I. And you took it to your mistress Erotium here, too.

Men. I gave it away—I?

Wife You, you yourself, I tell you.

Pen. D'ye want us to bring on an owl, to keep saying "yoo, yoo" to you? For we've got tired of saying it by now.¹

Men. (weakly) But I didn't give it to her out and out; I only—it's like this—I only lent it.

Wife Good gracious, sir! I certainly do not lend out your mantle or cloak to anyone. A woman is the proper person to give out women's clothes, a man men's. You bring that mantle back home, will you?

Men. I'll see it's brought back.

Wife You will be seeing to your own comfort, I fancy; for never shall you enter the house unless you bring the mantle with you. (turning away abruptly) I am going home.

¹ vv. 655-656:

Men. My dear, I swear by Heaven and all that's holy—is that strong enough for you?—I did not give it away.

Wife Goodness me, no, that we are not lying.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pen. Quid mihi futurum est, qui tibi hanc operam dedi?

Mat. Opera reddetur, quando quid tibi erit surruptum domo.

Pen. Id quidem edepol numquam erit, nam nihil est quod perdam domi.
    cum viro cum uxore di vos perdant. properabo ad forum,
    nam ex hac familia me plane excidisse intellego.

Men. Male mi uxor sese fecisse censet, quam exclusit foras;
    quasi non habeam, quo intromittar, alium meliorem locum.
    si tibi displiceo, patiundum; at placuero huic Erotio,
    quae me non excludet ab se, sed apud se occludet domi.
    nunc ibo, orabo ut mihi pallam reddat, quam dudum dedi;
    aliam illi redimam meliorem. heus, ecquis hic est ianitor?
    aperite atque Erotium aliquis evocate ante ostium.

IV. 3.

Erot. Quis hic me quaeerit?

Men. Sibi inimicus magis quam aetati tuae.

Erot. Mi Menaechme, cur ante aedis astas? sequere intro.

Men. Mane.

scin quid est quod ego ad te venio?

Erot. Scio, ut tibi ex me sit volupt.

Men. Immo edepol pallam illam, amabo te, quam tibi dudum dedi,
    mihi eam rede. uxor rescivit rem omnem, ut factum est, ordine.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Pen. (anxiously) What do I get for helping you in this?

Wife (with a sour smile) I'll help you in return when something is stolen from your house.

[EXIT INTO THE HOUSE.

Pen. Oh Lord! That means never, for I have nothing in my house to lose. (heartily) Be damned to you, husband and wife both! I'll hurry to the forum, for I perceive I've plainly fallen out of the good graces of this family.

[EXIT.

Men. (comfortably) My wife thinks she has pained me by shutting me out. Just as if there wasn't another place—and a better one—where I'll be admitted. If you don't like me, I must bear it; Erotium here will like me anyway. She won't shut me out; oh no, she'll shut me in with her! Now I'll go and beg her to give me back the mantle I gave her a while ago; I'll buy her another, a better one. (knocking at her door) Hullo! Anyone minding the door here? Open up and call Erotium out, someone!

Scene 3.

Erot. (within) Who is inquiring for me?

Men. A man who is more his own foe than yours, dear.

ENTER Erotium INTO THE DOORWAY.

Erot. Menaechmus, love, why are you standing out here? (taking his arm) Do come in.

Men. Wait. Do you know why I've come to see you?

Erot. I know—so that we may have a nice time together.

Men. No, you're wrong, confound it! Do give me back that mantle I gave you a while ago, there's a dear. My wife has found out about the whole business,
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ego tibi redimam bis tanto pluris pallam, quam voles.

Erot. Tibi dedi equidem illam, ad phrygionem ut ferres, paulo prius, et illud spinter, ut ad aurifacem ferres, ut fieret novom.

Men. Mihi tu ut dederis pallam et spinter? numquam factum reperies. nam ego quidem postquam illam dudum tibi dedi atque abii ad forum, nunc redeo, nunc te postillac video.

Erot. Video quam rem ag. quia commisi, ut me defruudes, ad eam rem affeectas viam.

Men. Neque edepol te defrudandi causa posco—quin tibi dico uxorem rescivisse—

Erot. Nec te ultro oravi ut dares; tute ultro ad me detulisti, dedisti eam dono mihi; eandem nunc reposcis. patiar. tibi habe, aufer, utere vel tu vel tua uxor, vel etiam in loculos compingite. tu hue post hunc diem pedem intro non feres. frustra sis. quando tu me bene merentem tibi habes despi nisi feres argentum, frustra me ductare non potes. aliam posthac invenito quam habeas frustratui,

Men. Nimis iracunde hercle tandem. heus tu, tibi dico, mane, redi. etiamne astas? etiam audes mea reverti gratia?

abiit intro, occlusit aedis. nunc ego sum exclusisimsus:
THE TWO MENÆCHMUSES

from beginning to end. I'll buy you a mantle twice as expensive—any you choose.

Erot. (surprised) But I gave it to you to take to the embroiderer's just a few minutes ago, along with that bracelet you were to carry to the jeweller's to have made over.

Men. You gave me the mantle and a bracelet—me? You'll find you never did so. Why, after giving you that mantle a while ago and going to the forum I'm just getting back; this is the first time I've seen you since then.

Erot. (aroused) But I see what you are up to. Just because I've put them into your hands you're attempting to do this, to cheat me.

Men. No, heavens, no! it's not to cheat you I ask for it—really, my wife has found out, I tell you—

Erot. (passing over what she thinks the usual lie) No, and I didn't beg you to give it to me in the first place; you brought it to me yourself of your own accord, made me a present of it; and now you ask it back. Very well. Take it, carry it off, wear it yourself or let your wife wear it, or for that matter lock it up in a coffer. You shall not set foot in the house after to-day, don't fool yourself. Now if you've held a good friend like me in contempt, you can bring along ready money, or else you can't lead me along like a fool. After this you just find somebody else to fool. (turns to go in)

Men. Oh gad, now, really you're too testy! Here, here! I say! Wait! Come back! What? you won't stop? What? you aren't willing to return for my sake? [EXIT Erotium, SLAMMING THE DOOR.] She's gone inside! She's closed the door! Well, if I'm not getting the most exclusive reception!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS
neque domi neque apud amicum mihi iam quicquam creditur.
ibo et consulam hanc rem amicos, quid faciendum censeant.

ACTVS V

Men. S. Nimis stulte dudum feci, quom marsuppium
Messunioni cum argento concredidi.
immersit aliquo sese, credo, in ganeum.
Mat. Provisam quam mox vir meus redeat domum.
semmcum video. salva sum, pallam refert.
Men. S. Demiror ubi nunc ambulet Messenio.
Mat. Adibo atque hominem accipiam quibus dictis meret.
non te pudet prodire in conspectum meum,
flagitium hominis, cum istoc ornatu?
Men. S. Quid est?
quae te res agitat, mulier?
Mat. Etiamne, impudens,
mutilre verbum unum audes aut mecum loqui?
Men. S. Quid tandem admisi in me, ut loqui non audeam?
Mat. Rogas me? o hominis impudentem audaciam!
Men. S. Non tu scis, mulier, Hecubam quapropter canem
Graii esse praedicabant?
Mat. Non equidem scio.
Men. S. Quia idem faciebat Hecuba quod tu nunc facis:
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Neither at home nor at my mistress's, either, do they believe a word I say! I'll go and consult my friends about this and see what they think should be done. [EXIT.

ACT V

ENTER Menaechmus Sosicles.

Men. S. What an idiot I was a while ago when I entrusted my wallet and money to Messenio! He's immersed himself in a pothouse somewhere, I suppose.

ENTER THE Wife OF Menaechmus INTO THE DOORWAY.

Wife I'll go out and see if my husband won't soon be back home. (seeing Menaechmus Sosicles) Oh, why there he is! I'm saved! He is bringing back the mantle.

Men. S. I wonder where Messenio is promenading now.

Wife I'll step up and welcome him with the words he deserves. (advancing) Aren't you ashamed to appear in my sight with that costume, you monster?

Men. S. (startled) Eh, what is it that excites you, madam?

Wife What! Do you dare breathe a word, do you dare speak to me, you shameless creature?

Men. S. What, pray, is my offence, that I should not dare to speak?

Wife You ask me? Oh, such brazen shamelessness!

Men. S. (still polite) Madam, do you not know why the ancient Greeks used to declare that Hecuba was a bitch?

Wife (sharply) No, indeed I don't.

Men. S. Because Hecuba used to do precisely what you are doing now: she used to pour every kind

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omnia mala ingerebat, quemquam asperexerat.
itaque adeo iure coepta appellari est canes.

Mat. Non ego istaec tua flagitia possum perpeti.
nam med aetatem viduam esse mavelim,
quam istaec flagitia tua pati quae tu facis.

Men. S. Quid id ad me, tu te nuptam possis perpeti
an sis abitura a tuo viro? an mos hic ita est,
peregrino ut advenienti narrent fabulas?

Mat. Quas fabulas? non, inquam, patiar praeterhac,
quin vidua vivam quam tuos mores perferam.

Men. S. Mea quidem hercle causa vidua vivito,
vel usque dum regnum optinebit Iuppiter.

Mat. At mihi negabas dudum surrupuisse te,
nunc eandem ante oculos attines. non te pudet?

Men. S. Eu hercle, mulier, multum et audax et mala es.
tun tibi hanc surreptam dicere audes, quam mihi
dedit alia mulier ut concinnandam darem?

Mat. Ne istuc mecator—iam patrem accersam meum
atque ei narrabo tua flagitia quae facis.
ei, Deceo, quae meum patrem, tecum simul
ut veniat ad me; ita rem esse dicito.
iam ego aperiam istaec tua flagitia.

Men. S. Sanan es?
quae mea flagitia?

Mat. Pallam atque aurum meum
domo suppilas tuae uxori et tuae
degeris amicae. satin haec recte fabulor?

1 Corrupt (Leo): Plodium Leo.
of abuse on everyone she saw. So they began to call her bitch, and quite properly, too.

Wife (incensed) I cannot endure this outrageous conduct of yours. Why, I'd rather live without a husband all my life than put up with the outrageous things you do.

Men.S. And how does it concern me whether you can endure your married life, or leave your husband? Or is this the fashion here—to prattle to arriving strangers?

Wife Prattle? I will not put up with it any longer, I tell you. I'll get a divorce rather than tolerate your goings-on:

Men.S. Lord, Lord! get divorced, for all I care—and stay so as long as Jove reigns!

Wife (examining mantle) See here, you denied stealing this a while ago, and now you hold it, the very same one, right before my eyes. Aren't you ashamed?

Men.S. Bravo, madam! By Jove! You are a bold, bad one with a vengeance! Do you dare tell me this was stolen from you, when another woman gave it to me so that I might get it renovated?

Wife Good heavens, that is—I'll send for my father this moment and I'll give him an account of your outrageous actions! (calling at door) Deceo! Go look for my father—bring him here to me; say it's absolutely necessary. (to Menaechmus Sosicles) I'll soon lay bare your outrageous conduct!

Men.S. Are you sane? What is this outrageous conduct of mine?

Wife You filched my mantle and jewellery from the house—from your own wife—and carried them off to your mistress. Isn't this perfectly true (bitterly) prattle?
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Men. S. Quaesos hercle, mulier, si scis, monstra quod bibam,
tuam qui possim perpeti petulantiam.
 quem tu hominem esse me arbitrere, nescio;
 ego te simitu novi cum Porthaone.

Mat. Si me derides, at pol illum non potes,
patrem meum, qui huc advenit. quin respicis?
 novistin tu illum?

Men. S. Novi cum Calcha simul.
 eodem die illum vidi quo te ante hunc diem.

Mat. Negas novisse me? negas patrem meum?

Men. S. Idem hercle dicam, si avom vis adducere.

Mat. Ecastor pariter hoc atque alias res soles.

V. 2.

Sen. Ut aetas mea est atque ut hoc usus facto est
 gradum proferam, progradiri properabo.
 sed id quam mihi facile sit, haud sum falsus.
 nam pernictas deset. consitus sum
 senectate, onustum gero corpus, vires
 reliquere. ut aetas mala est; mers mala ergost.
 nam res plurumas pessumas, quom advenit, fert;
 quas si autumnem omnis,
    nimis longus sermost.

    sed haec res mihi in pectore et corde curaest,
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. Good Lord, madam, if you know of any drug I can take to enable me to endure that temper of yours, for heaven's sake name it. Who you think I am is a mystery to me; as for me, I knew you when I knew Hercules' wife's grandfather.¹

Wife You may laugh at me, but I vow you can't laugh at that man, (pointing down the street) my father, who's coming this way. Look back there. Do you know him?

Men. S. (looking) Oh yes, I knew him when I knew Calchas.² I saw him on the same day I first saw you.

Wife You deny knowing me, you deny knowing my father?

Men. S. Oh Lord! I'll say the same thing if you bring on your grandfather. (walks away)

Wife Oh dear me! that's just the way you are always acting!

Scene 2. ENTER Menaechmus's Father-in-law slowly and laboriously.

Father (sighing wearily) Yes, I'll step out, I'll step along as . . . fast as my age permits and the occasion demands. (halting) But I know well enough how . . . easy it is for me. For I've lost my nimbleness . . . the years have taken hold of me . . . it's a heavy body I carry . . . my strength has left me. Ah, old age is a bad thing—a bad piece of freight! Yes, yes, it brings along untold tribulations when it comes; if I were to specify them all, it would be a . . . long, long story. But this is the thing that weighs on my mind and

¹ Porthaon, father of Oeneus, father of Deianeira, last wife of Hercules.
² A seer at the siege of Troy.
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quidnam hoc sit negoti,

quod filia sic

repente expetit me,

ut ad sese irem.

nec, quid id sit, mihi certius facit, quid

velit, quid me accersat.

verum propemodum iam scio, quid siet rei.

credo cum viro litigium natum esse aliquod.

ita istaec solent, quae viros subservire

sibi postulant, dote fretae, feroce.

et illi quoque haud abstinent saepe culpa.

verum est modus tamen, quoad pati uxorem

opertet;

nec pol filia umquam patrem accersit ad se,

nisi aut quid commissi aut iurgi est iusta causa.

sed id quidquid est, iam sciam. atque eccam

eampse

ante aedis et eius virum tristem video.

id est quod suspicabar.

appellabo hanc.

Mat. Ibo advorum. salve multum, mi pater.

Sen. Salva sis. salven advenio? salven accersi iubes?

quid tu tristis es? quid ille autem abs te iratus
destitit?

nescio quid vos velitati estis inter vos duos.

loquere, uter meruistis culpam? paucis, non longos

 logos.

Mat. Nusquam equidem quicquam deliqui; hoc primum
te absolvo, pater.

verum vivere hic non possum neque durare ullo

modo.

proin tu me hinc abducas.

Sen. Quid istuc autem est?

Mat. Ludibrio, pater,

habeor.

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heart—what in the world has happened to make my daughter ask me, all of a sudden this way, to come to her. Not a word am I told as to what is wrong, what she wants, why she summons me. However, I have a pretty fair notion already what it's all about. She's had some squabble with her husband, I fancy. That's the way with women that try to keep their husbands under their thumbs, arrogant just because they've brought a good dowry. (pauses) And the husbands often aren't blameless, either. (reflecting) However, there's a limit, just the same, to what a wife should put up with; and, by Jove, a daughter never summons her father unless there's something amiss or some just cause for complaint. But I shall soon know about it, whatever it is. (advancing and looking about) Ah, there she is herself in front of the house—and her husband, looking sour! It's just as I suspected. I'll have a word with her.

**Wife** (aside) I'll go meet him. (advancing) I hope you're well, father dear—very well.

**Father** And you. Do I find all well here? Is all well, that you have me summoned? Why are you so gloomy? Yes, and why is he (pointing to Menoechmus Sosicles) standing aloof there, angry? You've been bickering over something or other, you two. Out with it—which is to blame? Be brief; no long words.

**Wife** I haven't been at fault at all, indeed I haven't; I'll relieve you on this point first, father. But I can't live here, I simply cannot stand it. So you must take me away from this house.

**Father** (peeviously) But what is the trouble?

**Wife** I'm made a laughing-stock, father!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sen. Vnde?
Mat. Ab illo, quoi me mandavisti, meo viro.
Sen. Ecce autem litigium. quotiens tandem edixi tibi, ut caveres, neuter ad me iretis cum querimonia?
Mat. Qui ego istuc, mi pater, caverre possum?
Sen. Men interrogaus?
Mat. Nisi non vis.
Sen. Quotiens monstravi tibi, viro ut morem geras, quid ille faciat, ne id observes, quo eat, quid rerum gerat.
Mat. At enim ille hinc amat meretricem ex proxumo.
Sen. Sane sapit, atque ob istane industriaem etiam faxo amabit amplius.
Mat. Atque ibi potat.
Sen. Tua quidem ille causa potabit minus, si illic sive alibi libebit? quae haec, malum, impudentiast?
una opera prohibere, ad cenam ne promittat, postules,
neve quemquam accipiat alienum apud se. serviren tibi
postulas viros? dare una opera pensum postules,
inter ancillas sedere iubeas, lanam carere.
Mat. Non equidem mihi te advocatum, pater, adduxi,
sed viro.
hinc stas, illim causam dicis.
Sen. Si ille quid deliquerit,
multo tanto illum accusabo, quam te accusavi,
amplius.
quando te auratam et vestitam bene habet, ancillas penum
THE TWO MENAECMUSES

Father By whom?
Wife By the man you entrusted me to, my husband.
Father Now look at that! A squabble! See here, how many times have I given you notice to guard against coming to me with grievances, either of you?
Wife (tearfully) How can I guard against that, father dear?
Father (severely) You ask me?
Wife If you please.
Father How many times have I explicitly told you to humour your husband and not keep watching what he does, where he goes, and what he is about?
Wife Well, but he makes love to this strumpet, the very next door!
Father He shows excellent judgment, and he will make love to her all the more, I warrant you, to reward this diligence of yours.
Wife And he drinks there, too.
Father Just because of you, will he drink the less there or anywhere else he pleases? Such confounded impudence! You might as well expect to keep him from accepting an invitation to dinner, or from having company at his own home. Do you expect your husbands to be your slaves? You might as well expect to give him housework to do, and bid him sit with the maids and card wool.
Wife (resentfully) I see I have brought you here, father, to defend my husband, not myself. Retained by me, you plead his case.
Father If he has done anything out of the way, I shall be a great deal more severe with him than I have been with you. But inasmuch as he keeps you well supplied with jewellery and clothes, furnishes
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recte praebibet, melius sanam est, mulier, mentem sumere.

Mat. At ille suppilat mihi aurum et pallas ex arcis domo, me despoliat, mea ornamenta clam ad meretrices degerit.

Sen. Male facit, si istuc facit; si non facit, tu male facis, quae insontem insimules.

Mat. Quin etiam nunc habet pallam, pater, et spinter, quod ad hanc detulerat, nunc, quia rescivi, refert.

Sen. Iam ego ex hoc, ut factustum, scibo. ibo ad hominem atque adloquar.
dic mi istuc, Menaechme, quod vos dissertatis, ut sciam.

quid tu tristis es? quid illa autem irata abs te destitit?

Men. S. Quisquis es, quidquid tibi nomen est, senex, summum Iovem deosque do testes—

Sen. Qua de re aut cuius dei rerum omnium?

Men. S. Me neque isti male fecisse mulieri, quae me arguit hanc domo ab se surrupuisse atque abstulisse—

Mat. Deierat?

Men. S. Si ego intra aedis huius umquam, ubi habitat, penetravi pedem, omnium hominum exopto ut fiam miserorum miser-rimus.

Sen. Sanun es, qui istuc exoptes aut neges te umquam pedem in eas aedis intulisse ubi habitas, insanissime?

Men. S. Tun, senex, ais habitare med in illisce aedibus?

Sen. Tun negas?

Men. S. Nego hercle vero.

1 Leo assumes lacuna here: Schoell gives peierat to wife.

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you with plenty of maidservants and provisions,
you had better be sensible about things, my girl.

Wife

But he filches my jewellery and mantles from my
chests at home, he robs me, and carries my nicest
things to strumpets on the sly!

Father

He does wrong, if he does that; if he doesn't,
you are doing wrong to accuse an innocent man.

Wife

Why, he has a mantle this very moment, father,
and a bracelet he'd taken to her he is just now
bringing back, because I found him out.

Father

I'll find out about this from him at once. I'll go
and have a talk with the man. (approaching
Menaechmus Sosicles) Speak up, Menaechmus, and
let me know what you two are at odds over. Why
are you so gloomy? And why is she standing
aloof there, angry?

Men.S. (vehemently) Whoever you are, whatever your
name is, old gentleman, I call Heaven and God
on high to witness——

Father (surprised) What about, concerning what con-
ceivable thing?

Men.S. That I have done no wrong to that woman who
accuses me of having raided her house and stolen
this mantle, and of having carried it off——

Wife

He swears to that?

Men.S. If I ever set foot inside this house, where she
lives, I pray Heaven to make me the most
wretched wretch on earth.

Father (horrified) Are you sane, to pray for a thing like
that, or to deny that you ever put foot in this
house, where you live, you utter idiot?

Men.S. Do you, too, say I live in that house, old gentle-
man?

Father

And do you deny it?

Men.S. By gad I do, truly!

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Sen. Immo hercle invere\textsuperscript{1} negas; nisi quo nocte hac exmigrastis. concede huc, mea filia.

Mat. Quem in locum aut quam ob rem, obsecro?
Sen. Non edepol scio.
Mat. Profecto ludit te hic. non tu tenes?
Sen. Iam vero, Menaechme, satis locatu’s. nunc hanc rem gere.

Men. S. Quaeso, quid mihi tecum est? unde aut quis tu homo es?\textsuperscript{2} quid debeo ego tibi aut adeo isti, quae mihi molesta est quo-quo modo?

Mat. Viden tu illi oculos virere? ut viridis exoritur colos ex temporibus atque fronte, ut oculi scintillant, vide. 829, 830

Men. S. Quid mihi meliust, quam quando illi me insanire praedicant,

ego med adsimulem insanire, ut illos a me abster-

ream?
Mat. Vt pandiculans oscitatur. quid nunc faciam, mi pater?

Sen. Concede huc, mea nata, ab istoc quam potest longissime.

Men. S. Euhoe Bacche, Bromie, quo me in silvam venatum vocas?

audio, sed non abire possum ab his regionibus,

ita illa me ab laeva rabiosa femina adservat canis,
poste autem illinc hircus calvus,\textsuperscript{3} qui saepe aetate in sua

perdidit civem innocentem falso testimonio.

\textsuperscript{1} invere Lindsay : ludere MSS.

\textsuperscript{2} Leo notes lacuna here and corruption in following

line : (quid debeo ego) tibi Leo.

\textsuperscript{3} calvus Mueller : alus MSS.
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Father No, by gad, you do untruly—unless you moved away somewhere last night. (turning to his wife) Daughter, come over here. (she obeys) Tell me—you have not moved away from here, have you?

Wife Where to, or why, for mercy's sake?

Father Bless my soul, I don't know.

Wife He's making fun of you, of course. Can't you see that?

Father Really now, Menaechmus, you have joked enough. Come now, stick to the point!

Men. S. See here, what have I got to do with you? Who are you, and where do you come from? What do I owe you, or that woman either, who is pester ing me in every conceivable way?

Wife (to her father, frightened) Do you see how green his eyes are? And that greenish colour coming over his temples and forehead? How his eyes glitter! look!

Men. S. (aside) Seeing they declare I'm insane, what's better for me than to pretend I am insane, so as to frighten them off? (develops alarming symptoms)

Wife (more frightened) How he stretches and gapes! Father, father dear, what shall I do now?

Father (retreating) Come over here, my child, as far as you can from him!

Men. S. (having worked himself up properly) Euhoe! Bacchus! Bromius! Whither dost thou summon me a-hunting in the woods? I hear, but I cannot quit these regions, with that rabid bitch on watch there at my left, aye, and there behind a bald-headed goat who many a time in his life has ruined a guiltless fellow-citizen by his perjury!

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sen. Vae capiti tuo.

Men. S. Ecce, Apollo mi ex oraclo imperat, ut ego illi oculos exuram lampadibus ardentibus.

Mat. Perii, mi pater, minatur mihi oculos exurere.\footnote{Leo brackets following v., 843:}

Sen. Filia, heus.

Mat. Quid est? quid agimus?

Sen. Quid si ego huc servos cito ibo, abducam qui hunc hinc tollant et domi devinciant, prius quam turbarum quid faciat amplius,

Men. S. Enim haereo; ni occupo aliquid mihi consilium, hi domum me ad se auferent.
pugnis me votas in huius ore quicquam parcerе, ni a meis oculis abscedat in malam magnum crucem.
faciam quod iubes, Apollo.

Sen. Fuge domum, quantum potest, ne hic te obtundat.

Mat. Fugio. amabo, adserva istunc, mi pater, ne quo hinc abeat. sumne ego mulier misera, quae illaec audio?

Men. S. Haud male, Apollo, illanc amovi; nunc hunc impurissimum, barbatum, tremulum Tithonum, qui cluet Cygno patre,

\textit{ita mihi imperas ut ego huius membra atque ossa atque artua comminuam illo scipione quem ipse habet.}

Sen. Dabitur malum, me quidem si attigeris aut si propius ad me accesseris.

\footnote{Leo brackets following v., 843:}

Men. S. \textit{Ei mihi, insanire me aiunt, ultero cum ipsi insaniant.}
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Father (in helpless rage) Ugh! Curse you!
Men.S. Lo! Apollo from his oracle doth bid me burn her eyes out with blazing brands!
Wife He'll murder me, father dear! he threatens to burn my eyes out!
Father (in low tone) Hey! daughter!
Wife What is it? What shall we do?
Father How about my calling the servants here? I'll go and fetch some to carry him away from here and tie him up at home before he makes any more trouble.

Men.S. (aside) Now then, I'm stuck! Unless I get the start of them with some scheme, they'll be taking me off to their house. (intercepting the old man and glaring at wife) Thou dost bid me; Apollo, to spare my fists in no wise upon her face, unless she doth leave my sight and—get to the devil out of here! I will do as thou biddest, Apollo! (advancing upon her)

Father Run, run home as fast as you can before he batters you to bits!
Wife (rushing for the door) Yes, I'm running. Do, please, keep watch of him, father dear, and don't let him leave this place! Oh, miserable woman that I am, to have to hear such words! [Exit.

Men.S. Not badly, oh Apollo, did I remove that female! Now for this beastly, bewhiskered, doddering Tithonus, who calls himself the son of Cygnus!—these be thy commands, that I crush his limbs and bones and joints with that same staff which he doth carry! (advances)

Father (retreating and raising his staff) You'll get hurt if you touch me, I tell you, or if you come any nearer to me!

1 A mistake, probably intentional. Tithonus was the son of Laomedon.
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Men. S. Faciam quod iubes; securim capiam ancipitem, atque hunc senem osse fini dedolabo assulatim viscera.

Sen. Enim vero illud praecavendumst, atque adcurandumst mihi; sane ego illum metuo, ut minatur, ne quid male faxit mihi.

Men. S. Multa mi imperas, Apollo; nunc equos iunctos iubes capere me indomitos, ferocis, atque in currum inscendere, ut ego hunc proteram leonem vetulum, olentem, edentulum. iam adstiti in currum, iam lora teneo, iam stimulus in manust. agite equi, facitote sonitus ungarum appareat, cursu celeri facite inflexa sit pedum pernicitas.

Sen. Mihin equis iunctis minare?

Men. S. Ecce, Apollo, denuo me iubes facere impetum in eum qui stat atque occidere. sed quis hic est qui me capillo hinc de curru deripit? imperium tuum demutat atque edictum Apollinis.

Sen. Eu hercle morbum acream ac durum\(^1\) di vostram fидem. vel hic qui insanit, quam valuit paulo prius. ei derepente tantus morbus incidit. ibo atque accersam medicum iam quántum potest.

V. 3.

Men. S. Iamne isti abierunt, quaeo, ex conspectu meo, qui me vi cogunt, ut validus insaniam?

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\(^1\) Leo notes lacuna here: (exanimis cubat. ut incerta salus est hominum) Schoell.
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**Men.S.** I will do as thou biddest! I will take a double-edged axe, and this old man—I'll hew away his flesh, gobbet by gobbet, to the very bone!

**Father** *(aside, timorously, still retreating)* I must be on my guard and look out for myself, indeed I must! Really, I'm afraid he'll do me some injury, from the way he threatens me.

**Men.S.** Many are thy commands, Apollo. Now thou dost bid me take yokéd steeds, unbroken, fiery, and mount a chariot that I may dash to earth this aged, stinking, toothless lion. *(mounts his chariot)* Now am I in my car! Now do I hold the reins! Now have I goad in hand! On, steeds, on! Let the ring of your hoof-beats be heard! Let your fleetness of foot rush you rapidly on! *(gallops about)*

**Father** *(clutching his staff)* You threaten me with yokéd steeds—me?

**Men.S.** Lo, Apollo! Anew thou biddest me charge upon this man who stands here and lay him low! *(charges; the old man raises his staff; the charioteer stops short)* But who is this who by the hair doth tear me from the car? He revokes thy command and the edict of Apollo! *(falls to the ground, apparently senseless)*

**Father** Well! Good heavens, what an acute, severe attack! Lord save us! Now this man who's gone insane—how healthy he was a little while ago! For him to have such an attack so suddenly! I'll go and summon a doctor as soon as I possibly can. *[Exit.*

Scene 3.

**Men.S.** *(getting up and looking about)* For Heaven's sake, are they out of my sight now, those two that absolutely compelled me, sound though I am, to
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quid cesso abire ad navem, dum salvo licet?
vosque omnis quaeso, si senex revenerit,
ne me indicetis qua platea hinc au fugerim.

Sen. Lumbi sedendo, oculi spectando dolent,
manendo medicum, dum se ex opere recipiat.
odosus tandem vix ab aegrotis venit.
ait se obligasse crus fractum Aesculapio,
Apollini autem brachium. nunc cogito,
utrae me dicere medicum an fabrum.
atque eccum incedit. move formicinum gradum.

V. 4.

Med. Quid esse illi morbi, dixeras? narra, senex.
num laruatust aut cerritus? fac sciam.
num eum veternus aut aqua intercus tenet?

Sen. Quin ea te causa duco, ut id dicas mihi
atque illum ut sanum facias.

Med. Perfacile id quidemst.

sanum futurum, mea ego id promitto fide.

Sen. Magna cum cura ego illum curari volo.

Med. Quin suspirabo plus sescenta in die;
ita ego eum cum cura magna curabo tibi.

Sen. Atque eccum ipsum hominem. observemus, quam

rem agat.

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go insane? I'd better hurry off to the ship while I can do so safely. (to audience) I beg you, all of you, if the old man comes back, don't tell him which way I bolted. [exit.

ENTER Father-in-law.

Father My loins ache from sitting and my eyes from watching, while I waited for the doctor to come back from his calls. Finally he did manage to get away from his patients, the bore! He says he set a broken leg for Aesculapius, and put Apollo's arm in a splint, besides! So now I am wondering whether to say I'm bringing a saw-bones or a stonemason. (glancing down the street) Just look at him mince along! (calling) Quicken that ant's pace of yours!

Scene 4.

ENTER A DOCTOR.

Doctor (ponderously) What was the nature of his attack, did you say? State the symptoms, old gentleman. Is it a demoniacal visitation or paranoia? Inform me. Does he suffer from a lethargical habit or intercutaneous fluid?

Father (sharply) Why, I brought you just to tell me that and cure him.

Doctor (lightly) Oh, that is easy, quite easy. He shall be cured—I promise you that upon my honour.

Father (distrustfully) I want him to be cared for very carefully indeed.

Doctor (reassuringly waggish) Why, I will sigh more than six hundred times a day; that shows how I will care for him very carefully indeed for you.

Father (looking down street) Ah, there is our man himself! Let's watch what he does. (they step back)
Titus Maccius Plautus

V. 5.

Men. Edepol ne hic dies perversus atque adversus mi
optiget.
quae me clam ratus sum facere, ea omnia fecit palam parasitus, qui me complevit flagiti et formidinis,
meus Vlixes, suo qui regi tantum concivit mali.
 quem ego hominem, siquidem vivo, vita evolvam
sua—
sed ego stultus sum, qui illius esse dico, quae meast;
meo cibo et sumptu educatust. anima privabo
virum.
condigne autem haec meretrix fecit, ut mos est
meretricius:
quia rogo, palla ut referatur rursum ad uxorem
meam,
mihi se ait dedisse. eu edepol ne ego homo vivo
miser.

Sen. Audin quae loquitur?

Med. Se miserum praedicat.

Sen. Adeas velim.

Med. Salvos sis, Menaechme. quae so, cur apertas
brachium?
non tu scis, quantum isti morbo nunc tuo facias
mali?

Men. Quin tu te suspendis?

Sen. Ecquid sentis?

Med. Quidni sentiam?
non potest haec res ellebori iungere \(^1\) optinerier.
sed quid ais, Menaechme?

Men. Quid vis?

Med. Die mihi hoc quod te rogo:
album an atrum vinum potas?

Men. Quin tu is in malam crucem?

\(^1\) Corrupt (Leo): *uno onere Leo.*
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Scene 5.

ENTER Menæchmus.

Men. Good Lord! This has certainly proved a perverse and adverse day for me! Everything I thought I was doing on the sly has got out, thanks to that parasite who's overwhelmed me with infamy and fear—that Ulysses of mine who's brewed such a mess for his lord and master! Sure as I'm alive, I'll shuffle off that fellow's mortal coil! His? I'm a fool to call it his, when it's mine; it's my food and my money he's been reared on. I'll cut that worthy off from the breath of life! But as for the harlot, she was true to style, did only what her class always do! Because I ask her to let me carry the mantle back to my wife again, she says she has given it to me. Well! By Jove, I certainly do lead a miserable life!

Father (to the Doctor) Do you catch what he says?
Doctor He declares that he is miserable.
Father I should like you to go up to him.
Doctor (advancing) Good day, Menæchmus. But, my dear man, why do you expose your arm? Are you not aware how injurious that is to one suffering from your present complaint?

Men. (violently) You be hanged! (the Doctor jumps)
Father (aside to Doctor) Do you notice anything?
Doctor I should say I do. This case is beyond the powers of a wagon-load of hellebore. But see here, Menæchmus.

Men. What d'ye want?
Doctor Answer me this question: do you drink white or red wine?
Men. Oh, go to the devil!
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Med. Iam hercle oceoptat insanire primulum.¹
Men. Quin tu me interroegas, purpureum panem an puniceum soleam ego esse an lateum?
soleamne esse avis squamosas, piscis pennatos?
Sen. Papae, audiin tu ut deliramenta loquitur? quid cessas dare
potionis aliquid prius quam percipit insania?
Med. Mane modo, etiam percontabor alia.
Sen. Occidis fabulans.
Med. Dic mihi hoc: solent tibi umquam oculi duri fieri?
Men. Quid? tu me lucustam censes esse, homo ignavissime?
Med. Dic mihi: en umquam intestina tibi crepant, quod sentias?
Men. Vbi satur sum, nulla crepitant; quando esurio, tum crepant.
Med. Hoc quidem edepol hau pro insano verbum respondit mihi.
perdormiscin usque ad lucem? facilen tu dormis cubans?
Men. Perdormisco, si resolvi argentum cui debeo—qui te Iuppiter dique omnes, percontator, perduint.
Med. Nunc homo insanire occепtat; de illis verbis cave tibi.
Sen. Immo Nestor nunc quidem est de verbis, praeut dudum fuit;
nam dudum uxorem suam esse aiebat rabiosam canem.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: Sen. Quin tu occipis curare eum? Med. Quin tu respondes mihi? Leo,
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Doctor (to Father) Ah yes, now he begins to manifest the first symptoms of insanity.

Men. Why don’t you inquire whether the bread I generally eat is blood red, rose red, or saffron yellow? Whether I generally eat birds with scales, fish with feathers?

Father (to Doctor) Dear, dear! Do you hear how wildly he talks? Why don’t you hurry up and give him a dose of something before he goes insane entirely?

Doctor (to the Father) Now, now, one moment! I will question him still further.

Father You’re killing me with your talk!

Doctor (to patient) Tell me this: do you ever experience a sensation of hardness in the eyes?

Men. What? You good-for-nothing, do you take me for a lobster?

Doctor Tell me: do you ever have a rumbling of the bowels, so far as you observe?

Men. Not after I’ve had a square meal; when I’m hungry, then there’s a rumbling.

Doctor (to Father) Well, well! There’s no indication of insanity in that reply. (to Menæchmus) Do you sleep entirely through the night? Do you fall asleep readily on retiring?

Men. I sleep through if I’ve paid my bills—(angrily) may all the powers above consume you, you inquisitive ass!

Doctor (backing away) Now the man does begin to manifest insanity! You hear him—look out for yourself!

Father Oh no, to hear him now you’d think him a perfect Nestor¹ compared with what he was a while ago. Why, a while ago he called his wife a rabid bitch.

¹ The counsellor of the Greeks at Troy.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. Quid, ego?
Sen. Dixti insanus, inquam.
Men. Egone?
Sen. Tu istic, qui mihi etiam me iunctis quadrigis minitatu's pro sternere. egomet haec te vidi facere, egomet haec ted arguo.

Men. At ego te sacram coronam surrupuisse Iovi scio, et ob eam rem in carcerem ted esse compactum scio, et postquam es emissus, caesum virgis sub furca scio; tum patrem occidisse et matrem vendidisse etiam scio.
satin haec pro sano male dicta male dictis respondeo?

Sen. Obscro herele, medice, propere, quidquid facturuss, face.
non vides hominem insanire?

Med. Scin quid facias optimum est?
ad me face uti deferatur.

Sen. Itane censes?

Med. Quippini?

Sen. Ibi meo arbitratu potero curare hominem.

Med. Elleborum potabis faxo aliquos viginti dies.

Men. At ego te pendentem podiam stimulis viginta dies.

Med. I, arcesse homines, qui illunc ad me debent.

Sen. Quot sunt satis?

Med. Proinde ut insanire video, quattuor, nihilo minus.

Sen. Lam hic erunt. asserva tu istunc, medice.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. Eh? I?
Father Yes, while you were raving.
Men. I?
Father Yes, you, and you kept threatening me, too—that you would dash me to the earth with a yoked four-in-hand. I myself saw you do all this. I myself accuse you of it.

Men. (incensed) Yes, and you stole the sacred crown from Jupiter's statue, I know that; and you were put in prison for it, I know that; and after getting out, you were put in the stocks and whipped, I know that; and then you murdered your father and sold your mother, that's something more I know. Do I pay you back your abuse well enough for a sane man, eh?

Father For God's sake, doctor, whatever you're going to do, hurry up and do it! Don't you see the man is insane?

Doctor (aside to Father) Do you know what you had best do? Have him conveyed to my house.

Father You advise that?
Doctor By all means. There I shall be able to care for him as I deem expedient.

Father Do as you please.
Doctor (to Menæchmus) You shall drink hellebore, I promise you, for some twenty days.
Men. But I'll string you up and jab goads into you for thirty days.

Doctor (aside to Father) Go, summon men to convey him to my house.

Father How many are needed?
Doctor Considering the degree of insanity I note, four, no less.

Father They shall be here soon. Keep watch of him, doctor.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Med. Immo ibo domum,
    ut parentur quibus paratis opus est. tu servos iube
    hunc ad me ferant.

Sen. Iam ego illie faxo erit.

Med. Abeo.

Sen. Vale.

Men. Abiit socerus, abiit medicus.¹ solus sum. pro
     Iuppiter,
     quid illuc est quod med hisce homines insanire
     praedicant?
     nam equidem, postquam gnatus sum, numquam
     aegrotavi unum diem,
     neque ego insanio neque pugnas neque ego litis
     coepio.
     salvs salvos alios video, novi homines, adloquor.
     an illi perperam insanire me aiunt, ipsi insaniunt?
     quid ego nunc faciam? domum ire cupio, uxor non
     sinit.
     huc autem nemo intromittit. nimis proventum est
     nequiter.
     hic ero usque; ad noctem saltem, credo, intromittar
     domum.

V. 6.

Mes. Spectamen bono servo id est, qui rem erilem
     procurat, videt, collocat cogitatque,
     ut absente ero rem eri diligenter
     tutetur, quam si ipse adsit aut rectius.
     tergum quam gulam, crura quam ventrem oportet
     potiora esse, cui cor modeste situmst.
     recordetur id,
     qui nihil sunt, quid eis preti

¹ Leo brackets following nunc.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Doctor  (clearly reluctant) No, no! I shall go home so as to make the necessary preparations. You order the servants to bring him to my house.

Father He'll be there soon, I promise you.

Doctor I am going.

Father Good-bye.                      [EXEUNT.

Men.  (looking after them) Father-in-law's gone. Doctor's gone. All alone! Lord save us! What is it makes those men declare I'm insane? Why, as a matter of fact, I've never had a sick day since I was born. I'm neither insane, nor looking for fights, nor starting disputes, not I. I'm perfectly sound and regard others as sound; I recognize people, talk to them. Can it be they're insane themselves with their absurd statements that I'm insane?  (pauses) What shall I do now? I long to go home, but my wife won't let me. And as for this place, (glaring at Erotium's house) no one will let me in. Oh what damnable luck!  (pauses) Here's where I'll stay, indefinitely; I fancy I'll be let into the house at nightfall, anyhow.

Scene 6.  

ENTER Messenio.

Mes.  (self-righteous and smug) This is your proof of a good servant who looks after his master's business, sees to it, gives it his care and consideration—when he watches over his master's business in his master's absence just as diligently as if he was present, or even more so. The chap that's got his wits in the proper place ought to think more of his back than his gullet, more of his shanks than his belly. He'd better recollect how good-for-nothings, lazy, rascally fellows, are rewarded

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detur ab suis eris, ignavis, improbis viris:
verbera compedes
molae,\(^1\) lassitudo fames frigus durum,
haec pretia sunt ignaviae.

id ego male malum metuo; propterea bonum esse
certumst potius quam malum.
nam magis multo patior facilius verba; verbera
ego odi,
nimioque edo lubentius molitum, quam molitum
praehibeo.

propterea eri imperium exsequor, bene et sedate
servo id;
atque mihi id prodest.
alii ita ut in rem esse ducunt, sint; ego ita ero ut
me esse oportet:
metum mihi adhibeam, culpam abstineam, ero ut
omnibus in locis sim praesto.\(^2\)
metuam haud multum. prope est Quando erus ob
facta pretium exsolvet.
eo ego exemplo servio,
tergi ut in rem esse arbitror.
postquam in tabernam vasa et servos conlocavi, ut
iusserat,
ita venio adversum. nunc foris pultabo, adesse ut
me sciat,
atque eum\(^3\) ex hoc saltu damni salvum ut educam
foras.

sed metuo, ne sero veniam depugnato proelio.

\(^1\) Leo brackets following magna.
\(^2\) Leo brackets following vv., 983a–983b:
servi, qui cum culpa carent metuont, solent esse eris utibiles.
nam illi, qui nil metuont, postquam malum promeriti, tunc
esi metuont.

\(^3\) atque eum Brix: neque utrum MSS.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

by their masters: whippings, shackles, work in the mill, fag, famine, freezing stiff—these are the rewards of laziness. I’m badly afraid of such bad things, personally; that’s why I’ve made up my mind to lead a good life rather than a bad one. I can stand chiding a great deal more easily—but a hiding I can’t abide, myself, and I’d very much rather eat the meal than turn the mill. That’s why I follow out master’s orders, attend to ’em properly and sedately; yes, indeed, I find it pays. Others can act as they think good for ’em; I’m going to be the sort of chap I should be—I must have a sense of fear, I must keep straight, so as to be on hand for master anywhere.¹ I shan’t have much to fear. The day’s near when master will reward me for my service. I do my work on the principle that I think is good for my back. Here I come to meet master just as he told me, now that I’ve left the luggage and slaves at an inn. Now I’ll knock at the door, so as to let him know I’m here, and lead him safely out of this ravine of ruination. But I’m afraid I’ll be too late and find the battle over. (goes to Erotium’s doorway)

¹ vv. 983a–983b: Servants that are afraid even when they’re blameless, they’re the ones that are always of some use to their masters. And I tell you, the ones that aren’t afraid at all are afraid all right after they’ve earned a thrashing.
Titus Maccius Plautus

V. 7.

Sen. Per ego vobis deos atque homines dico, ut imperium meum sapienter habeatis curae, quae imperavi atque impero. facite illic homo iam in medicinam ablatus sublimen siet, nisi quidem vos vostra crura aut latera nihil penditis. cave quisquam, quod illic minitetur, vostrum flocci fecerit. quid statis? quid dubitatis? iam sublimen raptum oportuit. ego ibo ad medicum; praesto ero illi, cum venietis.


Mes. Pro di immortales, obsecro, quid ego oculis aspicio meis? erum meum indignissime nescio qui sublimen ferunt.

Men. Ecquis suppetias mihi audet ferre? Mes. Ego, ere, audacissime. o facinus dignum et malum, Epidamnii cives, erum meum hic in pacato oppido luci deripier in via, qui liber ad vos venerit. mittite istunc.

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Scene 7. ENTER Father-in-law WITH SLAVES.

_Father_ (to slaves, sternly) By heaven and earth, I charge you to be wise and heed my orders, past and present. Pick up that man (indicating Menaechmus) and carry him at once to the doctor's office—that is, unless you have no regard at all for your legs or flanks. See that none of you cares a straw for his threats. Why are you standing still? Why are you hesitating? He ought to have been hoisted up and carried off already. I'll go to the doctor's; I'll be at hand there when you arrive. [exit.

_Men._ (as the slaves dash at him) Murder! What does this mean? What are those fellows rushing at me for, in the name of heaven? What do you want? What are you after? What are you surrounding me for? Where are you pulling me? Where are you carrying me? (struggling on their shoulders) Murder! Help, help, Epidamnians, I beg you! Save me, fellow-citizens! Let me go, I tell you!

_Mes._ Ye immortal gods! In heaven's name, what is this my eyes behold? My master being carried off by some gang of rowdies in most outrageous fashion!

_Men._ Doesn't anyone dare come to my rescue?

_Mes._ (running up) I do, master,—like a regular dare-devil! (yelling lustily) Oh, what an outrage, what a shame, Epidamnians! My master, a free-born visitor amongst you, to be abducted here in time of peace, in broad daylight, in your city streets! Let go of him!

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_HH2_
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Men. Obsecro te, quisquis es, operam mihi ut des, nee sinas in me insigne fieri tantam injuriam.

Mes. Immo et operam dabo et defendam et subvenibo sedulo.

numquam te patiar perire, me perirest aequius. eripe oculum isti, ab umero qui tenet, ere, te obsecro.

hisce ego iam sementem in ore faciam pugnoisque obseram.

maximo hodie malo hercle vostro istunc fertis mittite.

Men. Teneo ego huic oculum.

Mes. Face ut oculi locus in capite appareat. vos scelesti, vos rapacis, vos praedones.

Lorarii Periimus.

obsecro hercle.

Mes. Mittite ergo.

Men. Quid me vobis tactiost?

pecte pugnis.

	nonis bene ora commetavi atque ex mea sententia. edepol, ere, ne tibi suppetias temperi adveni modo.

Men. At tibi di semper, adulescens, quisquis es, faciant bene.

nam absque te esset, hodie numquam ad solem occasum viverem.

Mes. Ergo edepol, si recte facias, ere, med emittas manu.

Men. Libere rem ego te?

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Men. For Heaven's sake, whoever you are, stand by me and don't let me be maltreated in such atrocious fashion!

Mes. Not I! Stand by you I will, and defend you and help you with all my heart! I won't let you be murdered, never! Better myself than you! For Heaven's sake, master, pull out the eye of that chap that has you by the shoulder! (swinging vigorously at the nearest slaves) As for these fellows here, I'm going to seed down their faces for them directly and plant my fists. By gad, you'll pay dear this day for carrying him off! Let go!

Men. I've got this one by the eye!

Mes. Leave the socket showing in his head! (warming up to his work) You rascals! You robbers! You bandits!

Slaves Murder! Oh, for God's sake, let up!

Mes. Let go, then! (they drop Menaechmus)

Men. (assisting Messenio) What do you mean by touching me? (to Messenio) Comb them down with your fists! (the slaves scatter)

Mes. Come, clear out! Get to the devil out of here! (with a parting kick to a laggard) There's another for you—take it as a prize for being the last to leave! [EXECUTE SLAVES.] (smirking) Oh, I measured their faces in fine style and quite to my taste. By Jove, master, I certainly did come to your aid in the nick of time just now!

Men. Well, Heaven bless you for ever and ever, young man, whoever you are. For if it hadn't been for you, I should never have lived to see the sun go down this day.

Mes. Then, by Jove, master, if you did the right thing you'd set me free.

Men. I set you free?
Mes. Verum, quandoquidem, ere, te servavi. Quid est?
Men. adolescents, erras.
Mes. Quid, erro?
Men. Per Iovem adiuro patrem, med erum tuum non esse.
Mes. Non taces?
Men. Non mentior; nec meus servos umquam tale fecit quale tu mihi.
Mes. Sic sine igitur, si tuum negas me esse, abire liberum.
Men. Mea quidem hercle causa liber esto atque ito quo voles.
Mes. Nempe iubes?
Men. Iubeo hercle, si quid imperi est in te mihi. 1030
Mes. Salve, mi patrone. cum tu liber es, Messenio, gaudeo. credo hercle vobis. sed, patrone, te obseco,
ne minus imperes mihi quam cum tuos servos fui.
apud ted habitabo et quando ibis, una tecum ibo
domum.
Men. Minime.
Mes. Nunc ibo in tabernam, vasa atque argentum tibi referam. recte est obsignatum in vidulo marsup-
pium cum viatico; id tibi iam huc adferam.
Men. Adfer strenue.
Mes. Salvom tibi ita ut mihi dedisti reddibo. hic me mane.
Men. Nimia mira mihi quidem hodie exorta sunt miris modis:
alii me negant eum esse qui sum, atque excludunt
foras.1 1040

1 Leo notes lacuna following: etiam hic servum esse se
meum aiebat quem ego emisi manu P: followed by Lindsay,
who brackets 1041–1042.

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Mes. Yes indeed, seeing I saved your life, master.
Men. What's this? You're making a mistake, young man,
Mes. Eh? A mistake?
Men. Why, I swear by Father Jupiter I'm not your master.
Mes. (protestingly) Oh, none of that, sir!
Men. I'm not lying; no slave of mine ever did such a thing as you did for me.
Mes. Very well then, sir, if you say I'm not yours, let me go free.
Men. Lord, man, be free so far as I am concerned, and go where you like.
Mes. (eagerly) Those are your orders, really?
Men. Lord, yes, if I have any authority over you.
Mes. (wild with joy) Hail, patron mine! "Messenio, I congratulate you on your freedom!" By gad, I take your word for it! But, patron, I beseech you, don't order me about any less than when I was your slave. I intend to live with you, and when you go home I'll go with you.
Men. (aside) Oh no you won't.
Mes. Now I'll go to the inn and fetch the luggage and cash for you. The wallet with the travelling money is duly under seal in the bag; I'll bring it here to you directly.
Men. (interested) Be quick about it.
Mes. I'll give it back to you intact, sir, just as you gave it to me. Wait for me here. [exit.
Men. Well, well, how strangely strange things have happened to me to-day! Here are people saying I'm not myself and shutting me out of doors, and
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

vel ille qui se petere argentum modo, qui servom
se meum
esse aiebat, meus servator, quem ego modo emisi
manu.
is ait se mihi allaturum cum argento marsuppium;
id si attulerit, dicam ut a me abeat liber quo volet,
ne tum, quando sanus factus sit, a me argentum
petat.
socer et medicus me insanire aiebant. quid sit,
mira sunt.
haec nihilo esse mihi videntur setius quam somnia.
nunc ibo intro ad hanc meretricem, quamquam
suscenset mihi,
si possum exorare ut pallam reddat, quam referam
domum.

V. 8.

Men. S. Men hodie usquam convenisse te, audax, audes
dicere,
postquam advorsum mi imperavi ut huc venires?

Mes. Quin modo
erupui, homines quom ferebant te sublimen quat-
tuor,
apud hasce aedis. tu clamabas deum fidem atque
hominum omnium,
quom ego accurro teque eripio vi pugnando in-
gratias.
ob eam rem, quia te servavi, me amisisti liberum.
cum argentum dixi me petere et vasa, tu quantum
potest
praecurrísti obviam, ut quae fecisti inquitias eas.

Men. S. Liberum ego te iussi abire?

Mes. Certo.

Men. S. Quin certissimumumst,
mepte potius fieri servom, quam te umquam emi-
tam manu.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

there’s that fellow who just now said he was going to fetch me some money and that he was my slave—that saviour of mine, whom I just now set free. He says he’ll bring me a wallet with money in it; if he does, I’ll tell him to leave me and enjoy his freedom wherever he likes, so that he won’t be coming to me for his money when he regains his sanity. (pauses) My father-in-law and the doctor said I was insane. It’s a marvel to me what all this means! It seems just like a dream. (reflects) Now I will go into this harlot’s house, no matter if she is in a rage with me, and see if I can’t induce her to give me back the mantle to carry back home. [EXIT INTOErotium’s HOUSE.

Scene 8. ENTER Menaechmus Sosicles and Messenio.

Men. S. You cheeky rascal, you have the cheek to tell me you have encountered me anywhere to-day since the time I ordered you to come here and meet me?

Mes. (much aggrieved) Why, sir, I just now rescued you when four men were carrying you off on their shoulders in front of this very house. You were yelling for all heaven and earth to help you, when up I ran and rescued you by good hard fighting, in spite of ’em. And for this, because I’d saved you, you’ve set me free. Then the moment I said I was going to get the money and luggage, you ran ahead as fast as you could to meet me, so as to deny what you had done!

Men. S. So I ordered you to go free, eh?

Mes. (hopefully) Certainly, sir.

Men. S. (emphatically) Well, the most certain thing in the world is this—I had rather become a slave myself than ever free you.
V. 9.

Men. Si voltis per oculos iurare, nihilo hercle ea causa magis
facietis, ut ego hodie abstulerim pallam et spinter,
pessumae.

Mes. Pro di immortales, quid ego video?

Men. S. Quid vides?

Mes. Speculum tuum.

Men. S. Quid negoti est?

Mes. Tuast imago. tam consimilest quam potest.

Men. S. Pol profecto haud est dissimilis, meam quom for-
mam noscito.

Men. O adulescens, salve, qui me servavisti, quisquis es.

Mes. Adulescens, quaeo hercle eloquere tuom mihi no-
men, nisi piget.

Men. Non edepol ita promeruisti de me, ut pigeat, quae
velis obsequi. mihi est Menaechmo nomen.

Men. S. Immo edepol mihi.

Men. Siculus sum Syracusanus.

Men. S. Eadem urbs et patria est mihi.

Men. Quid ego ex te audio?

Men. S. Hoc quod res est.

Mes. Novi equidem hunc; erus est meus. ego quidem huius servos sum, sed med esse huius
credidi.

ego hunc censebam te esse, huic etiam exhibui
negotium.

quaeso ignoscas, si quid stulte dixi atque impru-
dens tibi.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Scene 9. ENTER Menaechmus from Erotium's house.

Men. (to those within) Swear it by the eyes in your head if you like, but, by the Lord, that won't make it any more true that I took off the mantle and bracelet to-day, you sluts!

Mes. (gazing at him) Ye immortal gods, what do I see?

Men.S. What do you see?

Mes. Your mirror!

Men.S. What do you mean?

Mes. (pointing to Menaechmus) He's the very image of you! He's as like you as can be!

Men.S. (comparing himself with the stranger) By Jove! He certainly is not unlike me, now that I look myself over.

Men. (seeing Messenio) Ah there, sir, bless you—you that saved me, whoever you are!

Mes. Sir, for the love of Heaven, do tell me your name, if you don't object.

Men. Gad, man, your services to me haven't been such that I should grudge meeting your wishes. My name is Menaechmus.

Men.S. (startled) Good Lord, no; it's mine!

Men. I'm a Sicilian—a Syracusan.

Men.S. That's my city and my country, too.

Men. What's that you tell me?

Men.S. The simple truth.

Mes. (half to himself, as he scans Menaechmus) This is the man I know, of course; this is my master. I'm really his slave, but I fancied (glancing at Menaechmus Sosicles) I was his. (to Menaechmus) I thought he was you, sir, and what's more, I made myself a nuisance to him, too. (to Menaechmus Sosicles) I beg your pardon, sir, if I said anything silly to you without realising it.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Delirare mihi videre. non commeministi, simul te Hodie mecum exire ex navi?

Mes. Enim vero aequom postulas. tu erus es; tu servom quaere. tu salveto; tu vale.
hunc ego esse aio Menaechmum.

Men. Quae haec fabulast?

Men. S. At ego me.

Mes. tu es Menaechmus?

Men. Me esse dico, Moscho prognatum patre.

Men. S. Tun meo patre es prognatus?

Mes. Immo equidem, adulescens, meo;
tuom tibi neque occupare neque praeripere postulo. 1080

Di immortales, spem insperatam date mihi quam suspicor.
nam nisi me animus fallit, hi sunt gemini germani duo.
nam et patriam et patrem conmemorant pariter qui fuerint sibi.
sevocabo erum. Menaechme.

Men. Quid vis?

Mes. Non ambos volo,

sed uter vostrorum est advectus mecum navi.

Men. Non ego.

Men. S. At ego.

Mes. Te volo igitur. huc concede.

Men. S. Concessi. quid est?

Mes. Illic homo aut sycophanta aut geminus est frater tuos.
nam ego hominem hominis similiorem numquam vidi alterum.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

**Men. S.** (sharply) You talk like an idiot. Do you not remember coming ashore along with me to-day?

**Mes.** (hurriedly) To be sure, you're right. It's you who are my master. (**to Menaechmus**) You seek another slave. (**to Menaechmus Sosicles**) Good day to you, sir. (**to Menaechmus**) Good-bye to you, sir. I say this gentleman (**indicating his master**) is Menaechmus.

**Men.** But I say I am.

**Men. S.** (irritated) What yarn is this? You are Menaechmus?

**Men.** So I say—the son of Moschus.

**Men. S.** You the son of my father?

**Men.** No indeed, sir,—of my own; your father I have no desire to pre-empt or steal from you.

**Mes.** (**aside, after apparently profound thought**) Ye immortal gods! fulfil the unhoped-for hope I think I see before me! Yes, unless my mind deceives me, these two are the twin brothers! Yes, what they say about their country and father tallies exactly. I'll call my master aside. Menaechmus, sir!

**Men.** What do you want?

**Men. S.** I don't want both of you, but the one that travelled on board ship with me.

**Men.** I did not.

**Men. S.** But I did.

**Mes.** You're the one I want, then. (**withdrawing**) Come over here, sir.

**Men. S.** (doing so) Here I am. What is it?

**Mes.** (**very sagacious and important**) That man over there is either a swindler, sir, or else he's your own twin brother. For I never did see two men more
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS
neque aqua aquae nec lacte est lactis, crede mi,
usquam similius,
quam hic tui est, tuque huius autem; post eandem
patriam ac patrem
memorat. meliust nos adire atque hunc percon-
tarier.

Men. S. Herele qui tu me admonuisti recte, et habeo
gratiam.
perge operam dare, obsecro hercle; liber esto, si
invenis
hunc meum fratrem esse.

Mes. Spero.

Men. S. Et ego item spero fore.

Mes. Quid ais tu? Menaechmum, opinor, te vocari
dixeras.

Men. Ita vero.

Mes. Huic item Menaechmo nomen est. in Sicilia
te Syracusis natum esse dixt i; et hic natust ibi.
Moschum tibi patrem fuisse dixti; huic itidem fuit.
nunc operam potestis ambo mihi dare et vobis simul.

Men. Promeruisti ut ne quid ores quod velis, quin im-
petres.

etam quasi me emeris argento, liber servibo tibi.

Mes. Spes mihi est, vos inventorum fratres germanos
duos
geminos, una matre natos et patre uno uno die.

Men. Mira memoras. utinam efficere quod pollicitu's
possies.

Mes. Possum. sed nunc agite uterque id quod rogabo
dicite.

Men. Vbi lubet, roga; respondebo. nil reticebo quod
sciam.

Mes. Est tibi nomen Menaechmo?

Men. Fateor.

Mes. Est itidem tibi?
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

alike. No drop of water, no drop of milk, is more like another, believe me, than he's like you, yes, and you like him, sir. And then he says his country and his father's name are the same as yours. We'd better go up and question him.

Men. S. By Jove, you have given me good advice! Thanks! Go on helping me, for God's sake! You are a free man if you find that he is my brother.

Mes. I hope so.

Men. S. And I—I hope so, too!

Mes. (stepping up to Menaechmus) Pardon me, sir. You said your name was Menaechmus, I believe.

Men. I did indeed.

Mes. This (pointing to Menaechmus) Sosicles gentleman's name is Menaechmus, too. You said you were born in Syracuse in Sicily; he also was born there. You said your father's name was Moschus; so was his. Now both of you can do me a good turn, and yourselves as well.

Men. You have earned my consent to any request you choose to make. Free though I am, I'll serve you quite as if you had bought and paid for me.

Mes. I have hopes, sir, of finding that you two are twin brothers, born of one mother and one father on one day.

Men. A strange statement! I wish you could bring to pass what you promise.

Mes. I can. (tremendously earnest and subtle) But come now, both of you, and answer my questions.

Men. Ask them when you like; I'll answer. Nothing that I know will I keep back.

Mes. Is your name Menaechmus?

Men. It is.

Mes. (to his master) And yours also?
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Est.
Mes. Patrem fuisse Moschum tibi ais?
Men. Ita vero.
Men. S. Et mihi.
Mes. Esne tu Syracusanus?
Men. Certo.
Mes. Quid tu?
Men. S. Quippini?
Mes. Optime usque adhuc conveniunt signa. porro operam date. quid longissime meministi, dic mihi, in patria tua?
Men. Cum patre ut abii Tarentum ad mercatum, postea inter homines me deerrare a patre atque inde avehi.
Men. S. Iuppiter supreme, serva me.
Mes. Quid clamas? quin taces? quot eras annos gnatus, quom te pater a patria avehit?
Men. Septuennis; nam tunc dentes mihi cadebant primulm.
neque patrem umquam postilla vidi.
Mes. Quid? vos tum patri filii quot eratis?
Men. Vt nunc maxime memini, duo.
Mes. Vter eratis, tun an ille, mairo?
Men. Aeque ambo pares.
Mes. Qui id potest?
Men. Gemini ambo eramus.
Men. S. Di me servatum volunt. 1120
Mes. Si interpellas, ego tacebo potius.
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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. Yes.

Mes. (to Menaeachmus) Your father was Moschus, you say?

Men. I do indeed.

Men. S. And mine, too! (Messenio scowls at him)

Mes. (to Menaeachmus) Are you a Syracusan?

Men. Certainly.

Men. (to his master) How about you?

Men. S. Of course I am.

Mes. Everything tallies perfectly so far. Your attention further, gentlemen. (to Menaeachmus) What is the earliest thing you remember, tell me, in your own country?

Men. Going with my father to Tarentum, his place of trade, and then straying from my father in the crowd and being carried off!

Men. S. Lord above, preserve me!

Mes. (with asperity) What are you bawling out for? Keep still, won't you! (to Menaeachmus) How old were you when your father took you away from home?

Men. Seven; you see, I was just beginning to lose my first teeth. And I never saw my father after that.

Mes. What? And how many sons did your father have then?

Men. So far as I can now remember—two.

Mes. Which was the older, you or your brother?

Men. We were both of the same age.

Mes. How can that be?

Men. We were twins.

Men. S. (unable to contain himself longer) Oh, God has been good to me!

Mes. (with finality) If you interrupt, I prefer to keep still myself.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Taceo.
Mes. Die mihi:

-uno nomine ambo eratis?

Men. Minime. nam mihi hoc erat, quod nunc est, Menaechmo; illum tum vocabant Sosiclem.

Men. S. Signa adgnovi, contineri quin complectar non queo. mi germane gemine frater, salve. ego sum Sosicles.

Men. Quo modo igitur post Menaechmo nomen est factum tibi?

Men. S. Postquam ad nos renuntiatum est te et patrem esse mortuom.
avos noster mutavit; quod tibi nomen est, fecit mihi.

Men. Credo ita esse factum ut dicis. sed mi hoc respond.

Men. S. Roga.

Men. Quid erat nomen nostrae matr?

Men. S. Teuximarchae.

Men. Convenit.
o salve, insperate multis annis post quem conspicor.

Men. S. Frater, et tu, quem ego multis miseriis laboribus usque adhuc quaesivi quemque ego esse inventum gaudeo.

Mes. Hoc erat, quod haec te meretrix huius vocabat nomine;
hunc censebat te esse, credo, quom vocat te ad prandium.

Men. Namque edepol iussi hic mihi bodie prandium appararier,
clam meam uxorem, quoi pallam surrupui dudum domo,
eam dedi huic.

1 Leo notes lacuna here: (et deerravisse a patre et per praedonem aliquem ablatum esse) Ritschl.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. (contritely) I'll keep still.

Mes. (to Menaechmus) Tell me, did you both have the same name?

Men. Oh no. Why, I had the same name as now, Menaechmus; he was called Sosicles then.

Men. S. (disregarding Messenio's protests) The proof's complete! I can't hold back—I must give him a hug! (embracing Menaechmus) God bless you, brother, my own twin brother! I am Sosicles!

Men. (doubtful) How is it, then, you came to be called Menaechmus?

Men. S. After word reached us that you *** and that our father was dead, our grandfather changed my name; he gave me yours.

Men. (still doubtful) No doubt this was the case. But answer me this question.

Men. S. (eagerly) Ask it.

Men. What was our mother's name?

Men. S. Teuximarcha.

Men. (returning his embrace heartily) Right! To see you, so unhoped for, after all these years! Oh, God bless you!

Men. S. And you, too, brother! I've searched and searched for you till this moment—and a sad, weary search it's been—and now you're found I'm happy.

Mes. (to his master) This was how the wench here came to call you by his name; she mistook you for him, I suppose, when she invited you to lunch.

Men. (reflecting, then frankly) Well, well! The fact is, I did tell them to prepare lunch for me here to-day, unbeknown to my wife, whose mantle I stole from the house a while ago and gave to the wench here.
TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Hanc, dicis, frater, pallam, quam ego habeo?
Men. Haec est.
quo modo haec ad te pervenit?
Men. S. Meretrix hoc ad prandium me abduxit, me sibi dedisse aiebat. prandi percine,
potavi atque accubui scortum, pallam et aurum hoc abstuli.
Men. Gaudeo edepol, si quid propter me tibi eventi boni.
nam illa quom te ad se vocabat, memet esse credidit.
Men. Optimum atque aequissimum orat, frater; fac causa mea.

Men. S. Liber esto.
Men. Quom tu es liber, gaudeo, Messenio.
Men. Sed meliorest opus auspicio, ut liber perpetuo siem.

Men. S. Quoniam haec evenerunt, frater, nostra ex sen-
tentia,
in patriam redeamus ambo.
Men. Frater, faciam, ut tu voles.
auctionem hic faciam et vendam quidquid est. nunc
interim eamus intro, frater.

Men. S. Fiat.
Men. Seitin quid ego vos rogo?
Men. Quid?
Men. Praeconium mi ut detis.
Men. Dabitur.
Men. Ergo nunciam
vis conclamari auctionem fore?
Men. Equidem die septimi.

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THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

en. S. Is this mantle I have the one you speak of, brother? (showing it)

en. That's the one! How did it come into your hands?

en. S. The wench took me in here to luncheon and said I had given it to her. Lunch I did, deuced well, and drank, and enjoyed the girl, and carried off the mantle and this piece of jewellery. (showing bracelet)

en. (laughing) By Jove! I'm glad if you're my debtor for a bit of amusement. For when she invited you in, she took you for me.

es. (to Menaechmus) You have no objection to my being free, as you ordered, have you, sir?

en. A perfectly just and reasonable request, brother. Grant it, for my sake.

en. S. (to Messenio) Be free.

en. Messenio, I congratulate you on your freedom!

es. (ingratiatingly) But I need better auspices to be free for good, sirs. (waits for some hint of further benefits)

en. S. Now that things have turned out to our satisfaction, brother, let's both go back to our own country.

en. As you please, brother. I'll hold an auction here and sell all I have. In the meantime let's go inside for the present, brother.

en. S. By all means.

es. Do you know what I want of you, sirs?

en. What?

es. To let me be auctioneer.

en. You shall be.

es. Well, then, do you want it announced at once that there'll be an auction?

en. Yes, a week from to-day.

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TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mcs. Auctio fiet Menaechmi mane sane septimi. venibunt servi, supellex, fundi,aedes, omnia. venibunt qui qui licebunt, prae senti pecunia. venibit uxor quoque etiam, si quis emptor venerit. 1160 vix credo tota auctione capiet quinquagesies.¹ nunc, spectatores, valete et nobis clare plaudite.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): quinquagesimas Leo.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Mrs. (bawling) Auction... of the effects of Menaechmus... one week from to-day in the morning, mind!... For sale... slaves, household goods, land, houses... everything!... For sale... your own price... cash down!... For sale... even a wife, too... if any buyer appears! (to spectators) I don't believe the whole auction will bring him more than a mere—fifty thousand pounds. Now, spectators, fare ye well and give us your loud applause.

EXEUNT OMNES.
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